June 30, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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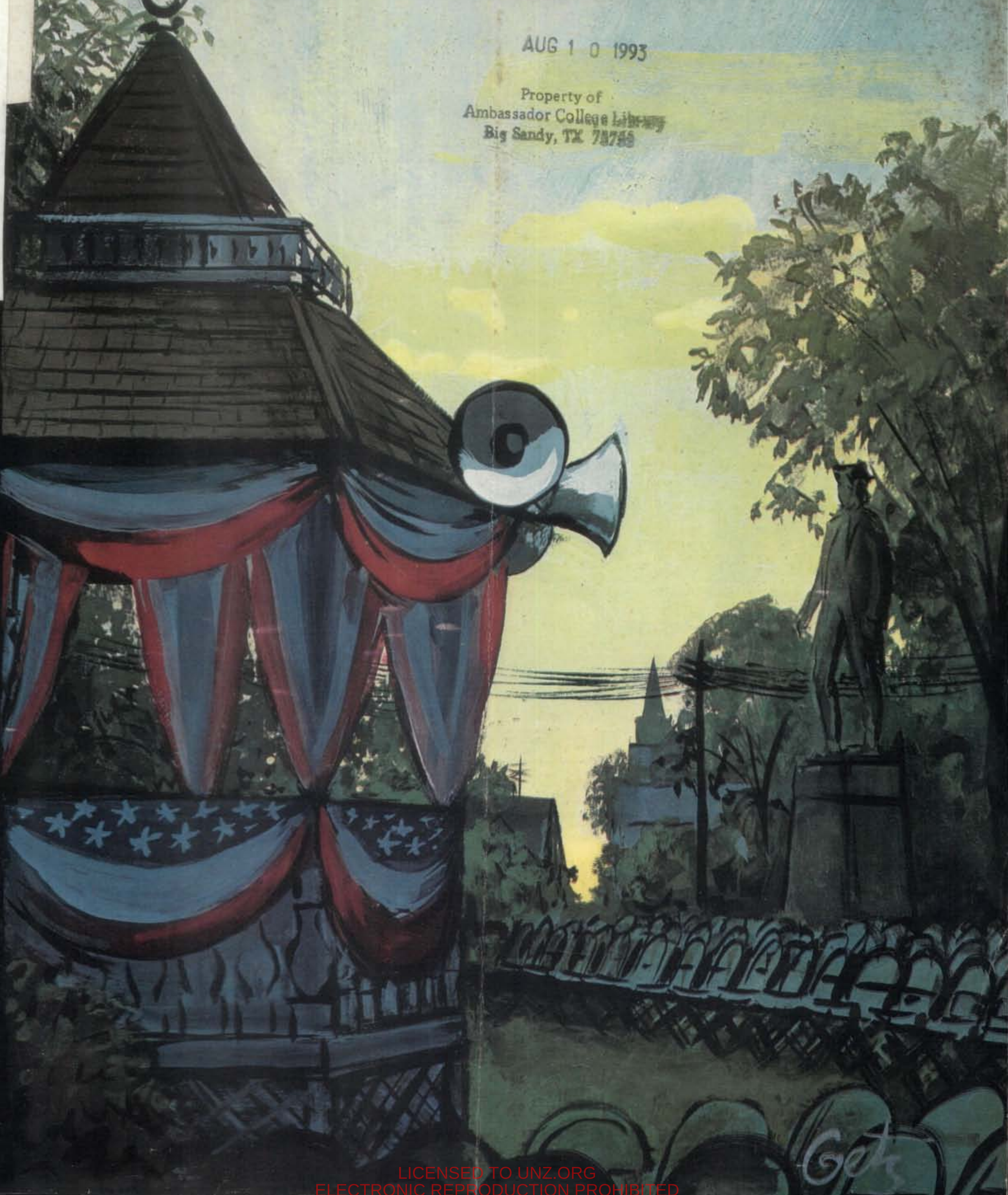

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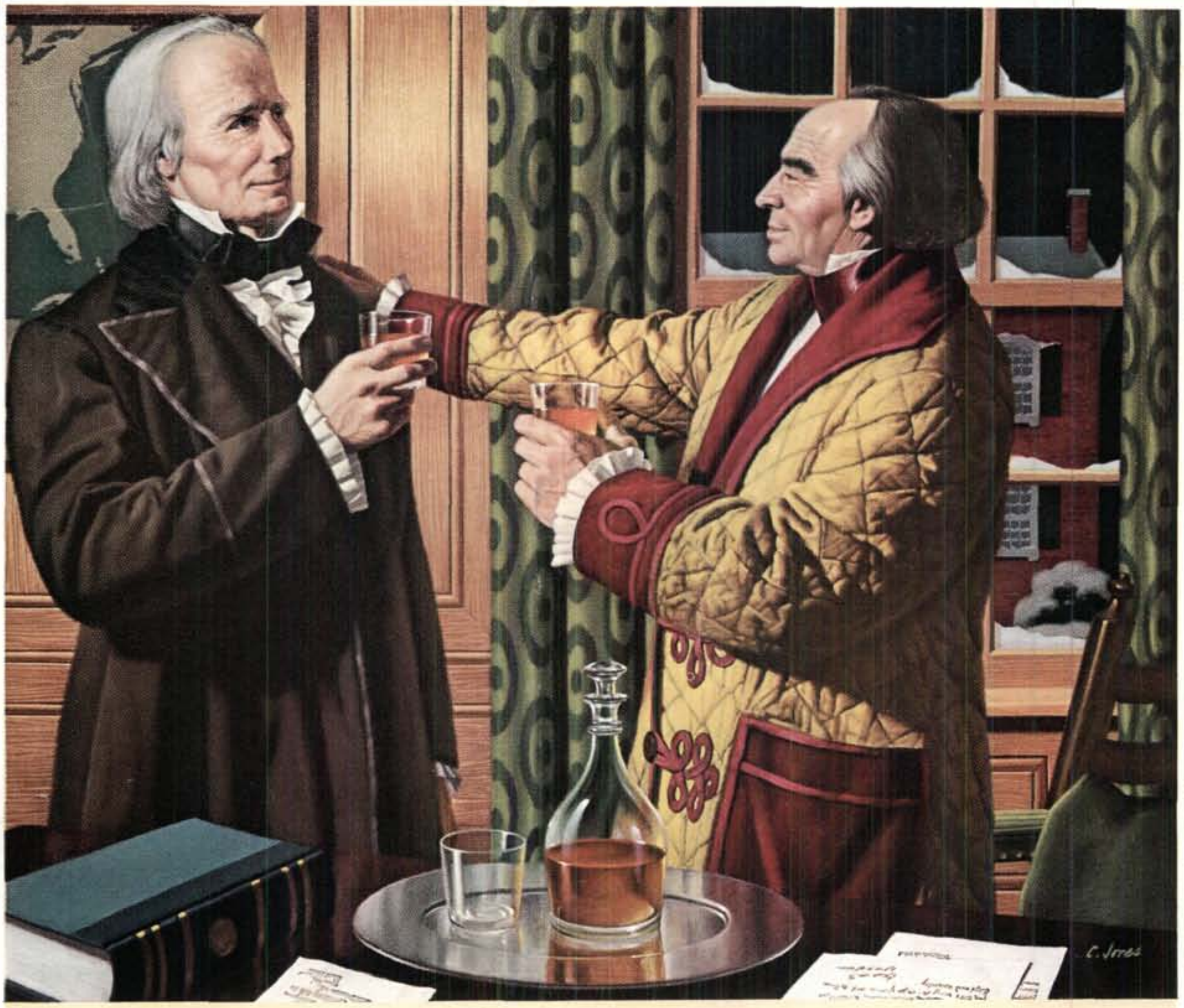

Henry Clay agrees with Daniel Webster on "The Compromise of 1850"

On a stormy January night, Clay called on Webster to win support for proposals which resulted in the Compromise of 1850—said to have postponed the Civil War for 10 years. A parting toast with Old Crow was in order, for it was favored by both men.

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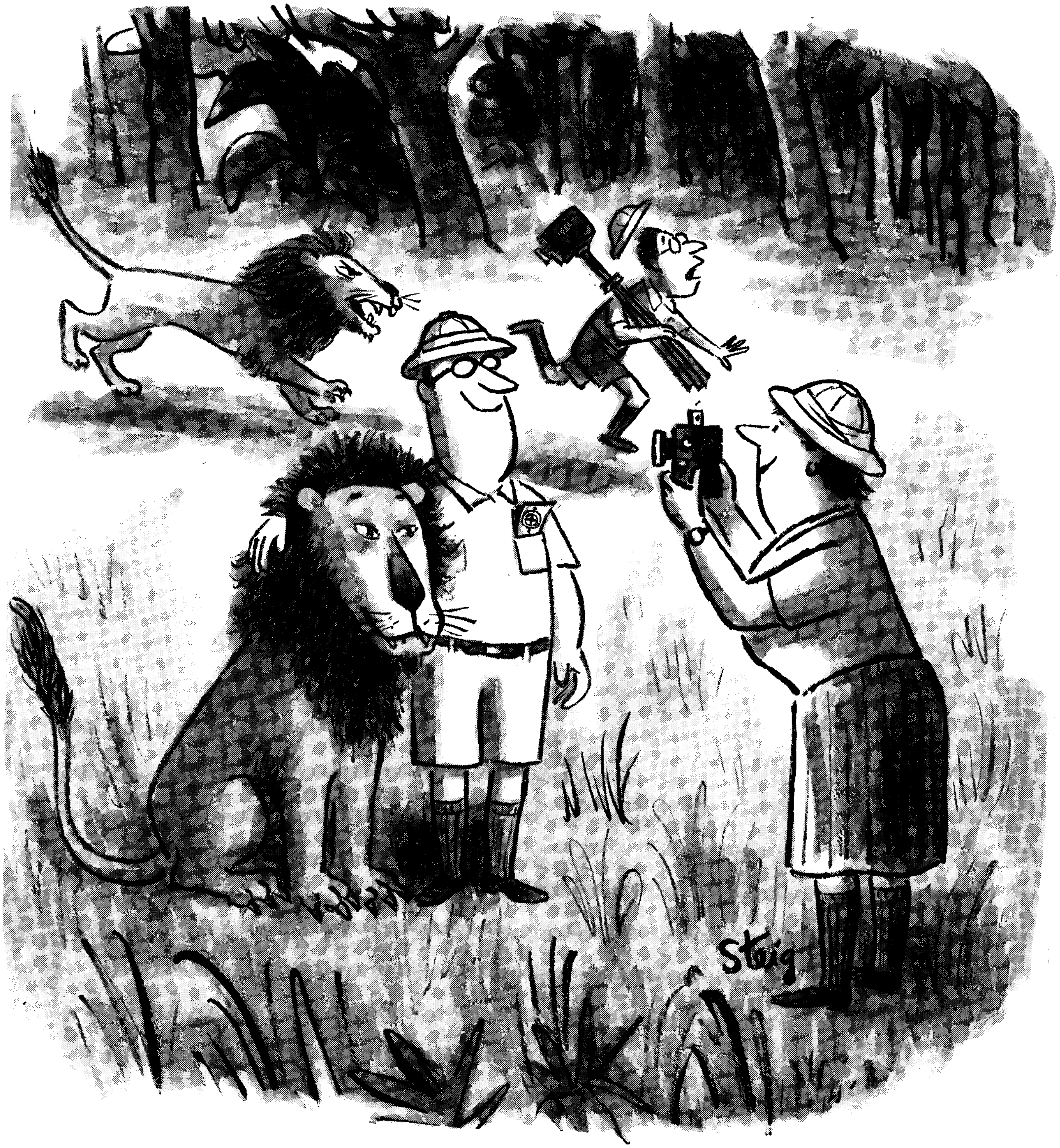

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's superior work is, of course, Sir Thomas More. Emlyn Williams, who has just replaced Paul Scofield in the role, is ably supported by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, Alan Webb, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

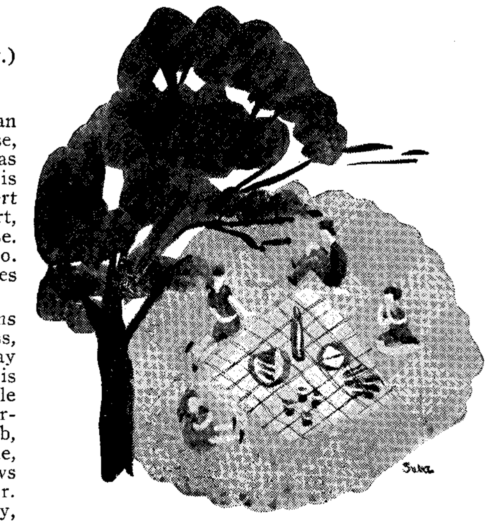
Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40, and Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard substitutes for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—A pizza parlor in modern Rome encounters some strenuous opposition from a restaurant chain, newly established next door. Unless you are really starving, this nonsense, which stars Cesare Siepi, will hardly prove palatable. The cooks involved include A. J. Russell, who did the book; Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer, who did the lyrics and music; and Stanley Prager, who directed the thing. Shame on them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, and Paul Reed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly animated, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** Hands across the Table Round. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Onward, forever onward. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. Jeannie Carson will succeed Miss Wright on Monday, July 2. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 19, June 30, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1962, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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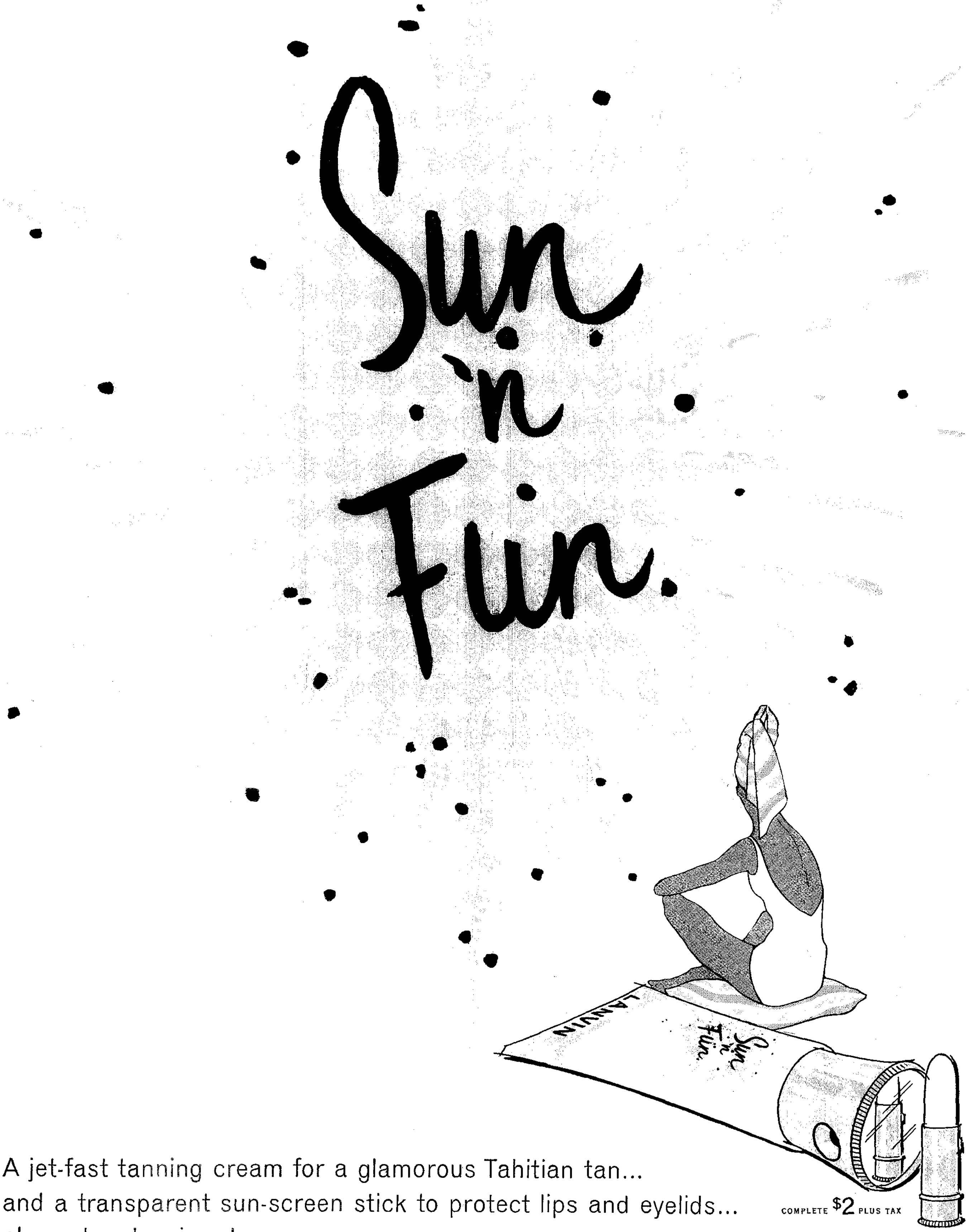

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Rosemary Murphy, Barbara Baxley, and Lou Antonio in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cat's Pajamas—A revue put on by two fellows, Richard Libertini and MacIntyre Dixon, who for some reason call themselves the Stewed Prunes. Sylvia Lord sings in it. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Special matinée Wednesday, July 4, at 3.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and The Barroom Monks—A selection of scenes, well chosen and satisfactorily performed, from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as the young Dedalus. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, Clayton Corzatte gives a fine performance as a young medical student who tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Wednesday, July 4, at 2:40.)

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Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Mark Lenard, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. An admirable production by David Ross, and a most rewarding evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Thursday, June 28, at 8:30; Friday, June 29, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturday, June 30, at 7:30 and 10:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:30; and Mondays through Wednesdays, and Thursday, July 5, at 8:30 and 10:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Merchant of Venice," with George C. Scott and Nan Martin. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe in its new amphitheatre. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 7.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra are the dance musicians. Closes after Saturday, June 30, for two weeks.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Phil Wayne's trio offers invitations to the dance all week long. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in solo flights every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, in which Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers supply the dance music, will close for a week's vacation after Saturday, June 30. Until then, at dinner and supper, there are songs by Eartha Kitt, a worthy representative of Venus ascendant and Vesuvius eruptant. Worthy, too, are the orchestrations bestowed upon her by her pianist, Pete Dodd. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, who performs in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, will be checking out on Friday, June 29. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré's and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. The room will call it a season on Saturday, June 30.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's dance band is giving the giant Grill its first hearing in many years of Manhattan, not Midwestern, dance tempos. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sixth or even seventh heaven, with a guaranteed balmy climate. The small orchestras of Chauncey Gray and Jean Berleaza play impartially for diners, spectators, trotters, and waltzers. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

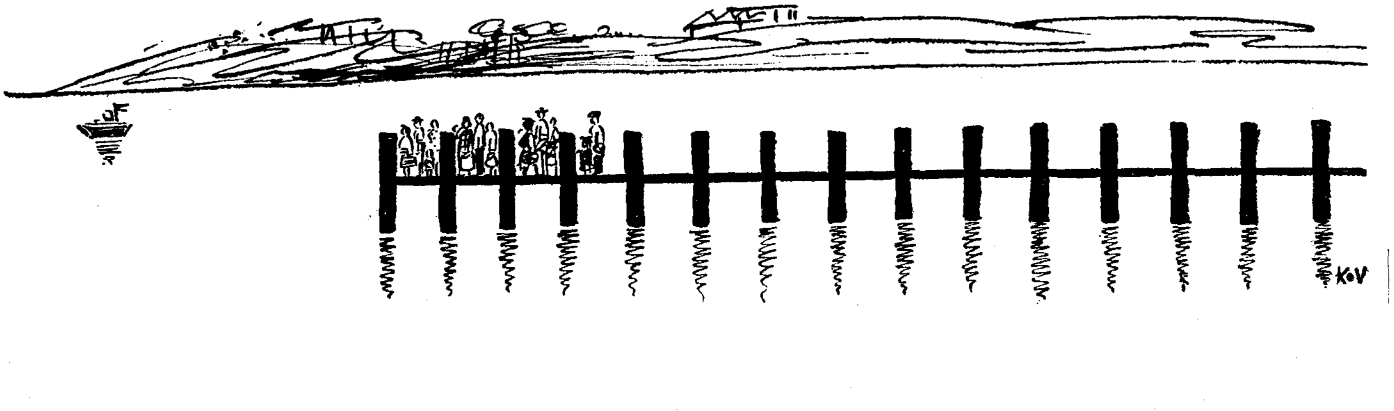
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The comforting air of *toujours la même chose* hovers over the suitably widespread Embassy Club (light fantastics to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events will suspend for the summer on Saturday, June 30.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays mannerly piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Melting pot, market place, crossroads, and usually occupied, too, by someone who lives right around the corner from you. The chitchat is accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Budd Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the



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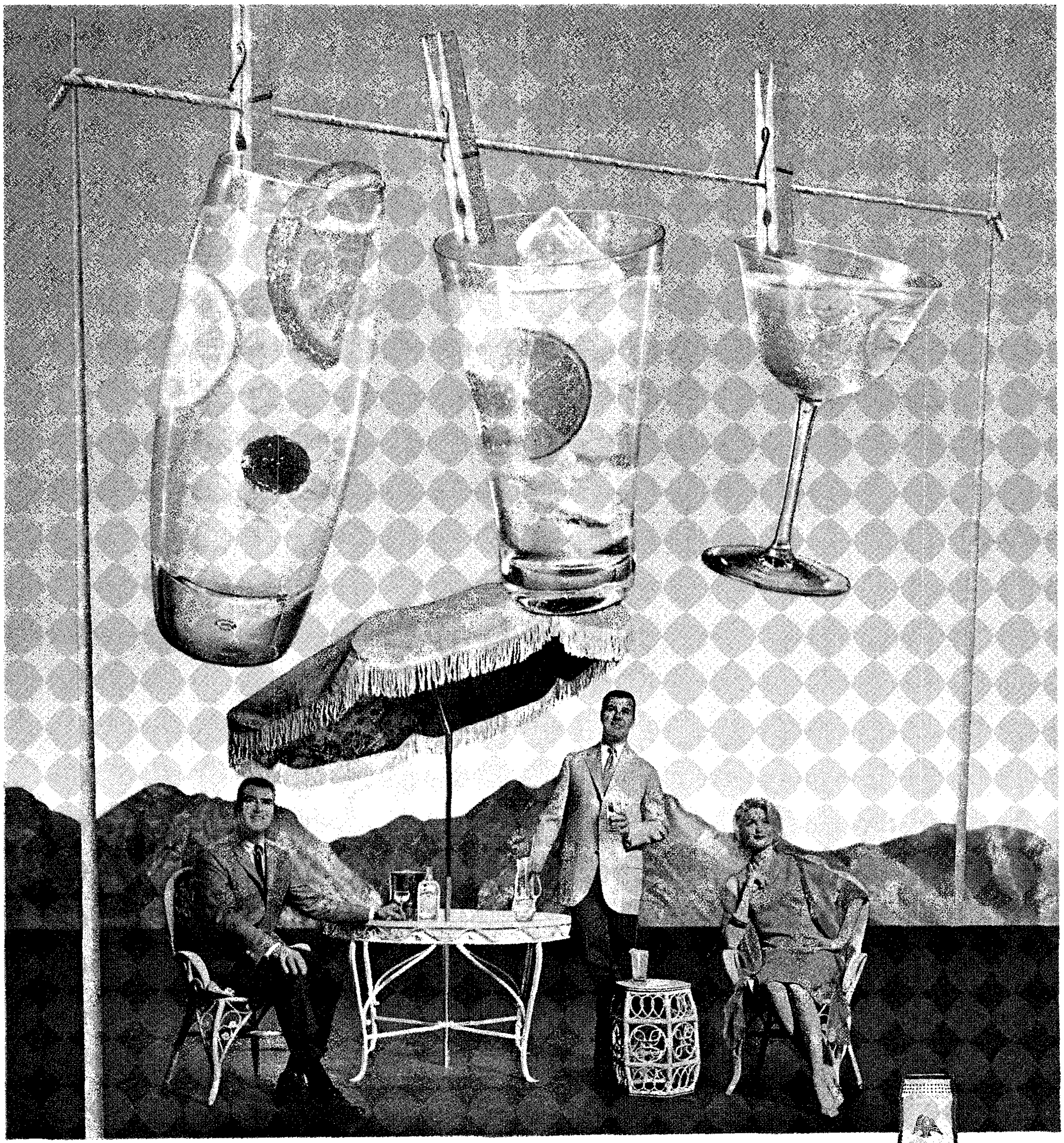

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. A ten-day recess will be called after Friday, June 29. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by a crew of mobile violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The distilled essence of Isobel Robins is young-lady roguishness, in both song and story; Don Adams, to whom it may seem that a humorist's lot is not a happy one, is brooding out loud about the injustice of it all. The background is, as always, the rapscallion music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Sunday, July 1, is the final night for Miss Robins and Mr. Adams. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social whirl here bears no relation to any other dance forms, such as the Twist. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, July 1-4. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This old-established pump room, whose leisurely music is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, goes into estivation on Saturday, June 30. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Sunday, July 1, is season's end for this overflowing Hungarian rhapsody of evensong and dance. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Dancing on Sundays from two to seven, and on Thursdays and Fridays after eight. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): This spic-and-span efficiency apartment (bar and kitchen), which is presenting idle strummings of piano and guitar through the evening and an occasional burst of song by Rita Dimitri, will close for the summer on Saturday, June 30. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A tiny museum of modern art, dominated by Miró rather than by the casual piano that is audible from nine-thirty to one. Saturday, June 30, is the last musicale of the season. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Glee is the principal ingredient of Cal Bostic's prescription for voice and piano. He and Andy Hamon, whose songs are mostly plaintive, arrive at ten. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There's a ground force, too—a nimble set of acrobats, the Tonelys, and Dennis Day, whose voice is tenor and whose memories are long. Mr. Day moves out on Monday, July 2; next evening brings on the team of Ford and Reynolds (not especially family-style humor). Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Anything can happen in this big, bouncy Tower of Babel. Right now, Mort Sahl is acting as faculty adviser to what he may correctly be regarding as a strictly un-undergraduate world; Carmen McRae, as sibilant as the Oracle of Delphi, is twining her soprano around her words of wisdom; and Oscar Peterson is doing the piano for his trio. Saturday, June 30, is graduation day for them.

SUPPER CLUBS

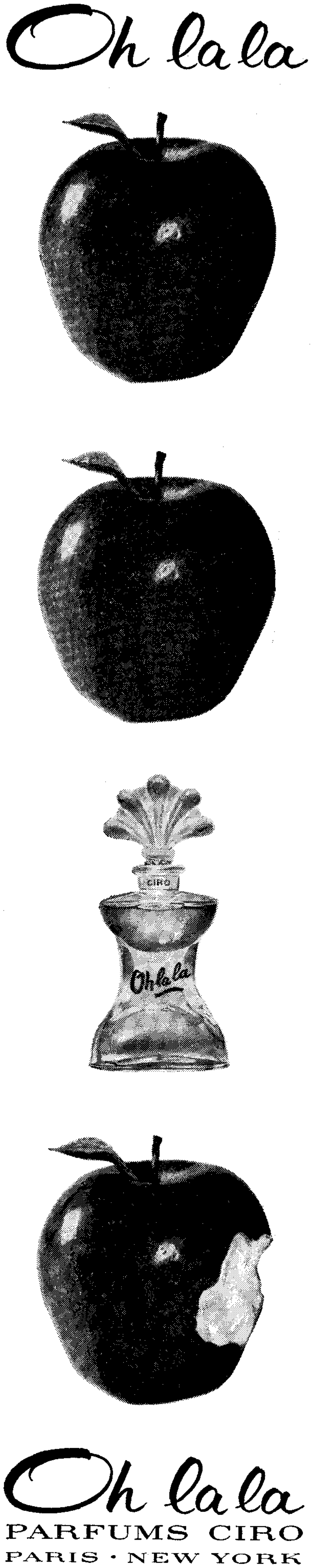
(No dancing, unless noted.)

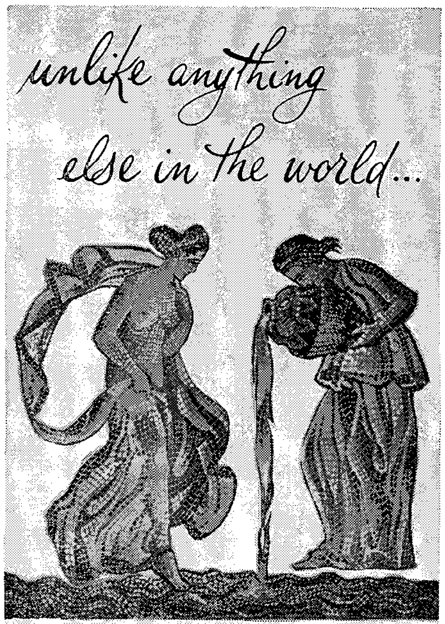
UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," which reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust, moves on to what is assuredly a great reward on Saturday, June 30. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): This conservatory, the party of the second part of the Julius Monk duchy, will end its tour of duty on Saturday, June 30, when the revue, "Dressed to the Nines," departs. Summer school opens on Monday, July 2, with a small revue modelled on "Seven Come Eleven" and staffed by Sudie Bond, Myra de Groot, Cy Young, and Joey Carter. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ximenez-Vargas Spanish dance company is doing everything you might expect of such a group; Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Abbey Lincoln, a decorative bit of bric-a-brac, is singing fervently; Mal Waldron's trio is rolling out introvert music; and Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, along with three cronies, are playing music the way they like it. On Tuesday, July 3, the Terry-Brookmeyer group will be succeeded by the sextet owned by Al Grey and Billy Mitchell. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is

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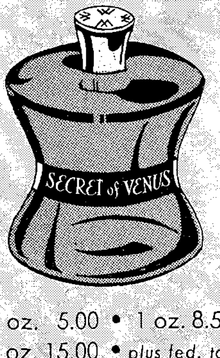

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Art Mooney's band and Charlie Shavers' quartet will be withdrawn from the front lines on Thursday, June 28, and Gene Krupa's battalion and Dick Ruedebusch's sextet will be moved up from bivouac the next evening. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A small magic circle in which the foursome led by Lennie Tristano can brood without let or hindrance. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dinah Washington, a thunderbird to be reckoned with, is doing the oratorios, and Horace Silver's psychic fivesome is providing the music. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk's quartet is holding forth in a wholly Village setting. A junior-varsity team works out on Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor's voice is rewriting the nation's songs to suit its own free fancy, and Herbie Mann's Wild West Indian raiding party is engrossed in any number of tom-toms. On Tuesday, July 3, there'll be a complete change of cast—the foursome of Sonny Rollins, that noble experimenter, and Mose Allison's trio. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet, which can give as good as it gets from the audience, is planning to continue its braggadocio, but Ray Bryant's terse, introvert trio departs on Saturday, June 30; on Monday, July 2, the trio owned by Eddie Thompson is due. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is again seated (between eight and the early morning) at a very small piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Wednesday, July 4.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through July 27. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

JULIO DE DIEGO—Paintings on the theme of "The Armada;" through Friday, June 29. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Friday, June 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

CHARLES SCHUCKER—Non-objective paintings; through Friday, June 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

SUSANNE SUBA—Pen-and-ink drawings that have appeared in this magazine; through Saturday, June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through Friday, June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SCULPTURES—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—At the **AMERICAN GALLERY,** 843 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Drawings and water colors by Robert Beauchamp, John Hultberg, Frank Roth, and others; through Friday, July 6. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Lee Bontecou, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Moscowitz, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Jack Tworkov; through Saturday, June 30. . . . **THE DRAWING SHOP,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through Saturday, June 30. (Open Thursday evenings until 10.). . . **ESTE,** 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: A summer show of drawings and water colors by (for example) Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and Rico Lebrun; through July 20. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN,** 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through Saturday, June 30. . . . **SMOLIN,** 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK,** 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters, including William Merritt Chase, Everett Shinn, and Louis M. Eilshemius; through July 25. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 18 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists, including Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, and William King, in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alfred Jensen, Albert Kotin, George Ortman, and seven others in a show of paintings called "Multiples;" through Friday, June 29. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Friday, July 6. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors, by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through Friday, July 6. . . . **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with predominantly American works by gallery artists and guests, including Kurt Seligmann, Charles E. Martin, and Edward Renouf; through Friday, June 29. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 36 E. 61st St.: Portraits (paintings and sculptures) by Leland Bell, Gandy Brodie, Mary Frank, and others; through Saturday, June 30.

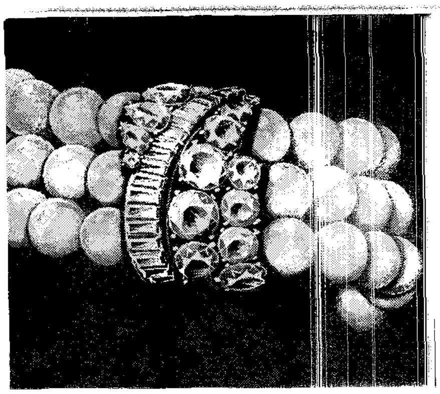
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures, drawings, water colors, and prints of three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), by William Blake, Antoine-Louis Barye, Jack Levine, and so forth; through Friday, June 29. . . . **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. . . . **THIBAUT,** 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Henry Henghes, and other painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and others, most of whom live in Paris; through July 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen can-



DIAMOND CENTERPIECE ON PEARL

Do bracelets belong in your diamond wardrobe?

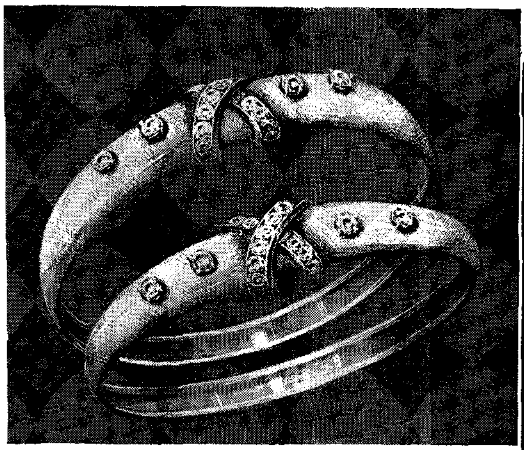
Circlets sparked with light and loveliness, diamond bracelets enthrall the eye and glorify your every gesture. Joys to wear, they're jewels to cherish.

A diamond bracelet can be one of your most personal beauty secrets. Well chosen, it will make your wrist look lovelier, your movements appear more graceful and you more distinctive and fascinating.

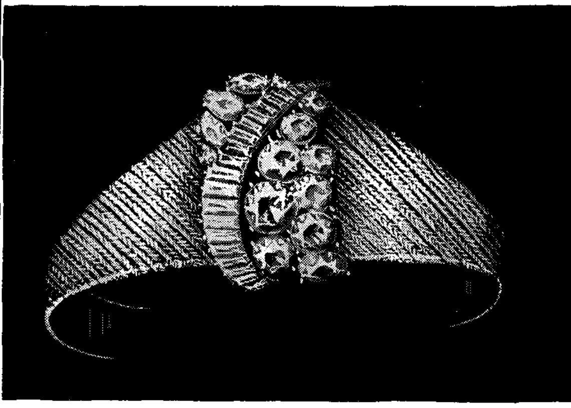
If your wrist is small, then look to the new slender styles. They'll be the most becoming, for the effect is that of roundness.

If your wrist is large, explore the wide designs, the chunky shapes. They minimize, beautifully.

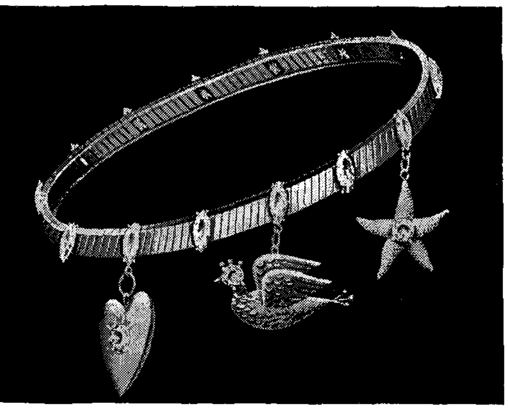
- The bangle bracelet, a slender band studded with diamonds. It may be started modestly with a single diamond or diamond cluster. Diamonds can then be added from time to time. One bangle bracelet often leads to a pair.
- The diamond charm bracelet that reflects your interests or hobbies. It may begin with a single diamond on a single band. Diamonds, and diamond-starred charms can be added as gift occasions arise.
- The diamond watch. This may be beautifully simple or elegant in design. Some of the smartest hide their faces under a diamond dome.



DIAMOND-STUDDED BANGLE BRACELETS



DIAMOND CENTERPIECE ON GOLD



DIAMOND CHARM BRACELET

Trying on diamond bracelets is, of course, the only way of finding the size, the look, the ideas that do the most for you. Your favorite jeweler will be more than a little interested in helping you. And, if you wish, he will plan a bracelet that's beautifully yours.

Here are some types you may want to consider . . .

- The all-diamond classic. This may be a slender wristlet of small diamonds, or a fanciful composition of several shapes and sizes.
- The diamond-centerpiece bracelet with diamonds backdropped by pearls, or gold or other precious metals. The centerpiece may be a clip or pin, an added delight to wear by itself on your dresses and suits.

Other diamond wardrobe suggestions:

RING . . . a flaming right-hand solitaire, or a cocktail or dinner ring of intriguing design.

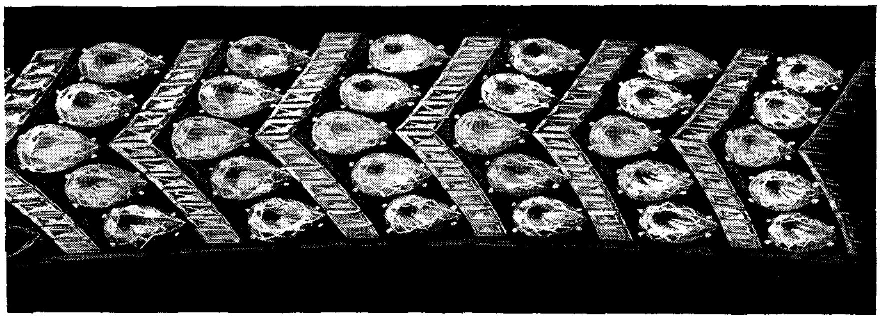
CLIP, PIN OR BROOCH . . . modern, or feminine and dainty, or classic and elegant, it should be very personally yours.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match or complement your clip or brooch, be pure flattery in diamonds.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breathtaking, many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a small beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain. Diamonds can then be added.

Acquired one by one, usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly. But modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

CLASSIC DIAMOND BRACELET



Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

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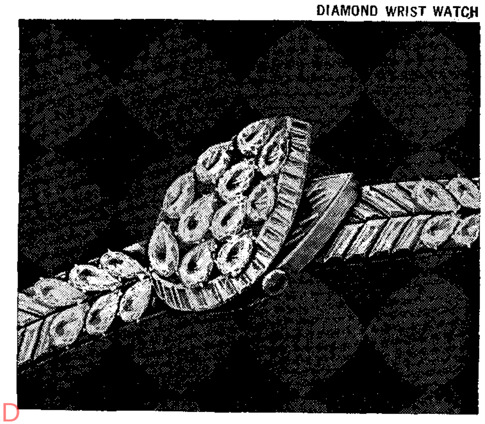

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Hogarth's Views of London," a display of nearly sixty prints (mostly engravings), the earliest one dated 1721, by William Hogarth; through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through Sunday, July 1. (Thursday and Friday, 10 to 5; Saturday and Sunday, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through Sunday, July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings, by Goya, Constable, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through Thursday, June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, except Wednesday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with works by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 28: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a program of Russian music, with Ivan Davis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30: Franz Allers directing a Lerner and Loewe program, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Charles K. L. Davis, tenor; Earl Wrightson, baritone; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4: Vladimir Golschmann conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7: Roger Machado conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 11. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, except July 4, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Marcel Hubert, cello. (Wednesday, July 4, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Claude Monteux conducting a chamber orchestra in the second in a series of four free concerts of symphonic music. (Thursday, June 28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 28: Herbie Mann's sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5: Blossom Dearie's trio. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Wednesday, July 4, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Budapest String Quartet. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 6, at 8: With Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; and Vronsky and Babin, pianos. Saturday, July 7, at 8: With Lukas Foss, piano; Richard Burgin, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; and Roger Voisin, trumpet. Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, with Richard Burgin, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Lukas Foss, piano; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and the Tanglewood Choir and vocal soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 1, at 4.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 6, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Coleman Hawkins, Harry Edison, Joe Williams, Carmen McRae, Paul Desmond, Roy Eldridge, and Ben Webster. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong, Charlie Mingus, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Jo Jones, Toshiko Mariano, Bunny Briggs, Baby Laurence, Carol Sloane, Yank Lawson, Coleman Hawkins, J. C. Higginbotham, Roy Haynes, and Father Norman O'Connor (narrator). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Count Basie's orchestra, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, Sonny Rollins' quartet, Oscar Peterson's trio, Jimmy Rushing, Aretha Franklin, and Duke Ellington (narrator). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra, Dinah Washington, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Jo Jones, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Marshall Brown, George Wein, Roland Kirk, and Willis Conover (narrator).

Note—Opening performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, June 28-30: Eugene Collins and Paula Tennyson, Al Huang, Louis Falco, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 3-7: Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez, Norman Walker and his company, and a restaged version of Ted Shawn's "The Kinetic Molpai," a work choreographed for nine men, with Mr. Walker in the Shawn role. (Lee, Mass. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8:40; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3-4, at 8:40; and Friday, July 6, at 3:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday, June 28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 29, at 8; Saturday, June 30, at 2; and Sunday, July 1, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Monday, July 2, at 8; Tuesday, July 3, at 2; and Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **polo grounds:**

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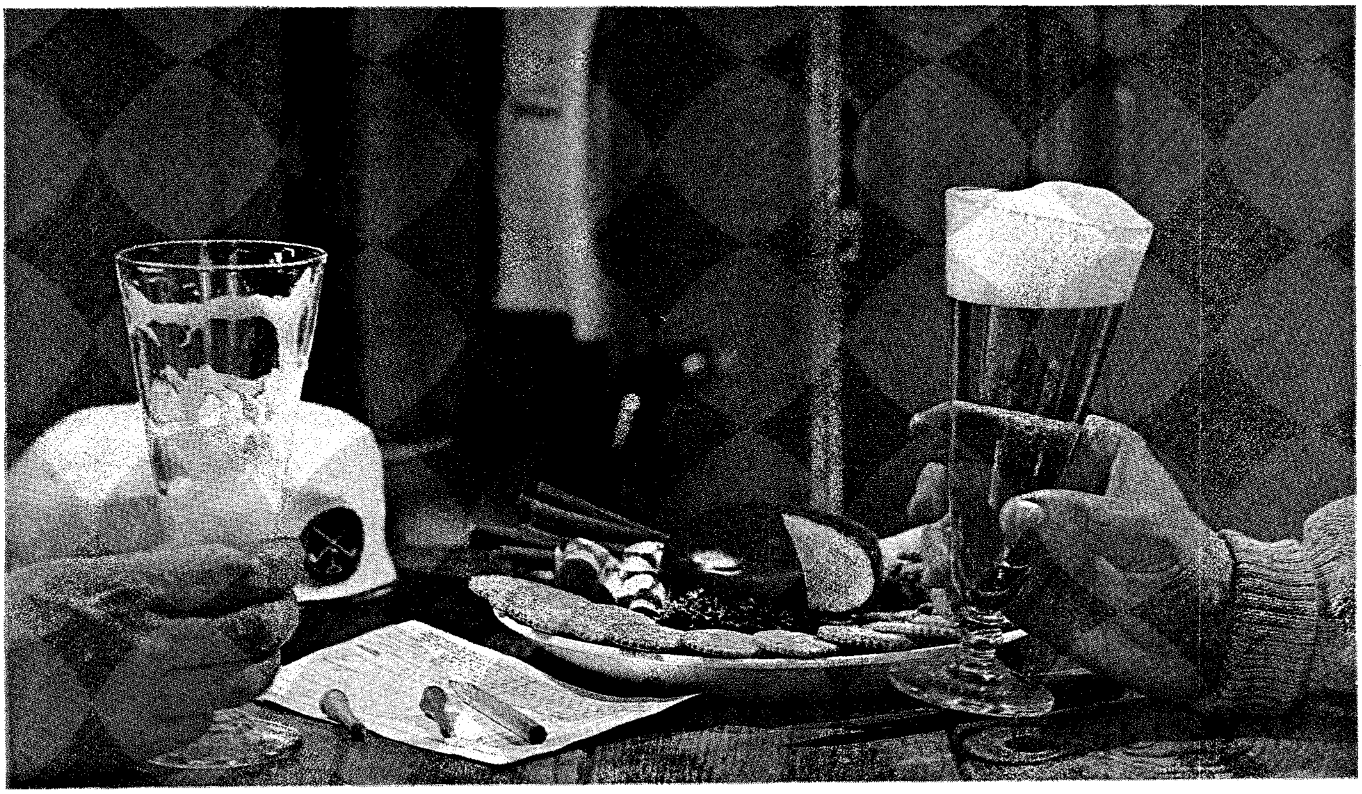

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 6, at 8, and Saturday, July 7, at 1 (doubleheader).

Boxing—Gene (Ace) Armstrong vs. Luis Rodriguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, June 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—National Championships—Saturday, June 30, at 6:30: Men's foil team. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 7: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Monday, July 2, at 7: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3, at 8: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4, at 7: Men's épée team and Women's foil team. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 6: Men's sabre team. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7:30: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 12:30: Men's three-weapon team. (Hotel Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. CI 7-8000.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Dunes Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C. Thursday through Saturday, June 28-30.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7.)

Polo—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 30. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 2, through Saturday, July 28. The Suburban Handicap, Wednesday, July 4, and the Tremont, Saturday, July 7. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:45, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 1: Wiener S. C. vs. M.T.K. and Elfsborg vs. Panathinaicos. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4: Real Oviedo vs. Elfsborg and M.T.K. vs. Belenenses. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Games begin at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 30, at 11.

Tennis—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, July 1.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, July 2-8.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 2-6, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Monday, July 2.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Wednesday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Alan Dugan reading from his own works. (New School Courtyard, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, July 1, at 8:30.)

Q How Much Does It Cost to Buy and Sell Stocks?

A Probably less than you think. The answer depends on two things: the amount of money involved, and whether the transaction takes place on a stock exchange or in the over-the-counter market.

Since March 30, 1959, minimum commission rates on round lots (units of 100 shares) traded on the New York Stock Exchange have been figured on this basis for each 100 shares:

Amount of Money Involved	Minimum Commission
Under $100	As mutually agreed
$100 to $399.99	2% + $3 ($6 minimum)
$400 to $2,399.99	1% + $7
$2,400 to $4,999.99	½% + $19
$5,000 and over	1/10% + $39 ($75 maximum)

Here are a few examples worked out for you:

Price per Share	×	100 Shares	Calculation	Commission Charge per 100 Shares
$10		$1,000	1% of $1,000 = $10 + $7	$17
$45		$4,500	½% of $4,500 = $22.50 + $19	$41.50
$70		$7,000	1/10% of $7,000 = $7 + $39	$46

If an order involves a multiple of 100 shares—200 or 300, for example—simply multiply the 100-share commission by 2, 3, or the appropriate number.

Odd lots (1 to 99 shares) are another matter and are figured in accordance with a different scale:

Odd-Lot Orders Involving	Minimum Commission
Under $100	As mutually agreed
$100 to $399.99	2% plus $1 ($6 minimum)
$400 to $2,399.99	1% plus $5
$2,400 to $4,999.99	½% plus $17
$5,000 and over	1/10% plus $37 ($75 maximum)

Again here are some examples:

Number of Shares	Price per Share	Money Involved	Minimum Commission
25	× $20	= $500	1% of $500 = $5 + $5. Total: $10.
50	× $80	= $4,000	½% of $4,000 = $20 + $17. Total: $37.
60	× $150	= $9,000	1/10% of $9,000 = $9 + $37. Total: $46.

There are some exceptions that apply to both round-lot and odd-lot purchases. When the amount involved in a transaction is $100 or more, the minimum commission charge does not exceed $1.50 per share or $75 per single transaction. In any event, the minimum commission is never less than $6 per single transaction if the amount involved is $100 or more.

Federal and state taxes add a few more cents to the cost of selling stocks.

When you buy or sell an odd lot, you pay a little higher price than you do for a round lot—12½¢ per share on stock selling below $40 per share and 25¢ on stock selling at $40 or above, which goes to the odd-lot dealer.

In summary, the cost of buying and selling stocks can range from a maximum of 6% on a small transaction down to a fraction of 1% on a large transaction—a very low cost for transferring property. As a matter of fact, the average commission for transactions on the New York Stock Exchange is just a little more than 1%.

There are no set commission rates in buying or selling over-the-counter securities; in fact, most transactions in this market take place on a net price basis, and the figure a dealer quotes on such a trade will include a return to him in lieu of a commission. At Merrill Lynch, whether such a transaction is handled on a commission or net price basis, it is generally our policy to make a charge that will approximate what we would have received as a commission if the order had been handled on an exchange.

At Merrill Lynch, we charge only the minimum standard commission rates, and we make no service charges of any kind. We consider that we get adequate compensation for our service from the commissions we earn on orders that we execute for our customers.

NEXT WEEK:

What Are The Stock Averages?

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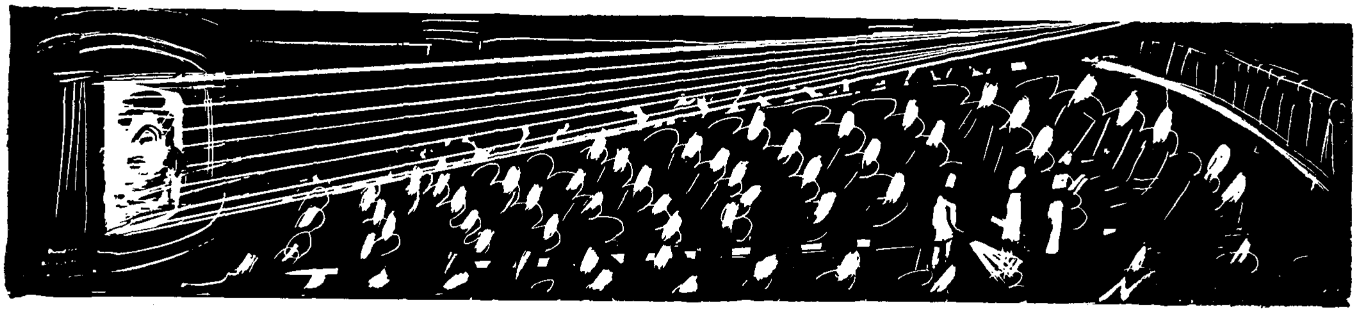
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Advise and Consent—A not very powerful melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, distinguished by the superb acting of a very large cast, including Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, and Gene Tierney. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour for a hundred minutes. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 30.)

The Five Day Lover—Another dashing and joyous comedy by the French director Philippe de Broca. The setting is Paris, and the not-at-all star-crossed lovers are young, good-looking, and inexhaustible. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and François Périer keep stealing the picture from each other. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 4.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A vivid debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—A compendium of early movie comic technique, as practiced by one of its greatest masters. Thrilling, childlike, and always extremely funny. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Thanks to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a highly successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Miracle Worker—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke playing to perfection the roles they created on Broadway, in a sometimes almost unbearably painful account of the war between teacher and child by means of which the blind and deaf Helen Keller learned the meaning of words and so entered the world. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 3, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 4, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; June 28.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very merry fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 4, tentative.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—Age cannot wither Cary Grant and Doris Day, who fall in love as if for the first time and who look extremely well groomed even (in Mr. Grant's case) in a Turkish towel. An excellent comedy. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the dazzling Bergman repertory group. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Viridiana—A strong and sometimes shocking Spanish picture, written and directed by Luis Buñuel and featuring Silvia Pinal as a young girl who wishes to become a nun and is destroyed by the perfection of her innocence. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 4, tentative.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2:30; Saturdays at 2 and 5:15; and Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 2.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 3, tentative.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 3.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 4.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 3.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 30.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; starting June 29.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Green Mare (1961)—Love among the peasants in a French film that is coarse and comical. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 4.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 4.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 28.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 4, tentative.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through June 30: "Twentieth Century" (1934), with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. . . . ¶ July 1-3: "Barbary Coast" (1935), with Edward G. Robinson and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Starting July 4: "Ceiling Zero" (1935), with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "The Sky Above—the Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **LOLITA.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through July 4 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through July 3 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor. From July 4 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through July 3 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival. From July 4 (tentative): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **LOLITA.**

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through June 30: "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor. July 1-3: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers. From July 4: "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Stowaway in the Sky," a French film, narrated by Jack Lemmon.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th. "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) "The Important Man" (in Spanish), Toshiro Mifune.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8000) Through July 3: "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor. From July 4: "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through July 3: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers. From July 4: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) June 28: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles. From June 29: "Nosferatu" and "Metropolis" (both silent German films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through June 30: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and **GENEVIEVE**, revival. July 1-3: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates. From July 4: **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **THE GREEN MARE** (in French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through July 4 (tentative): **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through July 3: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers. From July 4: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through July 4 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) "The Important Man" (in Spanish), Toshiro Mifune.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "The Sky Above—the Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) June 28: **ONE, TWO, THREE;** and "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis. From June 29: **GIGI**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through July 3: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan. From July 4: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through July 2: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff. From July 3: **DETECTIVE STORY**, revival; and **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through July 3: "Girls at Sea," Guy Rolfe; and "The Girl Chasers" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier. From July 4: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**, revival.

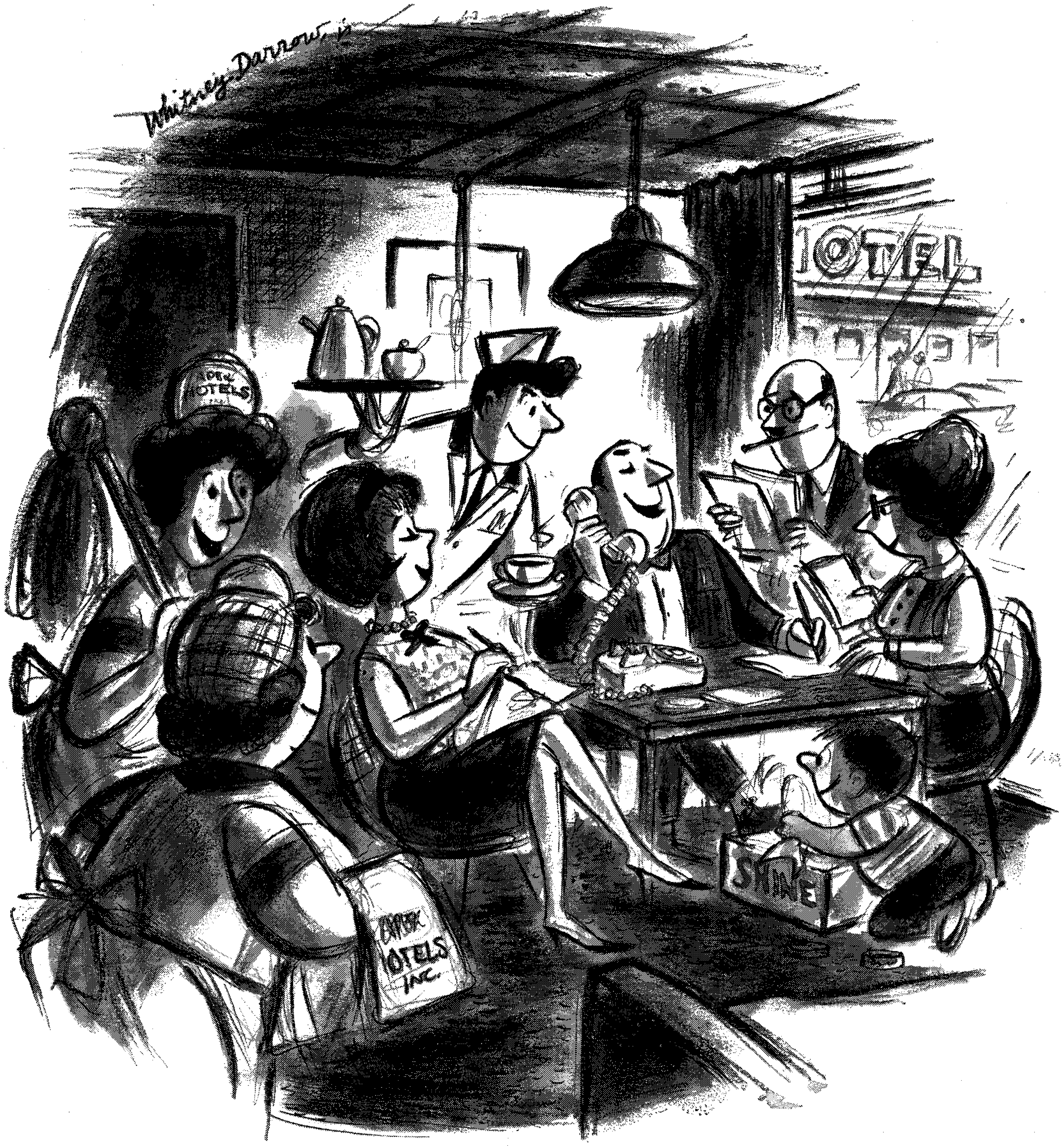
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) June 28: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival. June 29: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa. June 30: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "Intimate Relations", revival, Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer. July 1: "Eugene Onegin" and "Moussorgsky" (both in Russian and both revivals). July 2: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin. July 3: "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "Back to the Wall" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau. July 4: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through July 3 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connors. From July 4 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through July 4 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nadja Tiller, William Bendix.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through June 29: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan. June 30-July 3: "The Ladies Man," revival, Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," revival, Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow. From July 4: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through July 3 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor. From July 4 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.



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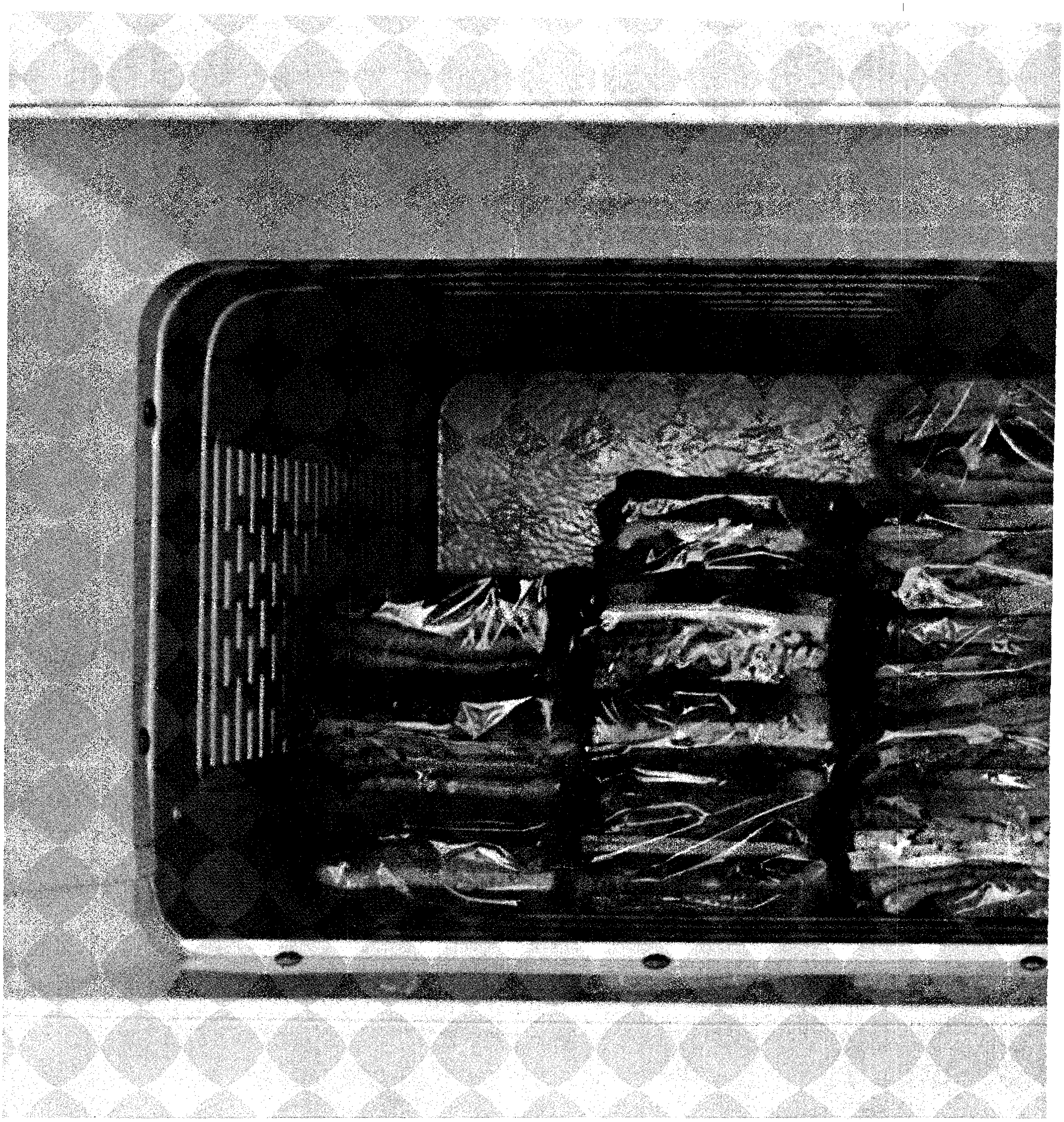

Who put the aluminum sandwich in your freezer?

Lining many freezing compartments today is a remarkable "sandwich": two thin slices of aluminum with a liquid refrigerant between. The process, developed by Olin, looks a bit like magic. A pattern is printed on a small aluminum sheet. A second sheet is laid on top. The two are rolled together under heat and pressure until they become one long thin sheet with the pattern in between. Water is forced through the pattern and pop! the pattern is inflated into tubes. There are no coils welded onto the freezing compartment. Instead, the refrigerant is on the inside, where it can do its work best. Sound efficient? It is. Saves money, too. Roll-Bond® is the name. ■ Another creative solution to a problem... from the Metals Division of Olin.

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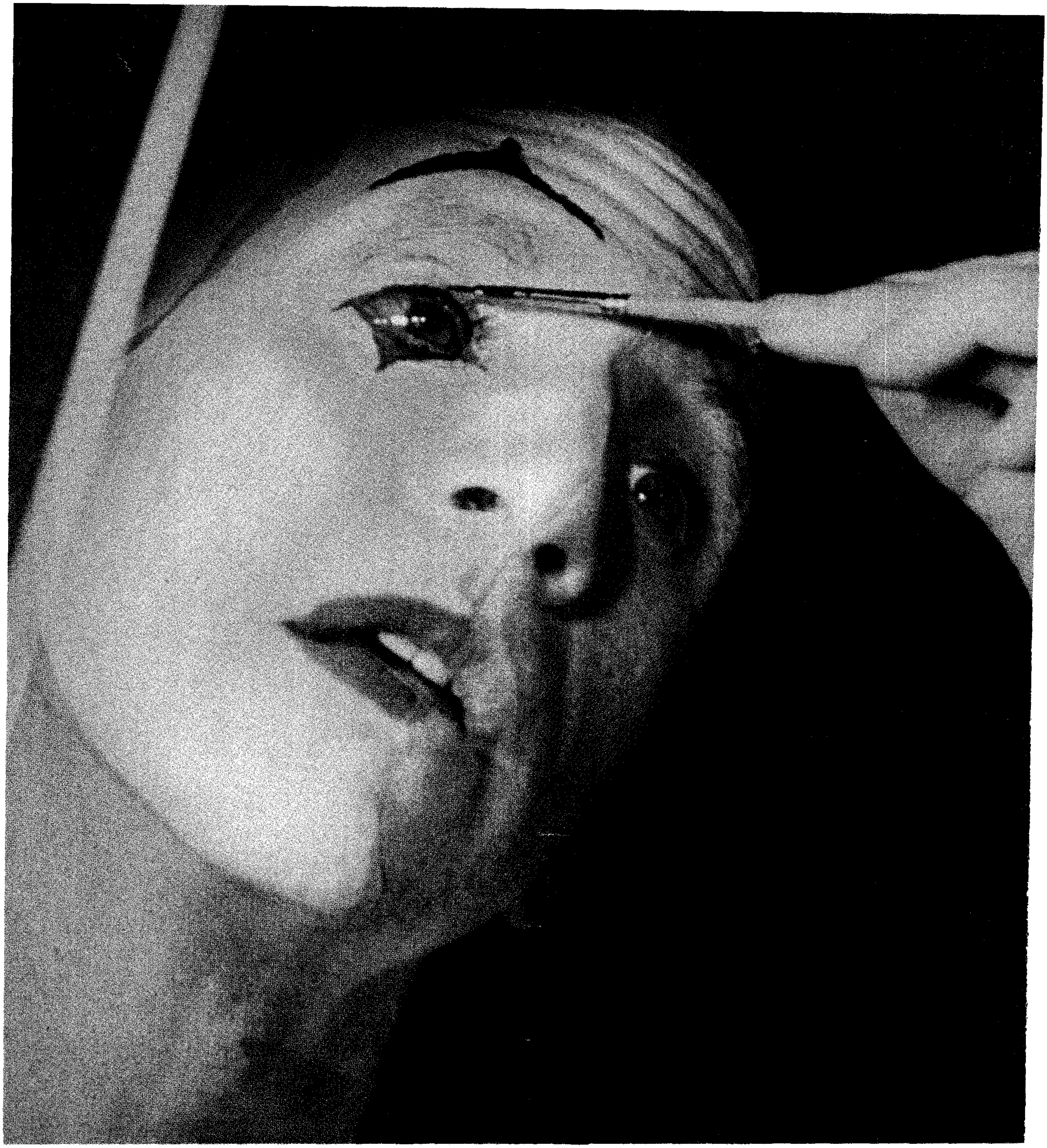

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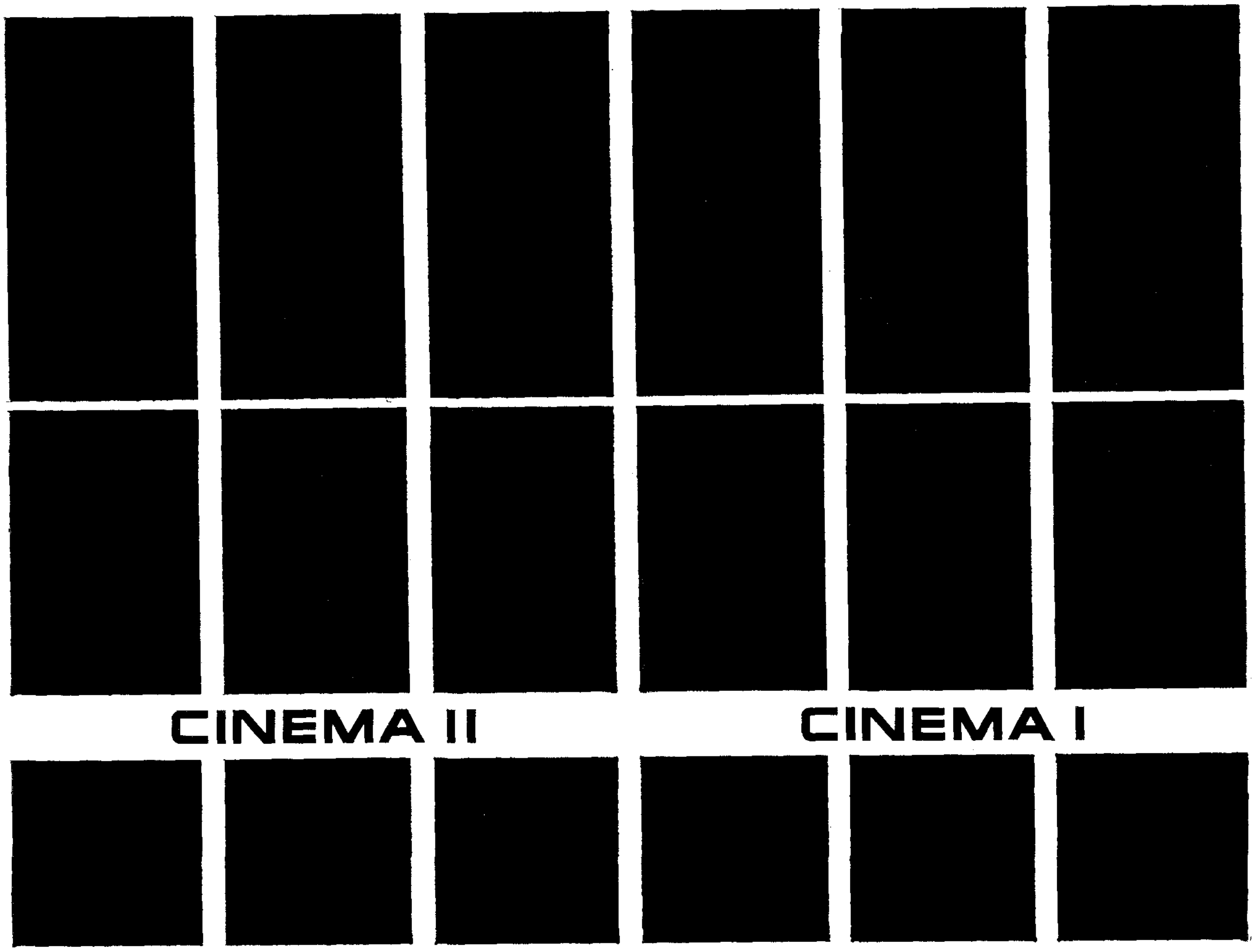
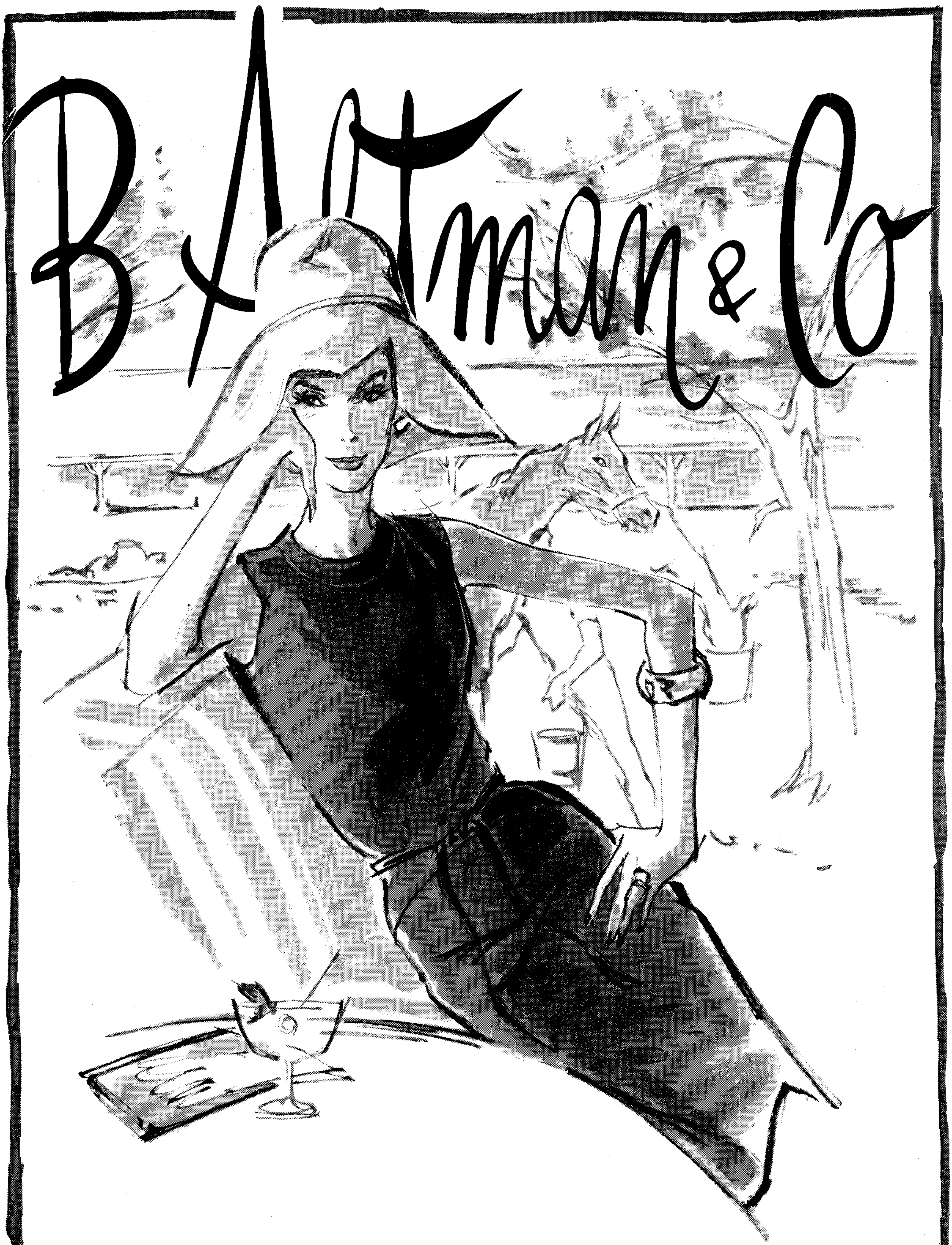


ARCHITECTS: ABRAHAM W. GELLER AND BEN SCHLANGER

The first *truly new* theatres in thirty years—designed and erected from the ground up for the showing of motion pictures. Cinema I and Cinema II are two theatres housed in one structure at Sixtieth Street and Third Avenue. Each theatre is complete unto itself, with its own marquee, entrance, lobby, lounges, and auditorium. Though designed with a flowing abundance of space, the theatres achieve a unique intimacy. The auditoriums, as perfect as sight and sound engineering can make them, set new standards of comfort. Feature times will be staggered, providing a continuous choice of convenient show times. Gracing the spacious lounges is the permanent art collection, a group of specially commissioned sculpture and paintings, as well as a gallery exhibition which will display the works of contemporary artists on a revolving basis. Coffee will be served in the lounges. The premiere attraction now showing at Cinema I and Cinema II is "Boccaccio '70"—three stories of the sexes—which Boccaccio might have included in his "Decameron" for audiences of 1970. Federico Fellini directs Anita Ekberg, Luchino Visconti directs Romy Schneider and Vittorio De Sica directs Sophia Loren.



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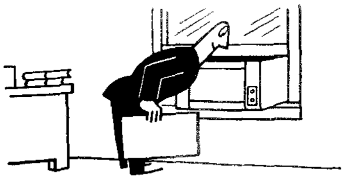
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE spent a great deal of time this past winter doing research on our air-conditioner. We took advantage of the machine's period of hibernation to remove the cover and

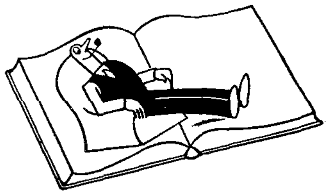


peer at its enchanting insides. Furthermore, we consulted men who are learned in the workings of such mechanisms. And now we think we are equipped to use it to best advantage. The gadget does its job, we have discovered, by removing the heat from the air inside a room and expelling this heat, as a scorching breath, into the air of the city at large. Thus, it is evident that the air-conditioner does not merely make it cooler inside; it also makes it warmer outside. This, we believe, is the key to the proper employment of air-conditioners.

Their use in summer ought to be strictly forbidden. Plainly, with countless thousands of these machines pumping heat into the streets, we are producing, by mechanical means, the very heat waves that air-conditioners were intended to counteract. The air-conditioners soften the asphalt of our streets and cause the shirts to stick to our backs. They make us long for a visit to the mountains or the seashore, where air-conditioners are not used and one gets a chance to cool off. They are, in summer, a mistake. This is not to say, however, that air-conditioners are without utility. Judiciously employed, they might be helpful indeed. The correct time to reach for the switch is at the very end of winter. Then the occupants of innumerable apartments and office buildings, weary and befuddled after a long season of overheated quarters, might find relief in the cooling gusts of the machine. At the same time, the simultaneous operation of all the city's air-conditioners would unquestionably raise the outside temperature by some degrees, thereby hastening the coming of spring, the budding of trees, the blooming of tulips. Who knows? Perhaps the real future of urban air-conditioners may even lie in the melting of snow.

Student of Leisure

TO study leisure is not to invite it. It took Sebastian de Grazia, who is a professor of political science at Rutgers University's Eagleton Institute of Politics, nearly four years to write "Of Time, Work, and Leisure," a six-hundred-page examination of the philosophy and history of leisure. His book has just been published by the Twentieth Century Fund, and its conclusion, in a nutshell, is that leisure is desirable ("Work, we know, may make a man stoop-shouldered or rich. It may even ennoble him. Leisure perfects him") but the local climate for it is not favorable:



> To search for a workless man among one's friends and acquaintances makes for an illuminating experience. In Europe anybody can still name a dozen. In the United States one has to search as hard as Diogenes to discover even two. A workless man today is no easier to find than an honest man was in his time.

We met this latter-day Diogenes—a wiry man in his middle forties, erect, black-haired, and glittering of eye—for lunch in a midtown restaurant, where, over beef stew and a bottle of India ale, he revealed that he was born in Chicago, one of four sons of a theatre- and symphony-orchestra conductor; played piano in jazz bands and orchestras when he was in his teens; and subsequently studied business administration at Northwestern University. "I guess I fumbled away a year there," he said. "My happiest hours were spent in the browsing room of the library, where I read everything, from 'Daphnis and Chloë' to Karl Menninger's 'The Human Mind.' I then transferred to the University of Chicago, where I caught a glimpse of what it might be like to think about things. I lived with four other undergraduates in a building supposedly available only to divinity students; the father of one of them had been a missionary, and that fact got us in. All five of us worked in a cafeteria in Billings Hospital, for meals and seven dollars a week. My interest in music began to decrease—though I still play the virginal—and other things began to lay hold of me. I got a B.A. and a Ph.D. in political philosophy, and then came the rumblings of war. Harold Lasswell recommended me to the Federal Communications Commission, and I became head of its Southern European analysis section. I later joined the Office of Strategic Services. After the war, I returned to the University of Chicago and taught political science there for five years, but they were not very interesting years. The best thing about them was the Quadrangle Club, which offered intellectual stimulation. At its round table was the world—theologians, Orientalists, social scientists, and the like. I used to go there and eat lunch, take a nap, and play billiards. I still generally take a nap after lunch. There's nothing wrong with taking a nap, though it isn't universally favored. As I say in my book, an American office or factory worker needs a certificate from a physician to take a nap after lunch, but among farmers it's acceptable, while the Romans, who were paragons of constructive activity, always spent the afternoon stretched out in the shade, and still do."

The Professor swallowed some ale and continued, "In 1950, I got restless and applied for a Fulbright grant to Italy to do studies on Machiavelli and the Renaissance," he said. "I was attached to the University of Florence as a visiting professor without teaching responsibilities. Italy was disappointing as far as music was concerned, but I developed a passion for architecture there."

Off and on for a number of years, de Grazia hung his hat both in Florence and in Rome. Then, in 1957, having been warned by Professor Carl J. Friedrich, of Harvard, a house guest of his in the Eternal City, that it was time he returned to the States and got on with his academic career, he put down roots at Princeton (visiting professor again). "That was really the beginning of the study of leisure," he said. "I had proposed a book on Utopia to August Heckscher, the director of the Twentieth Century Fund, and after consulting his trustees he came back with leisure as a topic. Well, I plodded away—"

He yawned, and, moving quickly to get ahead of his postprandial nap, we asked about the Rutgers post, which he accepted last year.

"Very interesting," he said. "Mason Gross, the president of Rutgers, is a most enlightened man. The Eagleton Institute is a group of five or six congenial political scientists. We have offices and classrooms in a nineteenth-century house, with a gracious lawn, in New Brunswick. The teaching is not excessive. We keep our own hours. I live in Princeton, *en famille*, and I also have a house just outside Florence, with a separate studio that used to be a lemon house. It was destroyed in the war, and I rebuilt it. I spend part of each year there."

Mrs. de Grazia is a granddaughter of D'Annunzio. "Anna Maria D'Annunzio, an excellent painter," her husband said. "I think she's the world's best portraitist, but she doesn't like to do portraits." He told us that he has five children—Tancredi, two, and Marco, nine, by his present wife, and, by a previous marriage, Iano, thirteen, Margherita, fifteen, and Alfred Joseph, nineteen. "My oldest son is at Swarthmore," he added, and went on, "Florence is a fine place for a writer, but I don't think so much of Princeton. The climate there is terrible, and so are the restaurants. In Florence, it's hard to go anywhere and get bad food; in Rome, it's possible; in Princeton, it's inevitable. Venice is the perfect city—you can still walk there and hear nothing except the sound of human voices—but work is not appreciated as much there as in Florence, where the artisan conception still prevails. Rome's hues of orange and pink are magnificent, but to me it's a carnal city—heavy pulses, heavy appetites, the snooze in the sun, the upturned belly. No premium is placed on work there."

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MARITIME INTELLIGENCE: The United States Coast Guard recently announced that its Lighted Whistle Buoy 1-B, off Thieves Ledge, Massachusetts, was missing.

Aquarium Party

GREAT institutions are resilient. The incredibly inopportune death of the Aquarium's giant octopus at twelve-thirty on the day before the annual garden party of the New York Zoological Society, which was held this year at the Aquarium, the Bronx Zoo's Coney Island outpost ("We'll try to feed it a crab or two, and maybe it will stretch out its seven-foot arms," a brochure describing the scheduled festivities read pathetically), failed to dent the happy cordiality with which Fairfield Osborn, the Society's president, and Christopher W. Coates, the Aquarium's director, greeted some twelve hundred member guests, while, among the trustees, who had attended a bigwigs' lunch meeting under a large tent just before the afternoon's program began, we noted John Schiff and Newbold Morris looking as serene as though nothing were the matter. Mr. Schiff, as befitted a fourth-generation New York private banker, was a tailor's dream, topped by a pre-slump panama hat; Commissioner Morris, as befitted the people's—or the Mayor's—choice, was in shirtsleeves, carrying his coat. The law of compensation was in evidence, since the defunct octopus had been replaced, in a way, by a ten-and-a-half-foot female white whale, who had arrived that morning, with considerable fanfare, fresh from the waters of the St. Lawrence.

"She went in the pool just as nice as pie," Dr. James W. Atz, curator of the Aquarium, told us as we watched her frolic. We asked Dr. Atz what had felled the octopus. "We're not sure," he said. "It may have been the heat. The water went up to fifty-seven degrees the day before his death, and he really needed fifty degrees or below. But he'd been losing his bumps for a couple of weeks, and that's always a bad sign in an octopus. Octopuses don't live long in aquariums, you know; eighteen months may be about par for the course. This one came from Vancouver—he arrived here on March 26th, packed in ice-cold sea water. He was the biggest one we've ever had. He weighed in at thirty pounds and weighed out at twenty-nine. A wonderful animal!"

We toured the electric eel, the seals and walruses, the oyster toadfish, the Northern sea robin, and the common periwinkle, and paused to examine, in an outdoor enclosure, the bathysphere in which the late Dr. William Beebe and Mr. Otis Barton made their celebrated descent into the ocean depths off Bermuda in 1934, reaching 3,028 feet, for a nineteen-year record. Dr. John Tee-Van, who is about to retire as the general director of the Zoo and the Aquarium, advised us that the round portal of the bathysphere was going to be covered with wire netting, to keep small boys from crawling in. Later on, over iced tea and sandwiches in the big tent, we fell into conversation with Mr. Coates and Mr. Gordon Cuyler, the Society's membership chairman. "When the Shah of Iran visited the Zoo in April," Mr. Cuyler said, "I told him we had a number of royal occupants—the kingfish, the kingfisher, the king snake, the emperor penguin. There must be others."

"Do you have an emperor moth, a monarch butterfly, a viceroy?" we asked.

He promised to look into that, and another man at the table, noting a bevy of nuns nearby, turned the conversation into ecclesiastical-zoological channels.

"The cardinal," someone suggested. "The capuchin monkey. The church mouse."

"Have another lobster sandwich," Mr. Coates said. "I believe the trustees have voted to continue my salary."

On our way out, we ran into Mr. Richard C. Patterson, Jr., who is a trustee and is also Commissioner of the Department of Public Events. "Fair Osborn has done a marvellous job here," he said. "An oasis rising from the slums."

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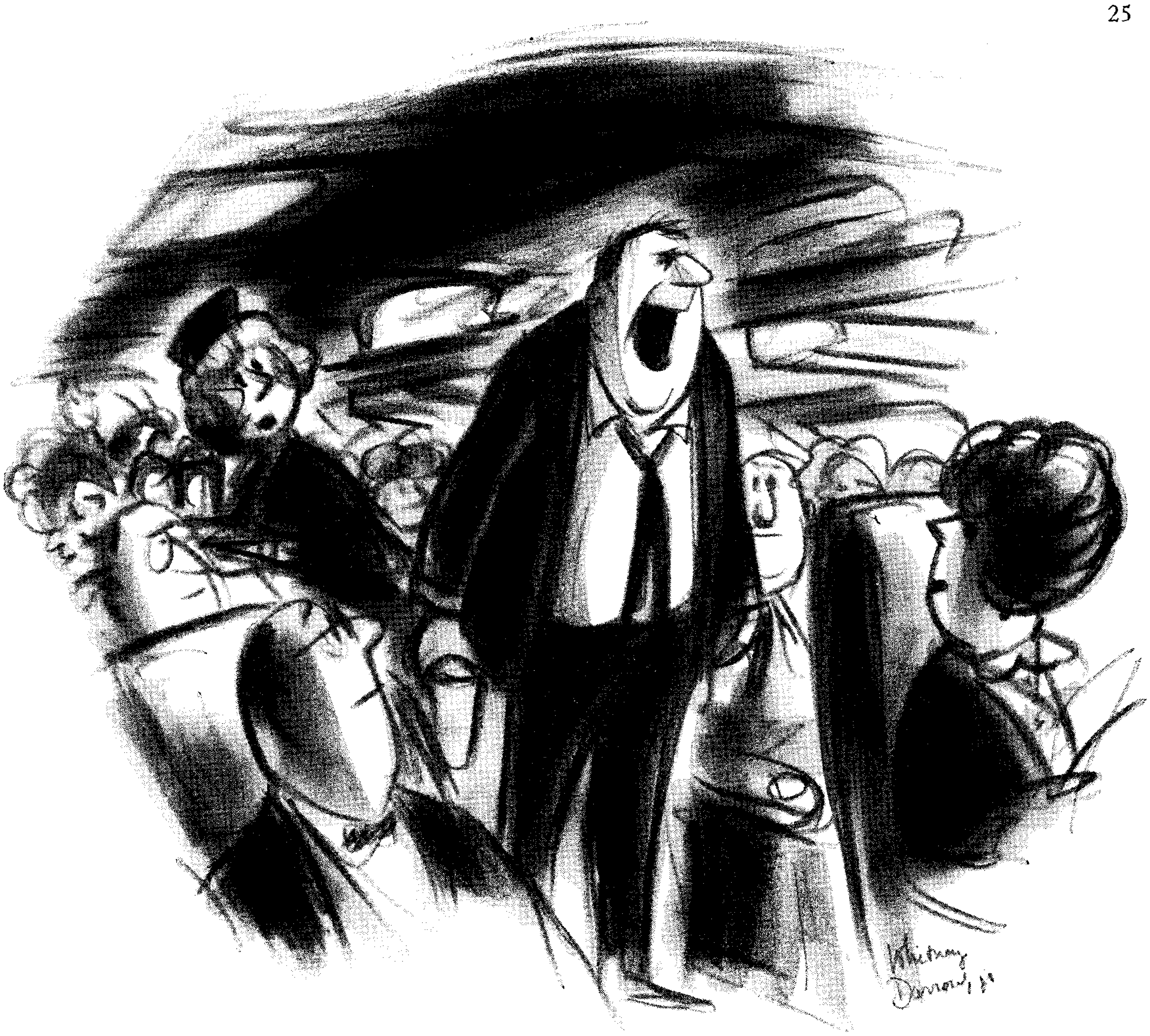
SIGN in a ground-floor corridor of the Desert Inn, in Las Vegas: "Summit Room—Downstairs."

Pioneers

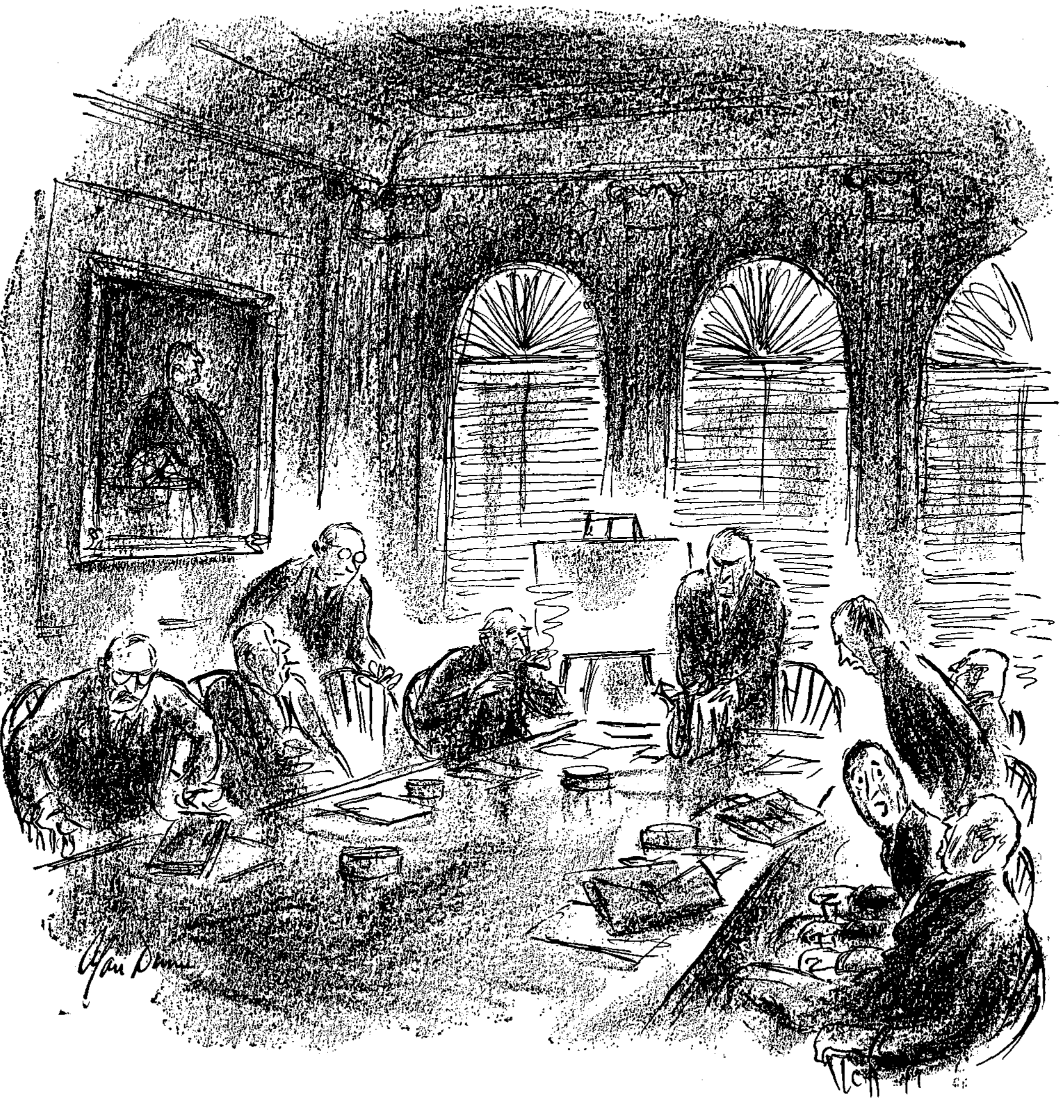
LAST week, we accompanied Harris L. Wofford, Jr., Special Representative for the Peace Corps for Africa, as he drove seventy-five miles upstate to greet five dozen freshly recruited volunteers for the Teachers for Sierra Leone Peace Corps Project. Mr. Wofford had just resigned as Special



"*I can lick any man in the Economy Class!*"

Assistant to President Kennedy on the Peace Corps and on Civil Rights in order to assume his new job. The training site, and our destination, was the State University College, in New Paltz. Mr. Wofford, driving a rented car and accompanied by a young diplomat named J. C. W. Porter, who is Third Secretary to the Sierra Leone Embassy, in Washington, picked us up, by prearrangement, in front of the new local Peace Corps office, a store front on East Forty-second Street that is staffed by attractive, steady-eyed young people and festooned with decorative brochures ("TEACHERS in the Peace Corps," "WOMEN in the Peace Corps," "AMERICAN LABOR in the Peace Corps," "HEALTH PROFESSIONS in the Peace Corps," "YOU and the Peace Corps"). We got into the front seat with Mr. Wofford. Mr. Porter told us he had some papers he'd like to spread out in the rear, and after Wofford had dutifully pointed out a traffic jam, an Automat, the United Nations headquarters, and the Triborough Bridge, Porter said he was going to work on his notes for a speech he was scheduled to make to the recruits.

Wofford, a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty-six, with a ringing voice and a kind of All-America handsomeness, told us that in August he plans to move from Chevy Chase to Addis Ababa, with his wife, Clare, and their three children—Susanne, Daniel, and David, who are ten, seven, and two. "The greatest future of the Peace Corps is in Africa," he said. "I've been to Africa four times this past year. Each time I got there, I felt myself going into high gear. I had the feeling of being in tune with the world. In my new job, I'll be administrator of the Ethiopian program as well as the representative for our work in all the other African nations. I'm campaigning to recruit three hundred teachers for the secondary schools of Ethiopia—that's about as many teachers as they've got now. The population of the country is twenty million. Almost a million Ethiopian children should be in academic secondary schools, but only six thousand are. The population of Sierra Leone is two and a half million, and no more than seven thousand children attend the equivalent of high school. The Peace Corps sent about forty teachers over there six months ago, and of this new batch that we're going to see now we hope to send forty or fifty more. The Peace Corps is only a year old, and we've got a thousand volunteers working now, in fourteen countries all over the world—minimum age, eighteen; maximum age, unlimited. We'll have two thousand, in twenty-seven countries, by September, and five thousand by 1963. The Peace Corps is the main embodiment of the New Frontier. President Kennedy says



"What are we taking a long, hard look at today?"

that the Peace Corps is going to restore the American spirit. I happen to feel that the Peace Corps is awakening our slumbering pioneering traditions. As a lawyer, I know that lawyers are all frustrated founding fathers. Lawyers would like to have been around when our Constitution was written. They would like to have chartered all the basic institutions of the country. Well, we've just launched a program to recruit lawyers into the Peace Corps. We've got forty law schools in the country lined up to coöperate with us. We'll give the lawyers a chance to work as clerks in Ministries and in the African courts, to assist in drafting codes, and to teach in the new law schools. But law is just one part of what the Peace Corps can help create in Africa. It's all so wide open. And limited only by our imagination. It's an empty continent. In Asia or in Latin America, the poverty, in a way, closes in on you. But in Africa you can drive fifty miles and not see anybody. You get a feeling there that must be like what the people felt who first saw America. Africans are a young people, making history. They're starting out with a clean slate and writing on it what they want to write. Their No. 1 investment is in education. We in the Peace Corps want to encourage the African countries to think even bigger than they've been thinking so far in terms of moving ahead. By doubling the secondary-school populations this year, we'll develop hundreds of college graduates qualified to teach school in Africa, and we'll really be on our way."

A light glinted in Wofford's eyes. Glancing behind us, we saw Porter completely absorbed in his notes. "Why Africa for *you*?" we asked Wofford. "Why not stick around in Washington, and go to a few parties?"

"White House social life has added a certain lustre to social life around the country, a certain radiance," Wofford said. "But I believe in forming the world you want to create as well as you can with what's within your reach—a political clue I learned from Gandhi. My whole life so far has been a rhythm between the race question in the world and the race question at home. I call one the big integration and the other the little integration. During the Presidential campaign, I helped draft the civil-rights section of the Democratic platform. I kind of resisted the Peace Corps for a long time, because I felt I ought to try to do something that was not so natural for me. But I couldn't hold out any longer. In my letter of resignation, I told the President that it was time, I felt, to work not from a desk in Washington but from where I want to live, in Africa, where I'll be constantly on the scene. He wrote back with complete understanding and warm good wishes."

"Well," we said, "how did all this start? Where were you born?"

"In New York City, on April 9, 1926," Wofford said. "I grew up in Johnson City, Tennessee, and in Scarsdale. My maternal grandmother came from Little Rock. We were very close. When I was eleven—the last year I was eligible to travel at half fare—she took me out of school for seven months, which we spent travelling around the world on tramp steamers. I saw sixteen countries. In Rome, I heard Mussolini roar from his balcony the night he cancelled Italy's membership in the League of Nations. In India, I saw the poverty of Bombay and Calcutta. After Pearl Harbor, while I was at Scarsdale High School, Clarence Streit's idea for the Atlantic Community took hold of me, and in the name of the Federalists, who transformed the alliance of the thirteen American colonies into a true federation, I founded the Student Federalists. I was its first national president. My wife, by the way, was its third national president. We met at the first national convention. I graduated from high school in 1944 and spent twenty months as an Air Force trainee at Craig Field, Alabama, after which I attended the University of Chicago, graduating in 1948. Then I got married, went to India and Pakistan with my wife for seven months, came home, and wrote a book with her called 'India Afire.' After that, we wanted to go to Israel, and we did. We worked on a *kibbutz* and looked over the country quite thoroughly. When we got home, I decided to study law at Howard University. It was 1950, a very creative period in civil-rights law, and the center of all the litigation was at Howard. Also, I'd never been in a position to know many Negroes, and the chance to be a fellow-student of Negroes appealed to me very much. I didn't think it would hurt me to be a member of a minority for a while. After getting full law degrees from both Howard and Yale, I became a special assistant to Chester Bowles. I also practiced law in Washington pretty regularly, until 1958, with the firm of Covington & Burling. In 1959, I joined the faculty of Notre Dame Law School and taught for a year; I have been away on a leave of absence ever since. The things that interest me are everywhere."

Arriving in New Paltz, we drew up before a brick dormitory building assigned to Peace Corps trainees, and Wofford said, "Mr. Porter, do you have your speech?"

"I will thank the volunteers for leaving all comforts here to go to Sierra Leone," Porter said, "and warn them that the first few months they may be treated with indifference, but the indifference will go away when they show they came to help, not to dominate. I will say, 'Go there with an open heart and do a good job.' "

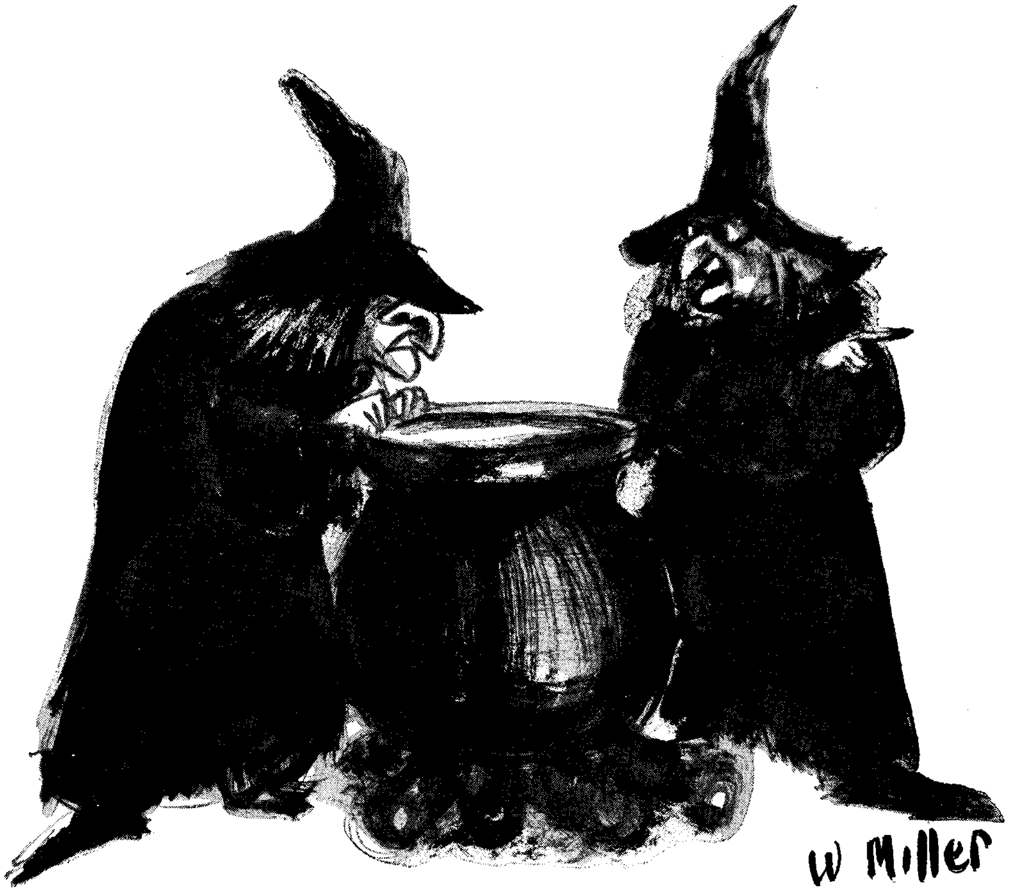
To the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" piped haltingly on a recorder by some invisible trainee, we went inside, and there we were immediately enveloped by a throng of very young-looking trainees: "I'm Rufus Stevenson, Newman, Georgia, which I left at 6 A.M. this morning." "I'm Judy Salisbury, Westfield, New Jersey, and I'm rather surprised to be going to Sierra Leone." "I'm Thomas Birnberg, Los Angeles, California." "I'm Bill Whitten, Milwaukee, Wisconsin." "I'm Bob Gross, New York City." "I'm Bill Prosch, Birmingham, Alabama." "I'm Bill Graham, Falls Church, Virginia. I'm going to teach history. How can those Africans have a sense of their world without history?" "I'm Bruce Pearson, Greenwich, Connecticut."

Then we met some Peace Corps administrators: "I'm Dr. Joseph Murphy, and I teach political philosophy at Brandeis University. I decided to spend my summer working for the Peace Corps. One thing that anybody from the academic world finds when he associates himself with the Peace Corps is that the volunteers have more resourcefulness, more intelligence, more energy, more enthusiasm, more of everything than you'll ever see in the average undergraduate." "I'm George Goba. I teach Mende, the main language of the biggest tribe in Sierra Leone. I come from Taiama, a town of three thousand in Sierra Leone. Taiama has the best bridge in the country. I am so *proud* of that bridge. My mother still lives in Taiama, and many of my friends. They write that a Peace Corps girl came to Taiama, and they asked her to show them how to do the Twist, and she did not know, and they laughed and laughed at her ignorance. I wrote to my friends and said I had met some Americans here who asked me to show them how to do the High Life, the popular African dance, and I did not know, and they laughed and laughed at my ignorance. I left Taiama six years ago, when I was twenty-three, and I hope to go back when I become a doctor. I am studying medicine at Fairleigh Dickinson University. I used to be a houseboy for missionaries in Taiama, and when my father died, they helped me come to America to study. My sister Nancy, who is twenty-one, has just come to America. She is in the state of Indiana studying to become a nurse." "I am Dr. David Crabb. I was born in Newark, New Jersey. I am an anthropological linguist. I teach Swahili. Anybody can speak Swahili. There's nothing to it."

And, finally, we attended a dinner in honor of the trainees and listened to the official welcoming speech, given by Wofford: "Everywhere you go in the world you meet American education coming back. . . . In a very real sense, we are going to learn as much as we teach . . . to see whether we of the West, the true minority of the world, can become integrated with the new world, whether we can join the human race. . . . The New Frontiers are not in Washington. . . . They are out where you are going. . . ."

Market Story

A FRIEND of ours who lives on lower Fifth Avenue tallied up his paper losses in the stock market one night last week and felt impelled to cut down his expenses. For one thing, he decided, he would start taking a bus to his office, instead of a taxi. Next morning, he waited and *waited* for a bus, but none came, and it was getting late, so he thought of the Lexington Avenue subway, at Union Square, and hurried off in that direction. As he turned into Fourteenth Street, the clock on the Con Edison tower told him that it was even later than he thought, so he began to sprint, and as he sprinted across University Place a cop nailed him for jaywalking. The ticket cost him two dollars, and he was late for his first appointment. He's riding taxis again.



"You think you're so damn Cordon Bleu!"

VARIATION ON A THEME

THINGS are reputed to go in threes, and that certainly holds good for me. For instance, just recently, all in one week, I reread "The Silver Cord," the late Sidney Howard's play about a son-devouring mother; attended a performance of "Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . . ," Arthur Kopit's play, which contains a mother so possessive that she keeps her deceased husband in a closet and her live son in a confinement equally stifling, if a little more roomy; and watched on television an episode in Rod Serling's "The Twilight Zone," which was about a young man who was possessed by his mother who was *dead*. She wasn't hanging in a closet, but her influence was all over the place, and in the last scene she materialized and changed the young man back into a little boy, right in front of his wife. My first reaction was "Gosh!" And then I thought that if some susceptible young bride had seen all that just before her wedding, she might have got some pretty odd ideas.

The following playlet is based on such a supposition. The form is probably more *en garde* than *avant-*, but if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Kopit, I hope he will understand that I am very susceptible myself.

The scene is a newly decorated apartment. It looks like any other newly decorated apartment except for an old-fashioned gramophone, which is playing "The Wedding March" backward. George and Ethel enter, followed by a janitor and a taxi-driver and attended by several small boys, who leave and never come back. The others are carrying various articles of luggage and an oversized Teddy bear.

Ethel: Well, here we are. (*She takes off her wedding veil and rolls it into a lump.*)

George (*shaking rice out of his shoes*): Yeah.

Ethel (*with baroque romance*): Our home! Our own little home! (*Sharply*) *George!*

George (*who is putting his shoes back on*): Yeah?

Ethel: I have remarked—and rather beautifully—that this is our home. Well? Have you nothing to add? Can you give me no expression of emotion in return?

George (*tying his shoelaces*): How can I when you're way over there?

(*The gramophone changes to "Come a Little Closer." Ethel stuffs her bouquet in the horn, which swallows it. The gramophone stops.*)

Janitor (*sentimentally*): My mother used to sing that.

Taximan: My mother couldn't sing a note. Where do we put the bags?

Ethel: Anywhere. (*She throws her wedding veil to him.*) Wear it in excellent health.

George: Just stick everything in the bedroom.

Ethel: But not this. (*She takes the Teddy bear from the janitor, who is reluctant to give it up. She puts it on the gramophone table. The men put the bags in the bedroom, and George tips them lavishly. A screen showing a picture of a cornucopia gushing quarters and dimes is lowered. When it is taken up again, Ethel and George are alone.*) You gave them too much. (*Suddenly apprehensive*) George—this absurd generosity! Are you—are you compensating?

George: I'm the one who gets compensated, baby. It comes off my tax. Like for expenses.

Ethel (*moving some furniture*): Did your mother throw money away?

George: Daisy? Sometimes she hurled it!

Ethel (*to herself*): Mother means money, money means Mother. (*To George*) Why do you call her Daisy?

George: It's her name.

Ethel: Like in "She loves me, she loves me not"? (*She takes a few tango steps.*) You call me "baby."

George: I sure do!

Ethel: But how sure *are* you? (*She breaks into a Charleston.*) Yes, sir, you're her baby; no, sir, don't mean maybe; yes, sir, you're her baby—

George (*interrupting*): You've got it wrong. It's "Yes, sir, *that's* my baby."

Ethel: Have it neuter, if you prefer it. (*Significantly*) Any particular tense?

George: Tents! Boy, did I love tents! I was out in them half the time. I was a Boy Scout. Boy! Hiking! Tenting!

(*The gramophone strikes up with "Tenting Tonight." Ethel kicks it. It stops.*)

Ethel: Tenting! A long stretch for your mother's apron strings.

George: Apron? Nearest she ever got to an apron was a halter bathing suit!

Ethel: Halters have strings, too.

George: You're darn tootin'. Otherwise Daisy woulda been arrested.

Ethel (*picking up the Teddy bear*): Teddy bear, Teddy bear, where have you been? (*Imitating a bear's voice rather badly*) I've been to London to look at the queen. (*She replaces the Teddy bear.*) Your mother is *your* queen, isn't she, George?

George (*who is getting restless*): Daisy's an ace. In spades.

Ethel: The ace of spades. The death card!

(*As George advances with anything but death in his eye, the screen comes down again, with a flurry of cards pictured on it. The queen of spades looks like Whistler's Mother. A caption is flashed across the screen:*

AND SHE COULD COOK, TOO

The screen goes up, discovering George and Ethel at breakfast.)

George: And you can cook, too!

Ethel: But not like your mother?

George: Daisy? She couldn't boil an egg, baby.

Ethel: *Egg.* (*She draws a dark veil over her face.*) Egg. Baby. (*To a small man who scurries across the stage*) He is his mother's egg, her baby. Forever. (*The small man looks at his watch and exits on the double. Ethel tears the veil from her face and drapes it over the percolator.*) How was the coffee?

George: Swell.

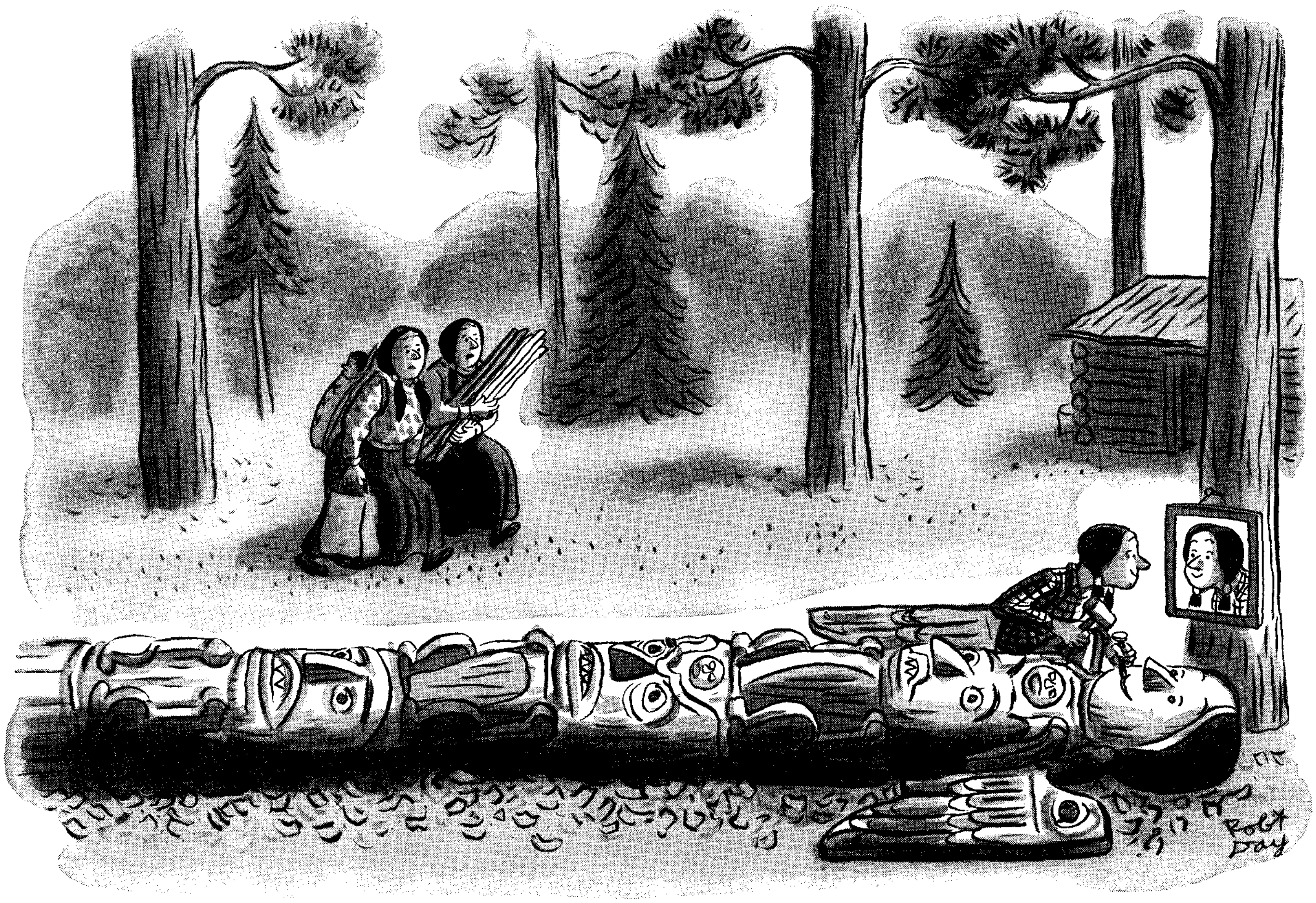
Ethel (*crunching toast*): Swell. To grow, to expand. As the child in the womb. You have the womb wish, George, but you transfer it to the coffee. (*As George doesn't answer*) Well, *don't* you?

George (*dreamily*): Transfer. Say, when you were a kid, did you ever get a sheet of those transfer pictures and stick them all over you?

Ethel (*through the toast*): No, I did not.

George: Then you missed a lotta fun.

Ethel: I think it is you who have missed a lot of fun. Sticking things all over you! I suppose you know what *that* meant. (*A sinister drumbeat comes



"You might have known who the high man was going to be."

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from the percolator.) It meant that you didn't want to be stuck *to*. You wanted to escape. (*The percolator echoes the word like a moan, "Escape. . . . Escape."*)

George (*when the percolator is through*): Could I have some more eggs?

Ethel (*putting a rose between her teeth*): Just—eggs?

George (*responding*): Well, say—

Ethel (*dropping the rose*): Why do you associate them with sex, George?

George (*blushing deeply*): I don't do any such thing. And I don't like to hear words like that at breakfast.

Ethel: Only in the dark, perhaps? (*She plays lightly with a pair of castanets.*) Tell me, did your mother always leave you a night light?

George: Listen—any time I needed a light, I had a lamp right beside me. All I had to do was pull the light cord.

Ethel: Was it made of silver?

George: It was made of *cord*. Now, may I have some more eggs?

Ethel: All the eggs in the world. And remember them on Mother's Day. (*She takes a carton of eggs and hurls them at him.*)

George: For Pete's sake, baby, this is my new robe. Pure silk! (*He wipes at it ineffectually. A telephone rings. The telephone is lowered to the stage, which it practically fills. Ethel grapples with it. It shrinks.*)

Ethel (*remembering her Italian*): *Pronto*?

Female Voice (*a little like Hedda Hopper's*): Is that you, Ethel?

Ethel: Who knows who is who?

Voice: Oh, darling, don't go Zen on me. I've had it. Is George there?

Ethel: Who wants him?

Voice: I wouldn't know, darling, but tell him it's Daisy.

(*The gramophone comes to life with "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer, Do!" Ethel takes up a sledgehammer and knocks the machine for a loop.*)

George (*taking the receiver that Ethel has dropped*): Hi.

Voice: Hi. How's everything going?

George (*wiping egg off his face*): Fine, I guess. Ethel doesn't like eggs.

Voice: Why should she? Eggs are for the birds. Listen, cookie, if you're having trouble, don't come to *me* about it, will you?

George: Why should I?

Voice: That's my boy.

George: That's another thing. She thinks I *am* your boy. I mean your *little* boy. (*He hesitates.*) Or *something* like that.

Voice (*after a moment*): Sock her one, will you, George, with my love.

(*The telephone disappears. The screen once more descends. There is a montage of people throwing confetti, and a lot of men shooting off machine guns. It doesn't mean anything. The screen goes up again. George has socked Ethel.*)

Ethel: And I love you, *too*, George. But if you really haven't got a mother fixation— I mean, if you are normal and I am normal, how are we going to adjust? (*She picks up the Teddy bear and straightens its ribbon.*)

George: We'll make out. (*He touches the bear.*) Say, baby—I mean Ethel—I've been meaning to ask you about this thing. After all, you're a big girl now.

Ethel (*innocently*): Yes, I know. But he's so sweet. (*A long pause*) And he's the image of my father.

(*As George's jaw drops, the gramophone revives and gives out with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," amplified almost beyond endurance.*)

—Patricia Collinge

THE MUTINEERS

THE boy, Hal Preston, took the mast, sail, and leeboards from the skiff and stowed them in the shelter at the end of the pier. He was twelve years old, deeply tanned, slender but not skinny. He wore a Peter Thomson outfit, a plain sailor's jumper of faded blue duck with knee-length shorts to match, long black stockings, and sneakers.

As he walked along the pier to the shore, he heard, beyond the thorn-apple hedge, the click of a mallet on a ball and a man's voice in an exclamation of half-humorous disgust, and he knew that they were playing croquet. He hoped his mother was in the game; then she would pay less attention to him. He knew that, unlike his little brother, he didn't have the gift of masking himself; his face often gave him away. The excitement, the sense of wonder and adventure, still bubbled within him. In his mouth there was still the taste of gingerbread, hot from the oven, aromatic, and in his ears the soft, charming voice and strangely English accent of the cook, a tall, brown-skinned man with gold loop earrings. What was there to conceal? Everyone knew he loved to visit the coastwise schooners that anchored near the Prestons' place, but somehow this was different—the all-Negro crew, with the cook in command, and the short way in which this man had said that the skipper and mate had gone ashore. The boy did not know why he should not let his family know where he had been, but instinct told him it would be better.

The croquet ground occupied most of the lawn, the stakes being a good fifty feet apart. As he came up on the lawn, his mother was aiming with her usual slow precision. She stood bent, with her right foot drawn well back, and her white shirtwaist and her long black skirt accommodated themselves to her stance. With a sharp, short stroke she sent her ball neatly to hit the blue ball, which had been in position in front of the cage. Hal's older brother moaned dismally. His Uncle Bill, who, being on vacation, was there on a weekday, laughed and told him, "You haven't a chance, Ned. She has a secret arrangement with Apollo."

With a split shot, she put her own ball into position and sent blue to the other side of the cage. Then she went through, hit Ned's ball again, and with another split shot sent it under the grape arbor and her own well toward the side wicket before the stake. Her last shot put her into position for that wicket. Hal's Aunt Hester prepared to get into position for the side wicket after the starting stake.

Mrs. Preston said, "Hello, dear. Where have you been?"

"Sailing the skiff."

"Did the leeboards work? Could you make to windward?"

Descendant of clipper-ship captains and married to a banker, she had a profound romantic feeling for everything nautical. Hal had made the leeboards himself.

"Yes. She went fine."

"Good boy. Oh, my, look where your uncle is! Good shot!"

Her attention went back to the game. Hal walked around the house, glanced at the eternally inaccurate sundial, and followed the walk between the box hedges out to the road. He idled along the road until he met Sylvia Chester.

Sylvia was his age. Officially, she was his girl, because the only others about his age in the little Rhode Island summer colony were his cousins. The older boys and girls were paired off, although the arrangements often shifted, so his group followed suit. In fact, he liked her, because she was a good sport and a thorough tomboy. She wore a Peter Thomson jumper like his own, but with bloomers. Her hair was in two braids. She had a paper bag in her left hand.

Sylvia said, "Hello. Whar ye baound?"—imitating the local accent.

"Just drifting." He stopped, facing her. He greatly desired to tell her that he had climbed clear to the main-truck of that three-master out in the bay, and about the Negro crew who did not speak at all like Negroes, and the gingerbread, but he held back.

"You been up to the store?" she said.

"No. Why would I go there? I don't get my allowance until tomorrow."

"The captain and mate off that schooner out there are on the porch. The crew mutinied and ran them off. You ought to see them."

He stared at her a moment, his mouth slightly open, taking in the purport of what she had said. "Mutinied?"

"Yes. And chased them ashore. Miss Waterman says she's afraid the sailors will come ashore and sack the village."

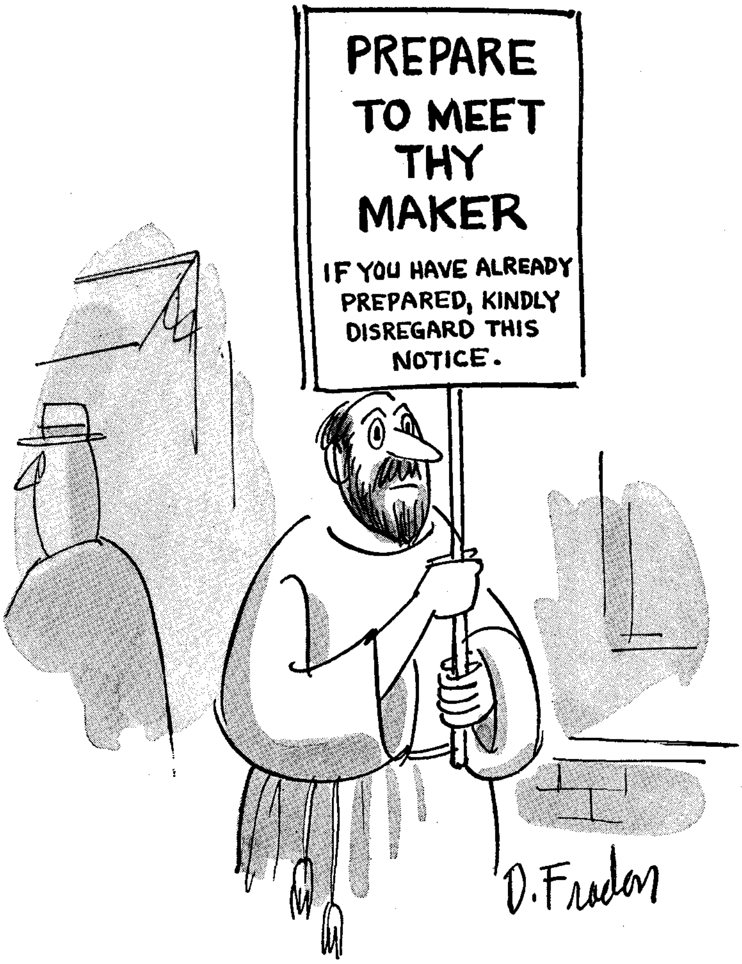
"Golly! Come on and let's look."

"I can't. I've got to get this stuff to Mother." She raised the hand with the paper bag. "Anyhow, I've seen them."

"Oh. Well, so long then."

"So long."

He walked up the dusty village road. Mutineers! But they had been so kind and gentle, and they had let him climb up the ratlines, which no white man had ever let him do. He had a vague feeling that they ought not to have, that they had perhaps been irresponsible, yet he could not


PREPARE TO MEET THY MAKER
IF YOU HAVE ALREADY PREPARED, KINDLY DISREGARD THIS NOTICE.
D. Fradon

associate the cook with irresponsibility. The man had the quality of command and leadership.

The grocery store was near the top of the ridge that rose from the bay to where the high road ran to Providence. Across its front was a broad porch, onto which opened the door and two moderate-sized windows, each with six panes of glass. In one there was a sign in color showing a man pointing, and under him the legend "Moxie is good for you!" In the other there was an announcement of the moving picture that would be shown Saturday—tomorrow—evening at the Firemen's Hall. Two men sat on chairs on the porch—white men, blondish and ruddy-faced. When Hal dawdled to look at them, they glared at him with hard, blue eyes. Remembering the crew, he thought these two men hatchet-faced, slit-mouthed, evil. No wonder the crew had mutinied.

He did not allow for their sense of humiliation, sitting there and knowing that every one in a village such as this must know that they had been chased off their own vessel. He did not consider that to send word to the British consul—the schooner's hail was Nassau—they had had to go to the house of Captain Willett, who had a telephone and an arrangement with Western Union. That meant that they had had to expose their predicament to an old seafarer who in his time had dominated the multifarious crews of square-riggers. They could have stayed in Captain Willett's kitchen, but that they could not have abided, so they had come to the store until he should send word that their telegram had been answered. The store was a meeting place, its interior a center for talk and questions, so they moved finally to the porch, where they sat waiting in a penance of publicity.

Hal went on past, went as far as the big horse chestnut, circled it, and came back. This time he did not dawdle, and looked at the men only glancingly. They were his enemies. The afternoon was wearing on. Soon his mother would be pouring tea at the edge of the croquet lawn, and then his father would arrive for the weekend. He headed for home.

Sure enough, by the time he got there the maid was bringing out the tea things and the croquet game had ended. His two brothers were there, as well as his uncle and aunt. He asked who won, and was not surprised to learn that his mother had, "hands down." She laughed and said she was lucky; then set about pouring tea, which she did with casual grace, giving each person what he wanted, asking about sugar and cream, saying, "Hal, pass the toast to Uncle Bill," without breaking into the conversation of others or letting conversation flag. The wind died on the bay, which turned a smooth, metallic light blue. His father came from the house, citified and formal in his banking clothes.

When Mr. Preston had been greeted and served, he said, "What's this story William told me as he drove me over, about a mutiny?"

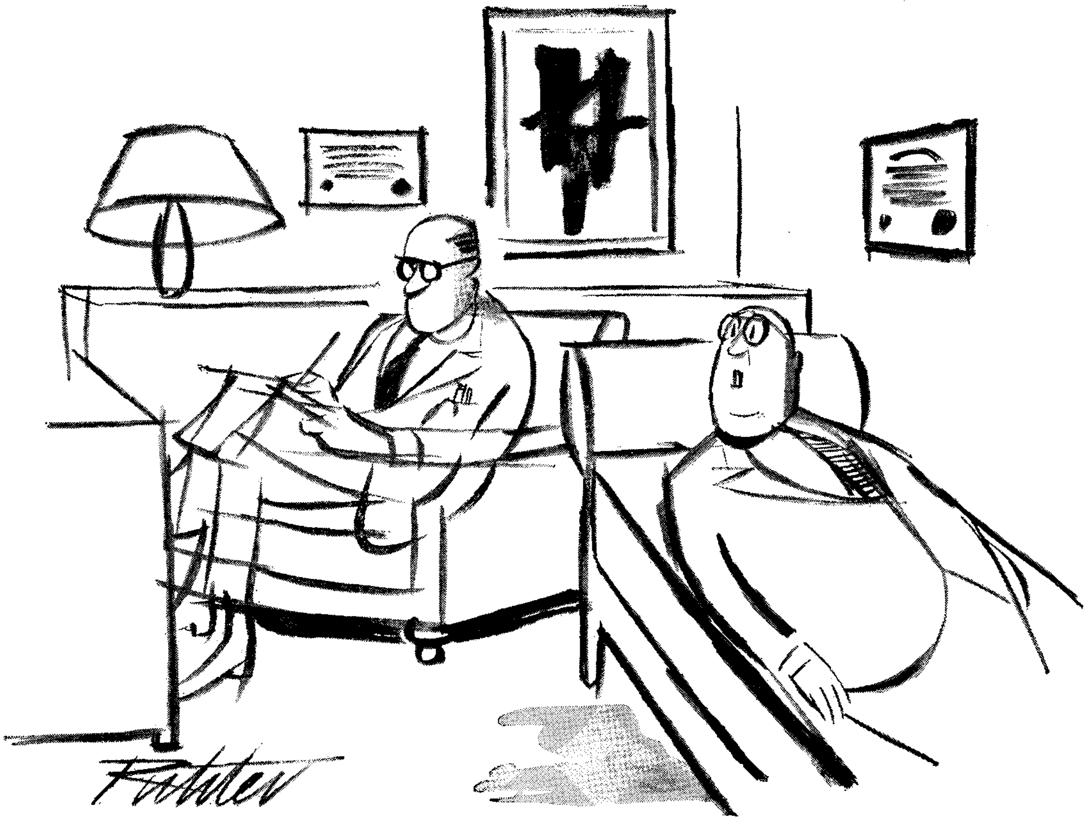
Uncle Bill said, "That three-master out there," and pointed. "Seems the crew are all wild West Indian blacks, and they chased the skipper and the mate ashore this morning. It's all over the village, and some of the people are frightened."

"A rough lot, I imagine," Hal's father said. "Still, I shouldn't think they'd be likely to come ashore." He looked carefully at the schooner. "I don't see any boat on her stern, and it's mighty seldom you see a windjammer that carries more than the one. I suppose the officers took that, and if the men wanted to visit us they'd have to swim."

Hal's mother said, "I meant to tell you boys—don't any of you go aboard that schooner. It's not safe."

Ned nodded, and Hal did, too. Ned said that the two officers had been sitting on the porch of Slocum's store. He heard that they'd sent a telegram to Providence, to the British consul. That caused Uncle Bill to remark, "Then the schooner must be of Nova Scotian or West Indian registry." Hal stopped himself from blurting out that she hailed from Nassau. He stared into his cup of milky tea, thinking that those men were not dangerous, they were not rough; they were gentle and friendly and they liked kids. He wanted to speak up for them, but he could not.

IN the morning, the weather being fine and warm, the family had breakfast on the porch, overlooking the bay. It was Ned who said, "Here comes the Coast Guard." He sat facing south, toward Beaver Tail. They all shifted their chairs to see. A gleaming white cutter with a cannon forward of the bridge had come around from Newport and was drawing abreast of the village. The steamer slowed, changed course



"What's the matter with me, Doctor? I know of no other man my age who doesn't choke up at 'September Song.'"

THE CALCULATION

A man six feet tall stands on a curb, facing a light suspended fifteen feet above the middle of a street thirty feet wide. He begins to walk along the curb at five m.p.h. After he has been walking for ten seconds, at what rate is the length of his shadow increasing?—*A problem posed by my calculus instructor, Penn State, 1946.*

Facing a streetlight under batty moths
And June bugs ratcheting like broken clock springs,
I stand, for the sake of a problem, on the curb—
Neither in grass nor gutter—while those wings
Switch down the light and patch my undershirt.

I turn half right. My shadow cuts a hedge,
Climbs through a rhododendron to a porch,
And nods on a window sill. How far it goes
I leave to burglars and Pythagoras.
Into the slanting glare I slant my watch,

Then walk five miles per hour, my shoes on edge
In a practiced shuffle past the sewer grid,
Over the gold no-parking-or-pausing zones,
And into the clear—five seconds—into dirt,
Then over a sawhorse studded with lanterns,

And, at the tenth, I stiffen like a stump
Whose lopped head ripples with concentric figures,
Note the location of my other head
In a garden, but keep trundling forward,
Ignoring Doppelgängers from moon and lawn-lamp,

My eyes alert now, levelling my feet,
Seeing my shadow sweeping like a scythe
Across the stalks of daisies, barking trees
And scraping up the blistered weatherboard
To the eaves of houses, scaling the rough shingles.

At fifteen seconds, in a vacant lot,
My head lies on a board. I count it off.
I think back to the garden, and I guess,
Instructor, after fifteen years of sweat,
It was increasing five feet plus per second.

At the start, I could have fallen, turned around,
Or crossed to the very center of confusion,
My shadow like a manhole, no one's length,
Or the bulb itself been broken with a shot,
And all my reckoning have gone unreckoned.

But I was late because my shadow was
Pointing toward nothing like the cess of light,
Sir, and bearing your cold hypotenuse—
That cutter of corners, jaywalker of angles—
On top of my head, I walked the rest of the night.

—David Wagoner

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slightly, then lay idling a hundred yards from the schooner. Its gun, with its curved shield, swung around and was trained on the sailing vessel. Faintly they heard the sound of a man's voice hailing through a megaphone. A whaleboat with a motor in it was swung out and lowered into the water, full of men. The little explosions within the motor sounded clearly across the bay as the tender headed for the schooner. Then it was hidden by the larger vessel's hull. The motor fell silent. Hal sat tense, waiting for the sound of shooting.

His father said, "Ned, get me the glass." Ned ran for the long brass telescope that had once belonged to his mother's grandfather. Mr. Preston aimed and focussed it. "There's no resistance."

Even with the naked eye, Hal could see uniformed men climbing over the side. He let his breath out quietly.

His father said, "Now they're taking the Negroes over the side. Want to look, Jane?"

"Thanks." Mrs. Preston looked briefly, then handed the spyglass back. "How strange," she said, "in this day and this place."

Hal hoped the glass would not be offered to him. He did not want to see those men as prisoners, and yet he felt an urgent need to know if they were manacled. The sharp, explosive beat of the motor sounded again, and the whaleboat came in sight, heading for the cutter with a bone in its teeth.

Mr. Preston said, "They've left a crew of some kind aboard." He was using the glass again. "Not in uniform. White men."

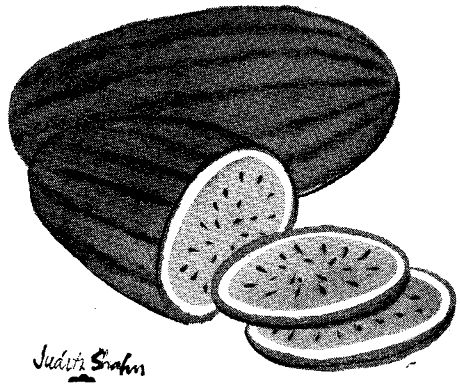
After visiting the cutter, the tender ran to the dock at which the ferry put in, then returned to the schooner, pulling a longboat. Ned said, "I guess that's the captain and mate going back."

The longboat was hauled up on the davits at the schooner's stern. The spanker began to rise.

Mr. Preston said, "Well, that's that. I wouldn't want to be in those mutineers' shoes."

"Mutiny on the high seas," Ned said impressively.

His mother said thoughtfully, "Perhaps not on the high seas. I hear she's bound for Providence. She anchored here night before last when the wind failed. If the men didn't mutiny until yesterday morning, when the officers came ashore, that's not on the high seas."



Hal's little brother, Paul, said, "Then they won't hang them?" He sounded disappointed.

His father said, "They don't hang men for mutiny nowadays, unless they kill someone. Still, high seas or coastal waters, they're going to do their time in jail, and a good thing, too."

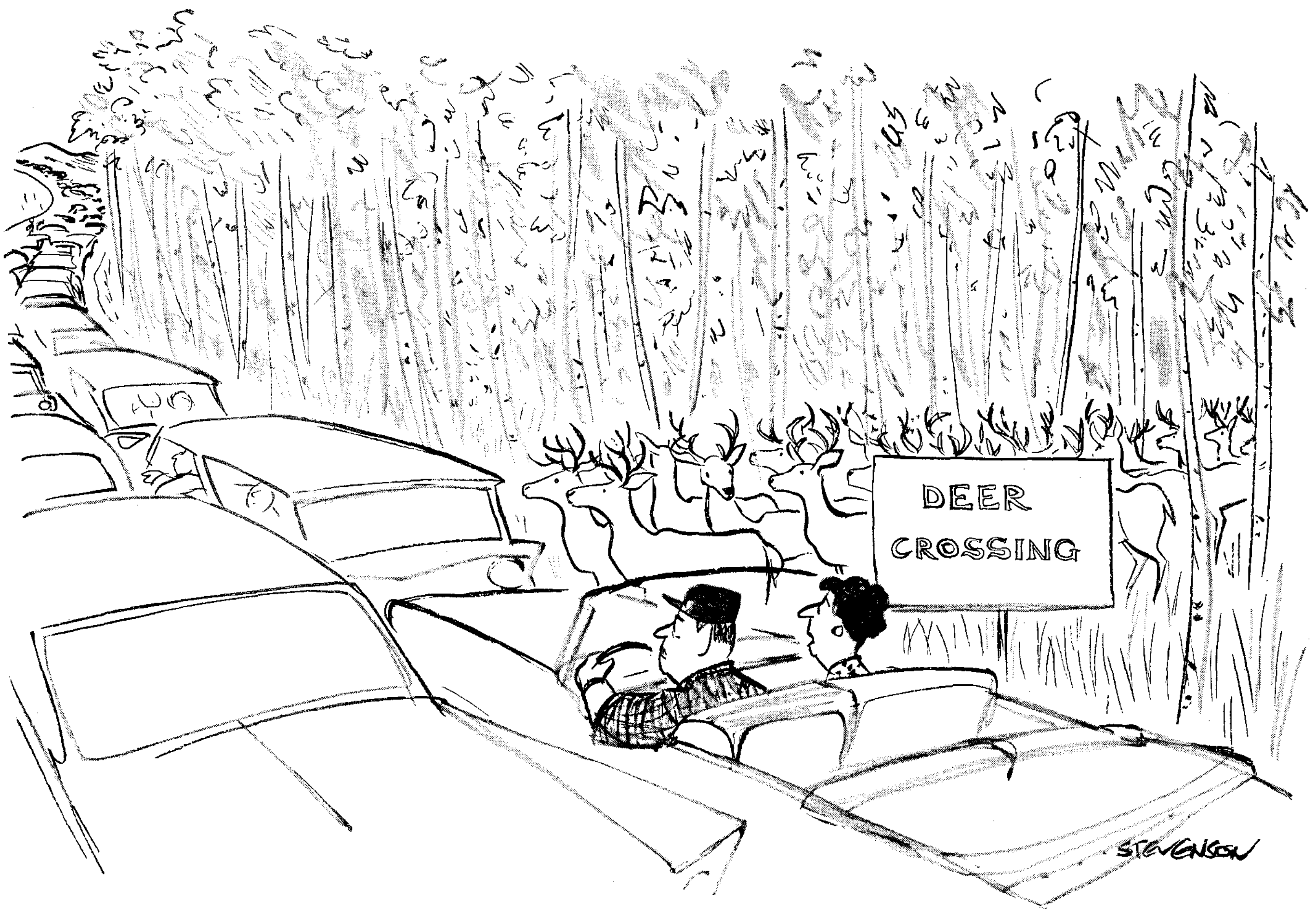
Mrs. Preston nodded. "Yes. You can't have mutinies." That was the descendant of sea captains speaking. Then she added, "But something pretty bad must have been going on for them to do anything so foolish. They must have known they were bound to be arrested. There may be extenuating circumstances."

Hal thought of the hard eyes, the cruel mouths.

Ned said, "Why didn't they sail off? Why stay here and be arrested?"

"If they'd made off with the vessel, they would have put themselves in line for a charge of piracy," Mr. Preston said. "Then, they may have waited to rebel until they were here in the bay because they thought an American court would give them a better break than a British one—providing they have any sort of defense. There may be someone smart in the crew."

Hal thought of the cook.



"The congestion this Fourth seems worse than ever."

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"Still," his father went on, "those West Indians are half savage. Voodoo and that sort of thing. If you're going to use them as seamen, you have to keep them in hand."

Hal had done his duty by breakfast, and he found this whole conversation painfully cold-blooded. He excused himself, and mechanically evaded his mother's mechanical question about where he was going. The fact was, he did not know. The schooner's spanker was up and her mainsail rising; the cutter was well up the bay. He went past the sundial, which he did not stop to look at. Crossing the road, he kicked a small stone out of the way. He went on, over the stile in the stone fence, into the orchard.

They talked about those men as if they were not human, not even alive—as if they were like A, B, and C in arithmetic problems. They *were* human. He saw once again the pair of almost black faces looking down at him in the skiff; then the lighter, handsomer face of the cook, with the glint of gold in his ear lobes, the rich, easy voice, and the broad "a"s. He remembered their curiosity about him and his boat, and the pleasure they seemed to take in his pleasure, as if they had a special understanding of the feelings and interests of a boy his age. The cook said it was all right for him to climb up the main shrouds, and one of the men said the boy would never make it to the main-truck. How very high it had been, how utterly unlike going up the mast of his father's sloop! If it hadn't been for what that man had said, he would have quit halfway up, with the deck suddenly so narrow beneath him and the long roll of masts and rigging even in that quiet sea. He made it, and down again, and then the cook brought out the gingerbread and they sat around the door of the galley, eating. One of the men said it wasn't always like this aboard ship, and the others laughed. The laugh had been strange, harsh. He remembered the quiet tone in which the cook sent a man to coil a rope that hung loose from a belaying pin—a voice you felt you would simply have to obey.

He thought they had been sorry to see him go. Then it occurred to him that in the friendship of a local white boy they might have seen a promise of help, of a voice to be raised on their behalf. The thought was not too reasonable, but it gave him an uneasy suspicion of having betrayed those men. He looked toward the bay. The schooner was under way now, following the Coast Guard cutter, to Providence, to court, to trial. . . .

He turned his back on the water, walking slowly, aimlessly, for the sheer need of motion. It did not cross his mind that his emotions were exaggerated, considering how brief had been his acquaintance with those men. He could not know then how many years it would be before he would tell anyone that he had been aboard the schooner, or that the memory of the crew and, above all, of the cook—his grace and quality undimmed—would stay with him all his life, quick to come to the top when he recalled the bay, the windjammers, the many small and simple wonders of his childhood.

—OLIVER LA FARGE

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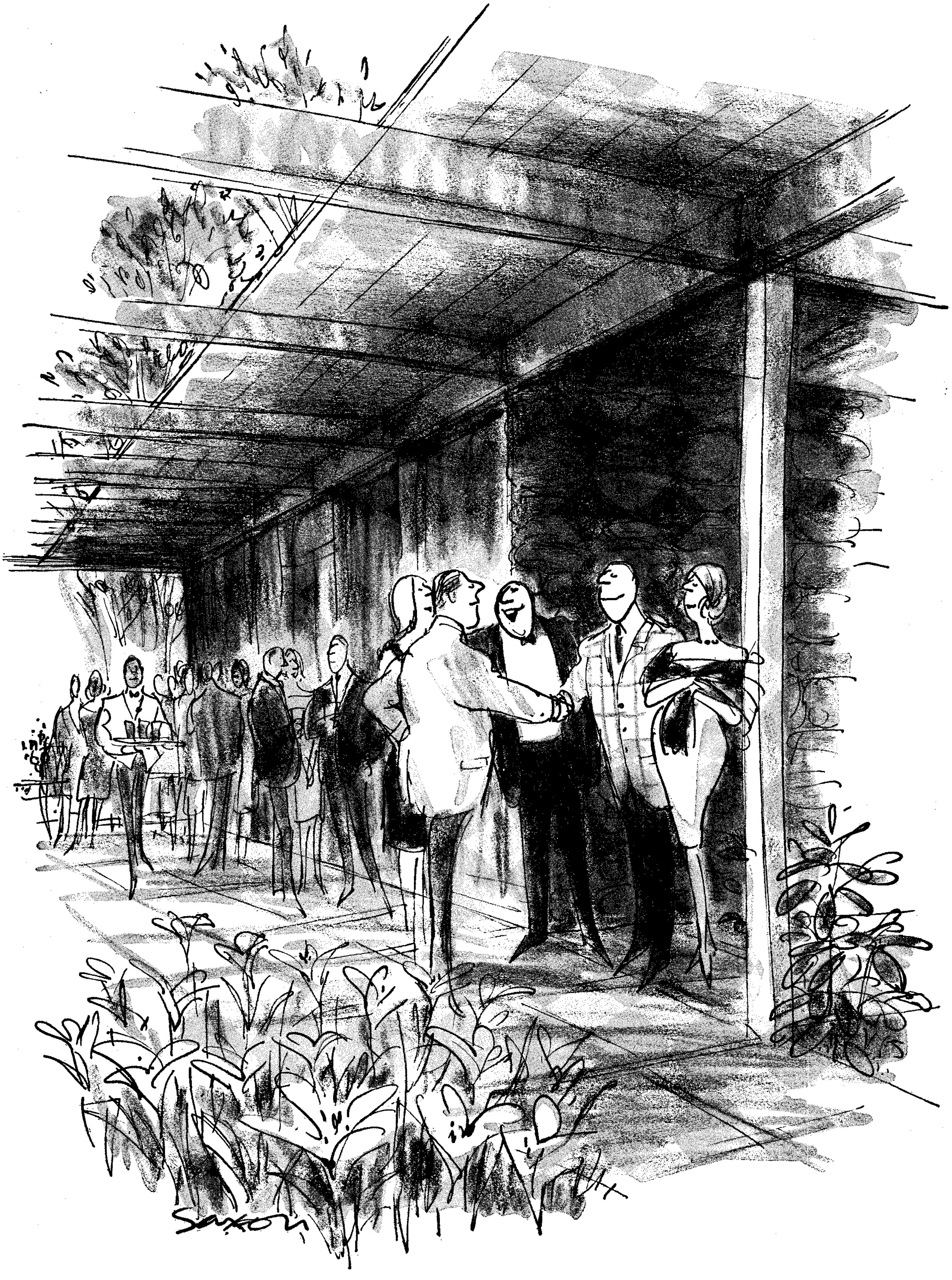
Mr. McCarthy also said that a Soviet claim that the New Guinea mortality rate was seven out of ten was wrong. The rate was exactly the reverse.—*Canberra* (*Australia*) *Times.*

You can't believe anything the Soviets say.



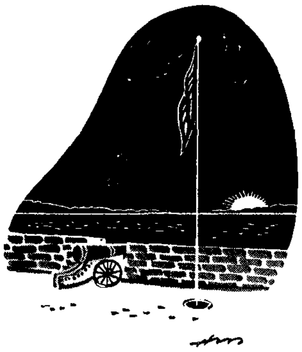
"I've particularly wanted you to meet the Bresnahans, because you are two of our favorite people and they are two of our favorite people."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SILENT SPRING—III

THE biologist George Wald once compared his work in an exceedingly specialized field, the visual pigments of the eye, to "a very narrow window through which at a distance one can see only a crack of light" but through which "as one comes closer the view grows wider and wider, until finally through this same narrow window one is looking at the universe." So it is when we turn our attention to the individual cells of living organisms, then to the minute structures within the cells, and, finally, to the molecules within these structures; as we come closer, the view grows wider and wider. Not until quite recently did medical research begin to explore the question of how the individual cell functions in producing the energy that is the indispensable quality of life, though it had long been known that the ultimate work of energy production, or oxidation, is accomplished not in any specialized organ but in every cell of the body. Like a furnace, a living cell burns fuel to produce energy, though the "burning" is accomplished with only the moderate heat of the body's normal temperature. Should all the billions of gently burning little fires cease to burn, the physical chemist Eugene Rabinowitch has said, "no heart could beat, no plant could grow upward defying gravity, no amoeba could swim, no sensation could speed along a nerve, no thought could flash in the human brain." And now this beautifully functioning mechanism is in danger of being disrupted as a result of the activities of man himself, for he has brought into being many radically new substances—not only radioactive dust but chemicals for use against insects, rodents, and weeds—and the nature of some of these substances is such that they may strike directly at this very system.

The transformation of matter into energy in the cell is a continuous process, one of nature's cycles of renewal, which can be compared to a wheel endlessly turning. Grain by grain, molecule by molecule, fuel, in the form of the carbohydrate glucose, is fed into the cell. In its cyclic passage, the fuel molecule undergoes a series of minute chemical changes. The changes are made in orderly fashion, step by step, every step directed and controlled by an enzyme, and at most of these steps energy is produced and waste products (carbon dioxide and water) are given off. This process by which the cell functions as a chemical factory is one of the wonders of the world. The fact that all the functioning parts are of infinitesimal size adds to the marvel. With few exceptions, cells themselves are minute, visible only with the aid of a microscope. Yet the greater part of the work of oxidation is performed in a far smaller theatre; tiny granules within the cell, called mitochondria, are the "powerhouses" in which most of the energy-producing reactions take place. The energy released during the oxidative cycle is transferred to a molecule containing three phosphate groups—adenosine triphosphate, familiarly spoken of by the biochemists as ATP. Alone among the body's substances, ATP, for reasons that are still not fully understood by biochemists, has the ability to make energy available for the normal functioning of the cell. In the course of the transfer of energy, ATP takes part in another cycle—a cycle within a cycle. As the wheel turns, the molecule loses one of its phosphate groups, becoming a diphosphate molecule, ADP, and at that point it releases energy; then, as the wheel turns further, another phosphate group joins ADP, and the potent ATP is restored. The analogy of the storage battery has been used, with ATP representing the charged, ADP the discharged battery. ATP is the universal currency of energy, found in all organisms, from microbes to man. It furnishes mechanical energy to muscle cells, electrical energy to nerve cells. The sperm cell, the fertilized egg ready for the enormous burst of activity that will transform it into a frog or a bird or a human infant, the cell that must create a hormone—all are supplied with ATP. Some of the energy of ATP is used to maintain the structure and function of the mitochondria, but most of it is immediately sent out into the cytoplasm to provide power for other activities. The position of the mitochondria within each cell is eloquent of their function. They are placed so that energy can be delivered precisely where it is needed. In muscle cells they cluster around contracting fibres; in nerve cells they are found at the junction with another cell, supplying energy for the transfer of impulses; in sperm cells they are concentrated at the point where the propellent tail is joined to the head.



The charging of the battery is closely linked to the oxidative process within the mitochondria, and this linking of processes is known as coupled phosphorylation. Under some conditions the combination may become uncoupled. Then the means is lost for providing energy to the cell in usable form; oxidation continues, but no ATP is produced. The cell has become like a racing engine, generating heat but yielding no power. Then the muscle cannot contract or the impulse race along the nerve pathways. Then the sperm cannot move to its destination; the fertilized egg cannot carry to completion its complex divisions and elaborations. The consequences of uncoupling can, indeed, be disastrous for any organism, at any stage of its development, from embryo to adult; in time it can lead to the death of the tissue, then to the death of the organism. What is it that causes uncoupling? Radiation can act as an uncoupler, and the death of cells exposed to radiation is thought by some to be brought about in this way. Moreover, laboratory tests show that a good many chemicals share this power, and the insecticides and weed killers are well represented on the list. The group of chemicals known as phenols have a strong effect on metabolism; that is, through their uncoupling action they have the ability to cause a potentially fatal rise in temperature. The dinitrophenols and pentachlorophenols, among other members of this group, are widely used as herbicides. Another uncoupler among the herbicides is 2,4-D, a derivative of one of the phenols. Of the chlorinated hydrocarbons—the chemicals that, along with the organic phosphates, are now the most commonly used insecticides—DDT has been demonstrated to be an uncoupler, and further study will probably reveal others among this group.

However, uncoupling is not the only way in which the little, quietly burning fires in some or all of the body's billions of cells may be extinguished. We have seen that each step in oxidation is directed and expedited by an enzyme. When one of these enzymes is destroyed or weakened, the cycle of oxidation within the cell comes to a halt. If we thrust a crowbar between the spokes of a wheel, it makes no difference where

"What did I do?"

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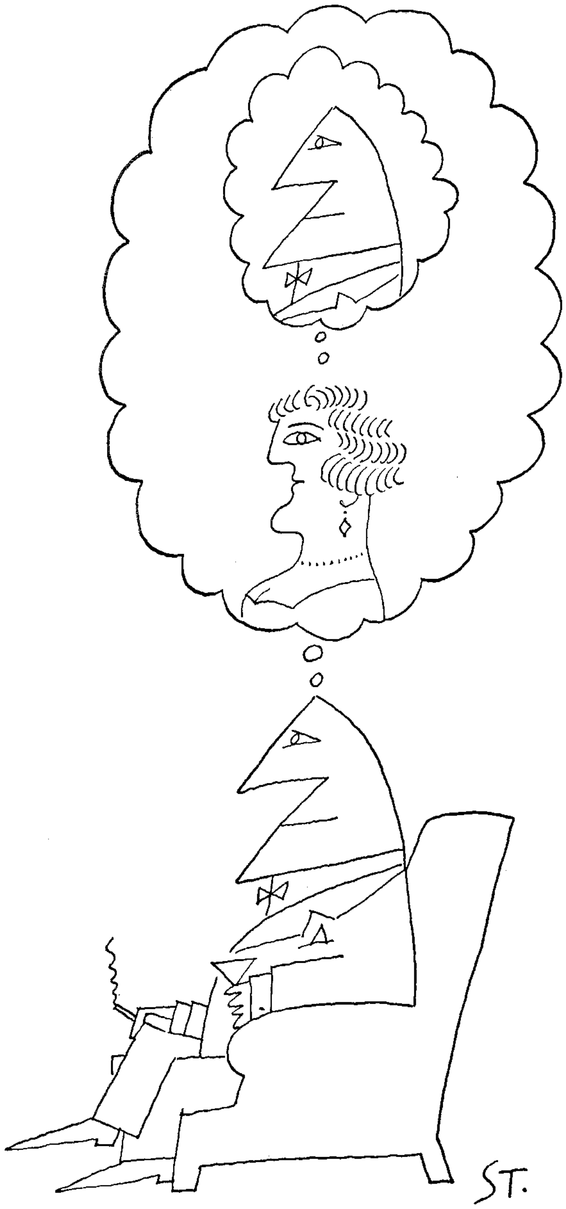
we do it—the wheel stops turning. In the same way, if we destroy an enzyme that functions at any point in the cycle, oxidation ceases, and there is no further production of energy. The crowbar can be supplied by any of a number of chemicals commonly used as pesticides. DDT, methoxychlor, malathion, phenothiazine, and various dinitro compounds are among the pesticides that have been found to inhibit one or more of the enzymes concerned in the cycle of oxidation. They thus appear as agents potentially capable of blocking the whole process of energy production and depriving the cells of utilizable oxygen. This is an injury with disastrous consequences. By intermittently withholding oxygen from tissue cultures, Dr. Harry Goldblatt, in experiments conducted at the Institute of Medical Research of Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, in Los Angeles, has caused normal cells to turn into cancer cells. Other effects have been observed in experiments on animal embryos. Without sufficient oxygen, the orderly processes by which the tissues unfold and the organs develop is disrupted; malformations and other abnormalities then occur. The evidence of this from animal experiments is overwhelming, and there is good reason to believe that the human embryo that is deprived of adequate oxygen may also develop deformities. There are signs of an increase in such disasters, though few people look far enough to find all the causes. In one of the more unpleasant portents of the times, the Office of Vital Statistics in 1961 initiated a national tabulation of congenital malformations, with the explanatory comment that these statistics would provide needed data about the incidence of such malformations and the circumstances under which they occur. Studies of this sort will no doubt be directed largely toward measuring the effects of radiation, but it must be remembered that many chemicals produce precisely the same effects. Some of the defects and malformations in tomorrow's children will almost certainly be caused by these chemicals, which now permeate our outer and inner worlds.

It may well be that certain recent findings about diminished reproduction in birds can also be related to interference with biological oxidation, and a consequent depletion of ATP. The egg, even before fertilization, needs to be generously supplied with ATP, in preparation for the enormous effort that will be required once fertilization has occurred. Whether the sperm cell will reach and penetrate the egg depends upon its own supply of ATP, generated in those mitochondria so thickly clustered in the neck of the cell. And once fertilization is accomplished and cell division has begun, the supply of energy in the form of ATP will determine whether the development of the embryo will proceed. Embryologists studying some of their most convenient subjects, the fertilized eggs of frogs and of sea urchins, have found that if the ATP content in one of these eggs falls below a certain critical level, the egg simply stops dividing and soon dies. It is only a step from the embryology laboratory to the apple tree where a robin's nest holds its complement of blue-green eggs—but eggs that lie cold, the fires of life that flickered for a few days now extinguished. Why did the robins not hatch? Did the eggs of the birds stop developing simply because they lacked enough ATP molecules? And was the lack of ATP the result of the fact that in the bodies of the parent birds and in the eggs themselves there were stored enough insecticides to stop the little turning wheels of oxidation? It is no longer necessary to guess about the storage of insecticides in birds' eggs, which obviously lend themselves to this kind of observation more readily than the mammalian ovum. Whenever researchers have examined the eggs of birds that have been exposed to DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons, either experimentally or in the wild, they have found residues of the chemicals. And the concentrations have been heavy. In a California experiment, pheasants that were fed a diet containing forty-two parts per million of a chlorinated hydrocarbon called dieldrin—commonly used in the spraying of lawns—laid eggs containing up to a hundred and ninety-three parts per million of the chemical. In Michigan, eggs taken from the oviducts of robins dead of DDT poisoning showed concentrations of up to two hundred parts per million. Other eggs were taken from nests that had been left unattended when the parent robins were stricken with poison; these, too, contained DDT. Chickens poisoned by aldrin—an even deadlier hydrocarbon—passed the chemical on to their eggs. Hens that were experimentally fed DDT laid eggs containing as much as sixty-five parts per million.

The fact that insecticide is stored in the germ cells of any species should disturb us, suggesting comparable effects in human beings. Moreover, there are indications that these chemicals lodge not only in the germ cells themselves but in tissues concerned with the manufacture of these cells. Accumulations of insecticides have been discovered in the gonads of a variety of birds and mammals exposed to the chemicals in laboratories and in sprayed fields and forests—robins, pheasants, mice, guinea pigs, deer. In one male robin, DDT was concentrated more heavily in the testes than in any other part of the body. Pheasants also accumulated extraordinary amounts of DDT in the testes—up to fifteen hundred parts per million. Probably as an effect of such storage in the sex organs, atrophy of the testes has been observed in experimental mammals. Young rats exposed to methoxychlor had extraordinarily small testes. When young roosters were fed DDT, the testes achieved only eighteen per cent of their normal growth, and the birds' combs and wattles, being dependent for their development upon the testicular hormone, were only a third the normal size. The spermatozoa, too, may well be affected by the storage of chemicals. Experiments show that the motility of bull sperm is decreased by dinitrophenol. And some indication of the possible effect on human beings is seen in medical reports of oligospermia, or reduced production of spermatozoa, among the pilots of planes used for dusting crops with DDT.

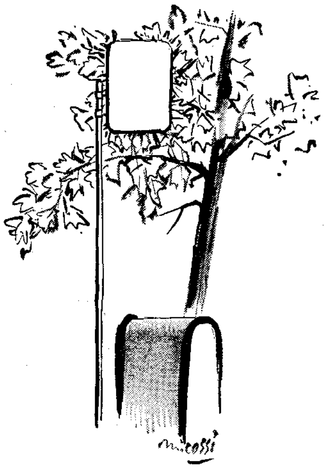
FOR mankind as a whole, a possession infinitely more valuable than individual life is our genetic heritage, our link with past and future. Shaped through eons of evolution, our genes not only make us what we are but hold in their minute beings the promise, or threat, of what we shall become. Yet genetic deterioration as a result of man's own handiwork is the menace of our time. The Australian virologist Sir Macfarlane Burnet, who won the Nobel Prize in 1960 for his work in immunology, has described "active and avoidable genetic deterioration" as "the last and greatest danger to our civilization." Again, the parallel between chemicals and radiation is exact and unmistakable. The living cell assaulted by radiation may suffer various kinds of injuries: its ability to divide normally may be destroyed; the structure of its chromosomes may be altered; its genes, carriers of hereditary material, may undergo those sudden, irreversible changes known as mutations, which cause them to produce new characteristics in succeeding generations; or, if the cell is especially susceptible, it may be killed outright, or else, after a lapse of time measured in years, it may become malignant. All these consequences of radiation have been duplicated in laboratory studies by a large group of chemicals, which are therefore known as radiomimetic, or radiation-imitating. These include many chemicals used as insecticides and herbicides.

Only a few decades ago, no one knew about these effects of either radiation or chemicals. Then, in 1927, a professor of zoology at the University of Texas, H. J. Muller, found that by exposing an organism to X-rays he could produce mutations in succeeding generations. With this discovery, a vast new field of knowledge was opened up. Muller later received the Nobel Prize for Medicine in honor of his achievement, and today, in a world that has gained unhappy familiarity with the gray rains of fallout, even the nonscientist knows the potential results of radiation. Far less notice has been taken of a companion discovery, made by Charlotte Auerbach and William Robson at the University of Edinburgh in the early nineteen-forties. Working with mustard gas, they found that this chemical produces permanent chromosome abnormalities that cannot be distinguished from those produced by radiation. Tested on the fruit fly—the classic subject of genetic experiments—mustard gas also produced mutations. Thus the first chemical mutagen was discovered. Mustard gas has now been joined by a long list of other chemicals known to alter genetic material in plants and animals.



To understand how these chemicals can change the course of heredity, one must first watch the basic drama of life as it is played on the stage of the living cell. If the body is to grow and if the stream of life is to be kept flowing from generation to generation, the cells composing the tissues and organs of the body must have the power to increase in number. This increase is ordinarily accomplished by the process called mitosis, or nuclear division. In a cell that is about to divide, changes of the utmost importance occur. Within the nucleus, the chromosomes mysteriously move and divide, ranging themselves in patterns that will serve to distribute the determiners of heredity, the genes, to the daughter cells. First, the chromosomes assume the form of elongated threads, on which the genes are aligned like beads on a string. Then each chromosome divides lengthwise, and each gene divides, too, so that when the cell itself divides, each of the new cells will contain a complete set of chromosomes, and hence all the genetic information encoded within them. In this way, the integrity of the race and of the species is preserved. In this way, like begets like. A special kind of cell division, called meiosis, occurs in the formation of the germ cells. Because the number of chromosomes for a given species is constant, the egg and the sperm, which are to unite to form a new individual, must carry to their union only half the species number. This is accomplished with extraordinary precision by a change that occurs in the behavior of the chromosomes during one of the divisions that produce those cells. At this time, the chromosomes do not split; instead, whole chromosomes go into each daughter cell.

In the elemental drama of cell division, all life is revealed as one. Cell division is common to all earthly life; neither man nor amoeba, the giant sequoia nor the simple yeast cell can long exist without carrying on this process. "The major features of cellular organization, including, for instance, mitosis, must be much older than five hundred million years—more nearly a thousand million," wrote George Gaylord Simpson and his colleagues Colin S. Pittendrigh and Lewis H. Tiffany in their book entitled "Life." "In this sense the world of life, while surely fragile and complex, is incredibly durable through time—more durable than mountains. This durability is wholly dependent on the almost incredible accuracy with which the inherited information is copied from generation to generation."



In all the thousand million years envisioned by these men, no threat has struck so directly and so forcefully at that "incredible accuracy" as the mid-twentieth-century threat of man-made radiation and man-made chemicals. Sir Macfarlane Burnet considers it "one of the most significant medical features" of our time that "as a by-product of more and more powerful therapeutic procedures and the production of chemical substances outside of biological experiences, the normal protective barriers that kept mutagenic agents from the internal organs have been more and more frequently penetrated." Because the study of human chromosomes is itself in its infancy, it has only recently become possible to study the effect of environmental factors upon them. Not until 1956 did new techniques make it possible to determine accurately the number of chromosomes in the human cell—forty-six—and to observe them in such detail that the presence or absence of single chromosomes, or parts of chromosomes, could be detected. The whole concept of genetic damage as a result of something in the environment is also relatively new, and is little understood except by the geneticists, whose advice is very seldom sought when any alteration of the environment is in prospect. The hazard from radiation in its various forms is now generally recognized—though it is still denied in surprising places. Dr. Muller has had occasion to deplore "the resistance to the acceptance of genetic principles on the part of so many, not only of governmental appointees in the policy-making positions, but also of so many of the medical profession." He warns that various chemicals, including groups represented by pesticides, "can raise the mutation frequency as much as radiation," and he says, "As yet far too little is known of the extent to which our genes, under modern conditions of exposure to unusual chemicals, are being subjected to such mutagenic influences."

Although the study of chemical mutagens is widely neglected, it is possible to assemble specific information on the effects that a number of pesticides have on the living cells of certain plants and insects. When several generations of mosquitoes were exposed to DDT, for instance, strange creatures called gynandromorphs—part male and part female—resulted. Plants treated with various phenols suffered profound damage to their chromosomes, changes in genes, and a striking number of mutations. Mutations also occurred in fruit flies that were subjected to phenol, and on exposure to a common herbicide—a sodium salt of one of the phthalic acids—or to urethane, these flies developed mutations so damaging as to be fatal. Urethane belongs to a group of chemicals called carbamates, from which an increasing number of insecticides and other agricultural chemicals are drawn. Two of the carbamates are used to prevent potatoes from sprouting in storage, because of their proved effect in stopping cell division. One of these, maleic hydrazide, is rated a powerful mutagen. Plants treated with the chlorinated hydrocarbon BHC (benzene hexachloride) or with an isomer of BHC called lindane became monstrously deformed, with tumorlike swellings on their roots. Their cells became swollen with chromosomes, which doubled in number. The doubling continued in future cell divisions until further division was mechanically impossible. The herbicide 2,4-D has also produced tumorlike swellings in treated plants. In such plants, the chromosomes become short, thick, and clumped together, and cell division is seriously retarded. The general effect is said to parallel closely the effect produced by X-rays. And these are but a few of many illustrations that could be cited. As yet, however, there has been no comprehensive study aimed at testing the mutagenic effects of pesticides as such. The facts noted above are by-products of research in cell physiology or in genetics. A direct attack on the problem is urgently needed.

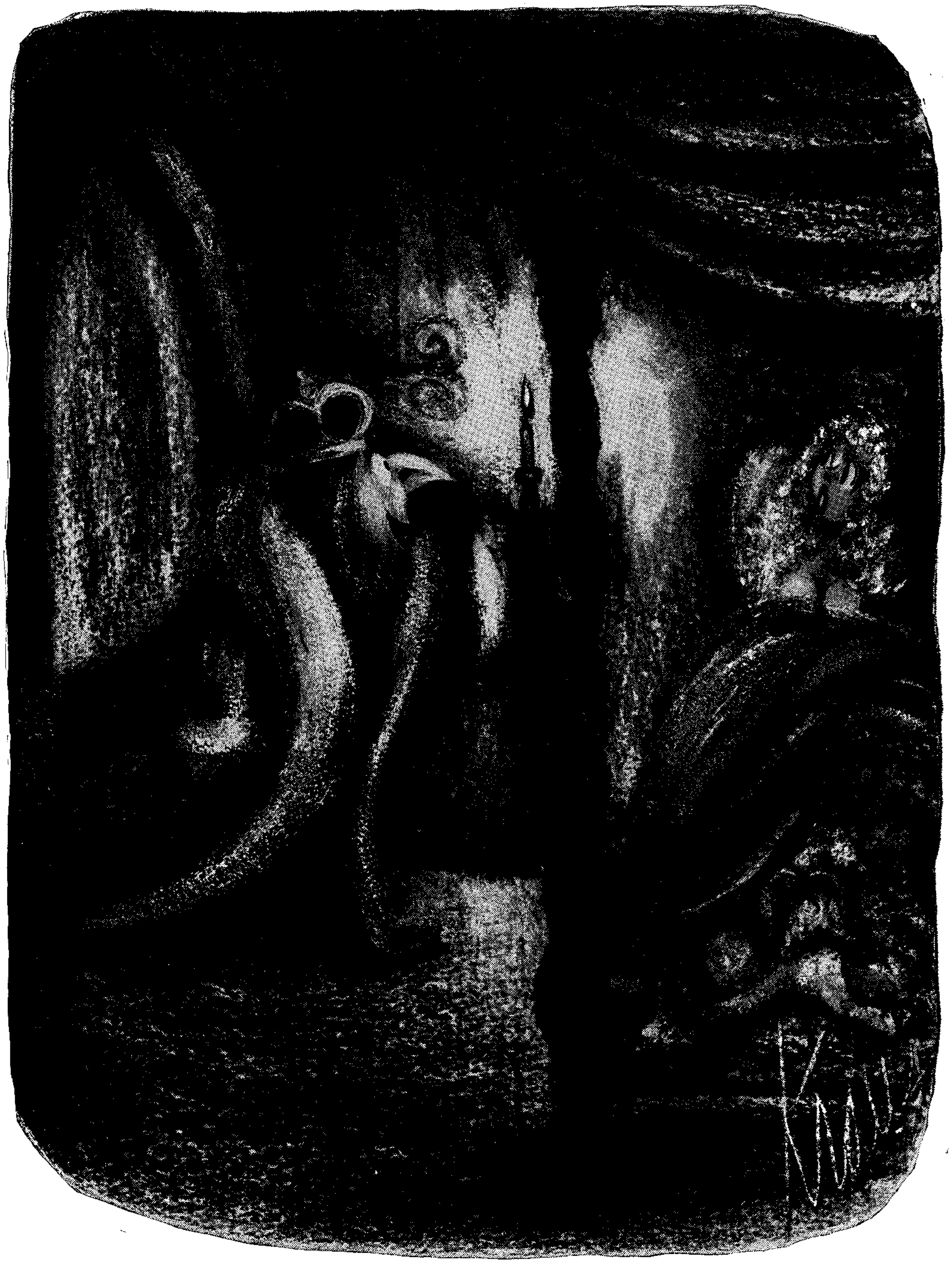
What chromosome abnormalities can mean to man has been the subject of an immense amount of recent research, conducted in many countries. In 1959, several British and French research teams discovered that their independent studies pointed to a common conclusion—that some of humanity's ills are caused by a disturbance of the normal chromosome number. For example, it is now known that all typical mongoloids have one extra chromosome. Occasionally, this is attached to another, so that the chromosome number remains the normal forty-six. As a rule, however, the extra chromosome is separate, making the number forty-seven. In such individuals, the original cause of the defect must have occurred in the generation preceding its appearance. A different mechanism seems to have operated in some patients, both in America and in Great Britain, who suffered from a chronic form of leukemia. They were found to have a consistent chromosome abnormality in certain blood cells, the abnormality in this case consisting of the loss of part of a chromosome. In these patients, the skin cells had the normal complement of chromosomes, indicating that the chromosome defect did not originate in the parents' germ cells but, rather, represented damage to the blood-forming tissues during the life of the patients.

The list of defects linked to chromosome disturbances has grown with surprising speed since the opening up of this territory. One defect, known as Klinefelter's syndrome, involves a duplication of one of the sex chromosomes. Normally, the cells of any male creature contain one X, or female, sex chromosome and one Y, or male, chromosome, and the cells of a female contain two X chromosomes. In Klinefelter's syndrome, the Y chromosome is present but the X chromosome is duplicated. The resulting individual is a male, but because he carries two of the X chromosomes he is somewhat abnormal, and is sterile. Excessive height and various mental defects often accompany this condition, for, of course, each chromosome carries genes for a variety of characteristics. In contrast, an individual who receives only one sex chromosome—the X chromosome—and thus has a complement of XO instead of either XX or XY, is actually female but lacks many secondary sexual characteristics. Again, the condition is accompanied by physical abnormalities and sometimes by mental defects. This is known as Turner's syndrome. Both conditions had been described in medical literature long before the cause was known.

Some extremely significant work is now being done at the University of Wisconsin, where a group of researchers, headed by Dr. Klaus Patau, has been studying a variety of congenital abnormalities that seem to result from the duplication of only part of a chromosome—a situation suggesting that somewhere in the formation of one of the germ cells a chromosome has broken and the pieces have not been properly redistributed. All the conditions that have so far been described by Dr. Patau and his associates involve serious defects in development, and most of them involve mental retardation.

This is such a new field of study that up to now scientists have concentrated on identifying the chromosome abnormalities associated with disease and defective development, rather than on speculating about their causes. It would be foolish to assume that any single agent is responsible for damaging chromosomes or causing them to behave erratically during cell division. Some scientists who are willing to concede the potent effect of environmental radiation on man nevertheless question whether mutagenic chemicals can, as a practical proposition, have the same effect; they point out that radiation has great penetrating power, and doubt whether chemicals can reach the germ cells. However, as we have seen, there is strong evidence from observation of animals that the chlorinated hydrocarbons do reach the gonads and are stored there, or in the germ cells themselves. At least one chemical—not a pesticide—has been found to halt cell division in the gonads of birds. Obviously, then, there is little basis for the belief that the gonads of any organism are shielded from chemicals. Once again we are hampered by the fact that there has been little direct investigation of the problem in man. But if there is any doubt at all, can we afford to pour chemicals into the environment that have the power to strike directly at the chromosomes? Is this not too high a price to pay for a sproutless potato or a mosquitoless patio? We can, if we wish, reduce this threat to our genetic heritage, a possession that has come down to us through some two billion years of evolution and selection of living protoplasm, and that is ours for the moment only, until we pass it on to the generation to come. We are doing little now to preserve its integrity. Although manufacturers of chemicals are required by law to test their materials for toxicity, they are not required to make the tests that would reliably demonstrate genetic effects, and they do not do so.

As the tide of chemicals born of the Industrial Age has risen to engulf our environment, a drastic change has come about in the nature of our most serious public-health problems. Only yesterday, mankind lived in fear of smallpox, cholera, and plague—scourges that swept nations before them. Now our major concern has ceased to be these and other disease organisms, which were once omnipresent; sanitation, better living conditions, and new drugs have given us a high degree of control over infectious disease. We are concerned today with a different kind of hazard that lurks in our environment—a hazard that we ourselves have contributed to it. The presence of radioactive particles and man-made chemicals in the world casts a shadow that is no less ominous because it is formless and obscure, no less frightening because it is simply impossible at the moment to predict the effects of lifetime exposure to chemical and physical agents that are not part of the biological experience of man. "We all live under the shadow of a haunting fear that something may corrupt the environment to the point where man joins the dinosaurs as an obsolete form of life," Dr. David E. Price, of the United States Public Health Service, has said. "And what makes these



"It's me—Prince Charming."

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thoughts all the more disturbing is the knowledge that our fate could perhaps be sealed twenty or more years before the development of symptoms."

Where do pesticides fit into the picture of environmental disease? They now contaminate soil, water, and food, and they have the power to make our streams fishless and our gardens and woodlands silent and birdless. Man, however much he may like to pretend the contrary, is part of nature. Can he escape a pollution that is now so thoroughly distributed throughout his world? We know that even single exposures to these chemicals can, if the amount is large enough, precipitate acute poisoning. But this is not the major problem. The sudden illness or death of farmers, spraymen, pilots, and others exposed to appreciable quantities of pesticides are tragic. For the population as a whole, however, we must be more concerned with the delayed effects of absorbing repeated small amounts of the pesticides that invisibly contaminate our world.

Responsible public-health officials have pointed out that since the biological effects of chemicals are cumulative over long periods, the hazard to the individual may depend on the sum of the exposures he receives throughout his lifetime. For these very reasons, the danger is easily ignored. It is human nature to shrug off what seems a vague threat of future disaster. "Men are naturally most impressed by diseases which have obvious manifestations," says a wise physician, Dr. René Dubos, of the Rockefeller Institute, "yet some of their worst enemies creep on them unobtrusively." For each of us, this is a problem of interrelationships, of interdependence—essentially, of ecology. We poison the caddis flies in a stream, and the salmon runs dwindle and die. We poison the gnats in a lake, and the poison travels from link to link of the food chain, and soon the birds of the lake margin become its victims. We spray our elms, and the following springs are silent, empty of robin song, not because we attacked the robins directly but because the poison travelled, step by step, through the now familiar cycle of elm leaf to earthworm to robin. These are matters of record and an observable part of the visible world around us. But there is also an ecology of the world within our bodies. In this unseen world, minute causes produce mighty effects; the effect, moreover, often seems to have no connection with the cause, appearing in a part of the body remote from the area where the original injury was sustained. "A change at one point, in one molecule even, may reverberate throughout the entire system to initiate changes in seemingly unrelated organs and tissues," says a recent summary of the current status of medical research carried out by the American Foundation, an independent research organization. When one is concerned with the mysterious and wonderful functioning of the human body, then, discovering the agent of disease and death depends on a piecing together of many apparently disparate facts established in the course of a vast amount of research in widely separated fields. Research men have always been handicapped by the inadequacy of known means of detecting the beginnings of injury; indeed, lack of sufficiently delicate methods of detecting such beginnings is one of the great unsolved problems in medicine.

"I know that dieldrin has caused convulsions among spraymen," someone may say, "but I have used dieldrin sprays on the lawn many times, and I have never had convulsions, so it hasn't harmed me." It is not as simple as that. Despite the absence of sudden and dramatic symptoms, anyone who handles such materials is unquestionably storing up toxic materials in his body. The chlorinated hydrocarbons accumulate in all the fatty tissues. When these reserves of fat are drawn upon, the poison may strike quickly. A New Zealand medical journal recently provided an example. A man under treatment for obesity suddenly developed symptoms of poisoning; on examination, his fat was found to contain stored dieldrin, which had been metabolized as he lost weight. The same thing could happen with loss of weight in illness. Or the results of storage could be far less obvious. Several years ago, the *Journal* of the American Medical Association issued a strong warning about the hazards of insecticide storage in adipose tissue, pointing out that drugs or chemicals that accumulate in this manner must be handled with greater caution than others. The adipose tissue, we were warned, is not merely a place for the deposition of fat (which ordinarily makes up about eighteen per cent of the body weight) but has many other important functions, which the stored poisons may interfere with. Furthermore, fats are distributed throughout the organs and tissues of the whole body, being present even in cell membranes; thus the insecticides are stored in individual cells, where they are in a position to interfere with those vital functions of oxidation and energy production.

One of the most significant effects exerted by the chlorinated-hydrocarbon insecticides is concerned with the liver. Of all the organs in the body, the liver is perhaps the most extraordinary. In its versatility in performing a large number of indispensable functions, it has no equal; in fact, it presides over so many such activities that even the slightest damage to it has serious consequences. It provides bile for the digestion of fats, and, in addition, because of its position in the body, and the special circulatory pathways that converge on it, it receives blood directly from the digestive tract and is deeply involved in the metabolism of all the principal foodstuffs. It stores sugar, in the form of glycogen, and releases it, in the form of glucose, in carefully measured quantities, to keep the blood sugar at a normal level. It builds body proteins, including some essential elements of blood plasma, concerned with blood clotting. It maintains cholesterol at its proper level in the blood plasma, and inactivates the male and female hormones when imbalance threatens. It is a storehouse of many vitamins, some of which, in turn, contribute to its own functioning. Moreover, it defends the body against the great variety of poisons that continually invade it. Some of these are normal by-products of metabolism, which the liver swiftly and efficiently renders harmless. But poisons that have no normal place in the body may also be detoxicated. For example, the "harmless" insecticides malathion

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and methoxychlor are less poisonous than their relatives only because a liver enzyme deals with them, altering their molecules in such a manner that their capacity for harm is lessened. In similar ways, the liver deals with the majority of the toxic materials to which we are exposed.

Now, however, our line of defense against both poisons from within and poisons from without is weakened and crumbling, for it is known that the chlorinated hydrocarbons can damage the liver. Not only is a damaged liver incapable of protecting us from poisons; the whole wide range of its activities may be interfered with. Far-reaching though the consequences are, their very variety, together with the fact that they do not always immediately follow exposure, means that they may fail to be related to their true cause. In view of the nearly universal use of insecticides that are liver poisons, it is noteworthy that a sharp rise in hepatitis began during the nineteen-fifties and is continuing a fluctuating climb. While it is admittedly difficult, in dealing with a human being, rather than a laboratory animal, to "prove" that Cause A produces Effect B, plain common sense suggests that the relation between a soaring rate of liver disease and the prevalence of liver poisons in the environment is no coincidence. Whether or not the chlorinated hydrocarbons are the primary cause, it seems hardly sensible, under the circumstances, for us to expose ourselves to poisons that have a proved ability to damage the liver, and so, presumably, to make it less resistant to disease.

Both major types of insecticides, the chlorinated hydrocarbons and the organic phosphates, directly affect the nervous system, though in somewhat different ways. This has been made clear by an infinite number of experiments on animals and by observation of human subjects as well. To begin with DDT, its action in man is primarily on the central nervous system; the cerebellum and the higher motor cortex are thought to be the areas chiefly affected. According to a standard textbook of toxicology, abnormal sensations, as of prickling, burning, and itching, along with tremors and even convulsions, may follow exposure to appreciable amounts. Our first knowledge of the symptoms of acute poisoning by DDT was furnished by several British investigators, who deliberately exposed themselves in order to learn the consequences. In 1945, two scientists at the British Royal Naval Physiological Laboratory invited absorption of DDT through the skin by sitting or lying against walls covered with a water-soluble paint containing a two-per-cent concentration of DDT overlaid with a thin film of oil. The direct effect of DDT on the nervous system is apparent in their eloquent description of their symptoms: "The tiredness, heaviness, and aching of the limbs were very real things, and the mental state also was most distressing. . . . [There was] extreme irritability . . . great distaste for work of any sort . . . a feeling of mental incompetence in tackling the simplest mental task. . . . The joint pains were quite violent at times." Another early British experimenter, who systematically applied DDT in acetone solution to his hands, reported heaviness and aching of the limbs, muscular weakness, and "spasms of extreme nervous tension." He took a holiday and improved, but when he returned to work his condition deteriorated. He then spent three weeks in bed, made miserable by constant aching of the limbs, insomnia, nervous tension, and feelings of acute anxiety. On occasion, tremors shook his whole body—tremors of a sort that have since become all too familiar through the sight of birds poisoned by DDT. The experimenter was away from his work for ten weeks, and at the end of a year, when his case was reported in a British medical journal, his recovery was not complete.

Although many doctors have been slow to recognize the hazards of pesticides, there are now many cases on record in which both the symptoms and the whole course of the illness point to them as the cause. Typically, such a victim has had a known exposure to one of the insecticides, and his symptoms have subsided under treatment, which has included the banishing of all insecticides from his environment, but, most significantly, they have returned after each renewed contact with the offending chemicals. This sort of evidence, and no more, forms the basis of a vast amount of medical therapy concerned with disorders in other fields. The method of diagnosis used by the allergists is to expose the patient to a suspected allergen. If a reaction occurs, the allergen is incriminated without hesitation. Or if a patient, on being treated with a drug, develops an adverse reaction, use of the drug is ordinarily discontinued on the assumption that it is the cause of the symptom. Why, then, should there be reluctance to incriminate pesticides under parallel circumstances?

Not everyone who handles and uses insecticides develops the same symptoms, for here the matter of individual sensitivity enters in. There is some evidence that women are more susceptible than men, very young children more than adults, those who lead sedentary, indoor lives more than those who lead a rugged life of work or exercise in the open. Beyond these differences are others, no less real because they are intangible. What makes one person allergic to dust or pollen, sensitive to a poison, or susceptible to an infection while another is not is a medical mystery. The situation nevertheless exists, and it affects significant numbers of the population. Some physicians estimate that a third or more of their patients show signs of some form of sensitivity, and that the number is growing. And, unfortunately, sensitivity to a substance may suddenly develop in a person who has previously been insensitive to it; in fact, some medical men believe that intermittent exposures to chemicals may produce just such sensitivity.

The whole problem of pesticide poisoning is enormously complicated by the fact that a human being, unlike a laboratory animal living under rigidly controlled conditions, is never exposed to one chemical alone. Between the various insecticides, and between them and other chemicals, there are interactions that have serious potentials. Whether they are released into the soil or into water or into a man's blood, these unrelated chemicals do not remain segregated; there are interactions by which one alters the power of another for harm. There is such interaction even between the two major groups of insecticides, though they are usually thought to be completely distinct in their action. The organic phosphates alone, because they poison the nerve-protective enzyme cholinesterase, may produce symptoms ranging from dizziness and blurred vision to convulsions and coma, often with fatal results. Even an exposure that would normally be too small to produce symptoms may do so if the body has first been exposed to a chlorinated hydrocarbon, which injures the liver. This is because the cholinesterase level may drop below normal when liver function is disturbed. The additional depressive effect of the organic phosphate may then be enough to precipitate acute symptoms. Pairs of the organic phosphates themselves may interact in such a way as to increase their toxicity a hundredfold. And the organic phosphates may interact with various drugs, with food additives, and with who can say how many more of the infinite numbers of man-made substances that now pervade our world?

"*We can assume, I suppose, that you're a college graduate.*"

Furthermore, the effect of a supposedly innocuous chemical can be drastically changed by the action of another chemical, as happens with methoxychlor, a close relative of DDT. Because methoxychlor is not stored to any great extent when it is given alone, we are told that it is a safe chemical. But this is not necessarily true. If the liver has been damaged by another agent, methoxychlor may be stored in the body at a hundred times its normal rate, and will then imitate the effects of DDT, producing long-lasting effects on the nervous system. Yet the liver damage that brings this about may be so slight as to have passed unnoticed up to that time. It may have resulted from any of a number of commonplace situations—using another insecticide, using a cleaning fluid that contained carbon tetrachloride, or taking one of the so-called tranquillizing drugs, a number (but not all) of which are chlorinated hydrocarbons and possess power to interfere with liver function.

The damage done to the nervous system by chemicals in the environment is not confined to acute poisoning; there may also be delayed effects. Lasting damage to the brain and to the nerves has been reported for methoxychlor and others. Dieldrin, besides its immediate consequences, can have long-delayed consequences ranging from "loss of memory, insomnia, and nightmares to mania," as an official of the Public Health Service wrote in 1959. Lindane, medical findings have shown, is stored in significant amounts in the brain and in functioning liver tissue, and may induce "profound and long-lasting effects on the central nervous system." Yet this chemical is much used in vaporizers—devices that pour a stream of volatilized insecticide into homes, offices, and restaurants. The organic phosphates, which are usually considered only in relation to their more violent manifestations in acute poisoning, also have the power to cause lasting physical damage to nerve tissues and, according to recent

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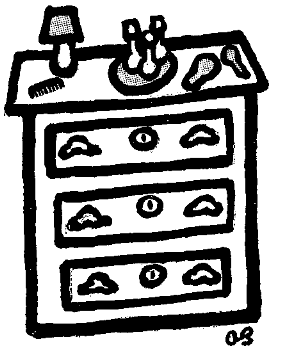
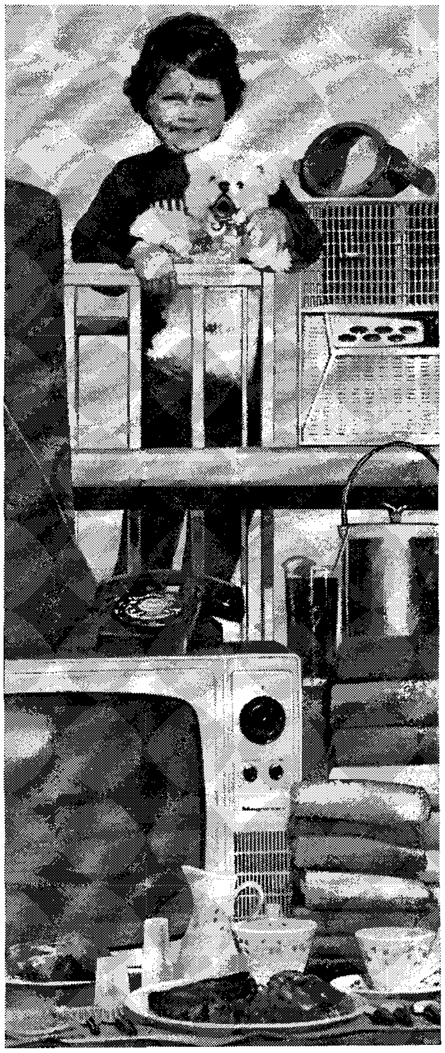
findings, to induce mental disorders. Various cases of delayed paralysis have followed the use of one or another of these insecticides. A bizarre occurrence in the United States around 1930 was an omen of things to come. It was caused not by an insecticide but by a substance belonging chemically to the same group as the organic-phosphate insecticides. During the prohibition era, some medicinal substances were pressed into service as substitutes for liquor, since they were exempt from the prohibition law. One of these was Jamaica ginger. But because the United States Pharmacopoeia product was expensive, bootleggers conceived the idea of making a substitute Jamaica ginger. They succeeded so well that their spurious product responded to the appropriate chemical tests and deceived the government chemists. To give their false ginger the necessary tang, however, they had introduced a chemical called triorthocresyl phosphate, which, like the other organic phosphates, including the well-known parathion, destroys the protective enzyme cholinesterase. As a consequence of drinking the bootleggers' product, some fifteen thousand people developed a permanently crippling type of paralysis of the leg muscles, a condition that became known as "ginger paralysis." The paralysis was accompanied by damage to the sheaths of the nerve fibres and by degeneration of the cells of the anterior horns of the spinal cord.

About two decades later, as various organic phosphates came into use as insecticides, cases reminiscent of the ginger-paralysis episode began to occur. For example, a greenhouse worker in Germany who had been using parathion and had experienced mild symptoms of poisoning on a few such occasions suddenly became paralyzed several months afterward. Then a group of three workers in a chemical factory developed acute poisoning from exposure to insecticides of this group. They recovered under treatment, but ten days later two of them developed muscular weakness in the legs. This persisted for ten months in one, a thirty-nine-year-old man; the other, a twenty-eight-year-old woman, was more severely affected, with paralysis in both legs and some involvement of the hands and arms. Two years later, when her case was reported in a medical journal, she was still unable to walk. The insecticide responsible for these cases has been withdrawn from the market, but some insecticides that are now in use may be capable of like harm. Both malathion (beloved of gardeners) and another organic phosphate, a phenolic compound used as an insecticide, have induced severe muscular weakness in experiments on chickens, and this was attended by destruction of the sheaths of the sciatic and spinal nerves.

All these consequences of organic-phosphate poisoning may be a prelude to something even worse. In view of the severe damage that insecticides of this group inflict upon the nervous system, it was perhaps inevitable that they should eventually be linked with mental disease. In any event, that link has recently been supplied, by investigators at the University of Melbourne and Prince Henry's Hospital, in Melbourne, who reported on sixteen cases of mental disease. All the patients had a history of prolonged exposure to organic-phosphate insecticides. Three were scientists who had checked the efficacy of sprays; eight had worked in greenhouses; five had been farm workers. Their symptoms ranged from impairment of memory to schizophrenic and depressive reactions. Echoes of this sort of thing are to be found widely scattered through medical literature, involving sometimes the chlorinated hydrocarbons, sometimes the organic phosphates. Confusion, delusions, loss of memory, manias—these are a heavy price to pay for the temporary destruction of a few insects, but they are a price that will continue to be exacted as long as we insist on using chemicals that strike directly at the nervous system.



THE battle of living things against cancer began so long ago that its beginnings are lost in time. But it unquestionably began in a natural environment, in which whatever life inhabited the earth was subjected, for good or ill, to influences that had their origin in sun and storm and the ancient substances of the planet. Some of the elements of this environment created hazards, to which life had to adjust or perish. The ultraviolet radiation in sunlight could cause malignancy. So could radiations from certain rocks, and so could arsenic washed out of soil or rocks to contaminate food or water supplies. The environment contained these hostile elements even before life began. Yet life arose, and, over millions of years, it



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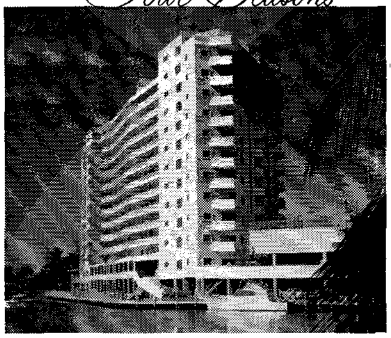

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came to exist in infinite numbers and endless variety. The natural cancer-causing agents are still a factor in producing malignancy; however, they are few in number, and they belong to that ancient array of forces with which life has had to struggle from the beginning. It was with the advent of man that the situation began to change, for man, alone of all forms of life, can create substances that cause cancer. A few man-made carcinogens (the medical term for all cancer-causing substances) have been part of our environment for centuries; an example is soot. With the dawn of the Industrial Age, the world became a place of continuous and ever-accelerating change. The natural environment was rapidly replaced by an artificial one, composed of new chemical and physical agents, many of which possessed powerful capacities for inducing biological change. Against the carcinogens that his own activities have created, man has no protection, for even as his biological heritage has evolved slowly, so it adapts slowly to new conditions.

The first awareness that external, or environmental, agents could produce cancer dawned in the mind of a London physician nearly two centuries ago. In 1775, Percivall Pott declared that scrotal cancer, then common among chimney sweeps, must be caused by the soot that accumulated on their bodies. He could not furnish the proof that we would demand today, but modern research methods have now isolated the deadly chemicals in soot. For a century or more after Pott's discovery, there seems to have been little further realization that certain chemicals in the human environment could cause cancer, by repeated skin contact, inhalation, or swallowing. True, it had been noticed that skin cancer was prevalent among workers exposed to arsenic fumes in the copper smelters and tin foundries in Cornwall and Wales. And it was realized that workers in the cobalt mines in Saxony and in the uranium mines at Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, were subject to a disease of the lungs, which was later identified as cancer. But these were phenomena of the pre-industrial era. The earliest recognition of malignancies traceable to the Age of Industry came during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. At about the time Pasteur was demonstrating the microbial origin of many infectious diseases, other men were discovering the chemical origin of certain cancers—skin cancers among workers in the new lignite industry in Saxony, and in the Scottish shale industry, and various cancers caused by exposure to tar and pitch. By the end

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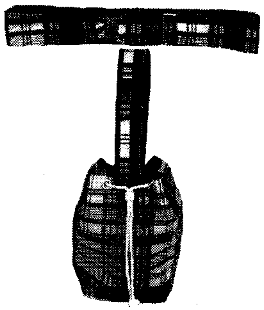

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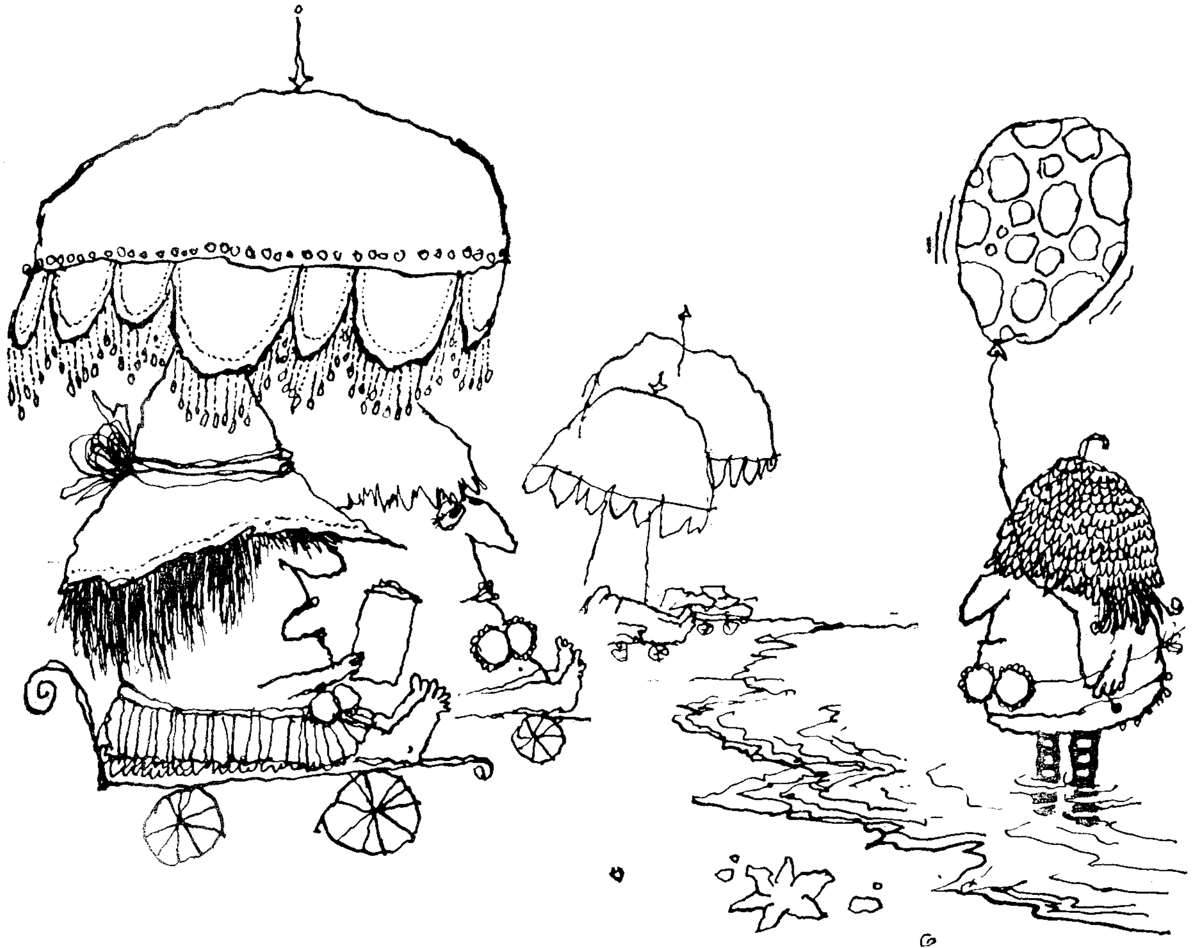

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of the nineteenth century, a half-dozen industrial carcinogens were known; the twentieth century was to create countless new cancer-causing chemicals. In the less than two centuries since the pioneering work of Pott, the environmental situation has changed greatly. No longer are exposures to dangerous chemicals occupational alone; such chemicals have entered the environment of almost everyone—probably even of children still unborn. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that there has lately been an alarming increase in malignant disease. The Monthly Report of the Office of Vital Statistics for July, 1959, states that malignant growths, including those of the lymphatic and blood-forming tissues, accounted for fifteen per cent of the deaths in 1958, compared to only four per cent in 1900. On the basis of the present incidence of the disease, the American Cancer Society estimates that forty-five million Americans now living will eventually develop cancer; this means that malignant disease will strike two out of three families.

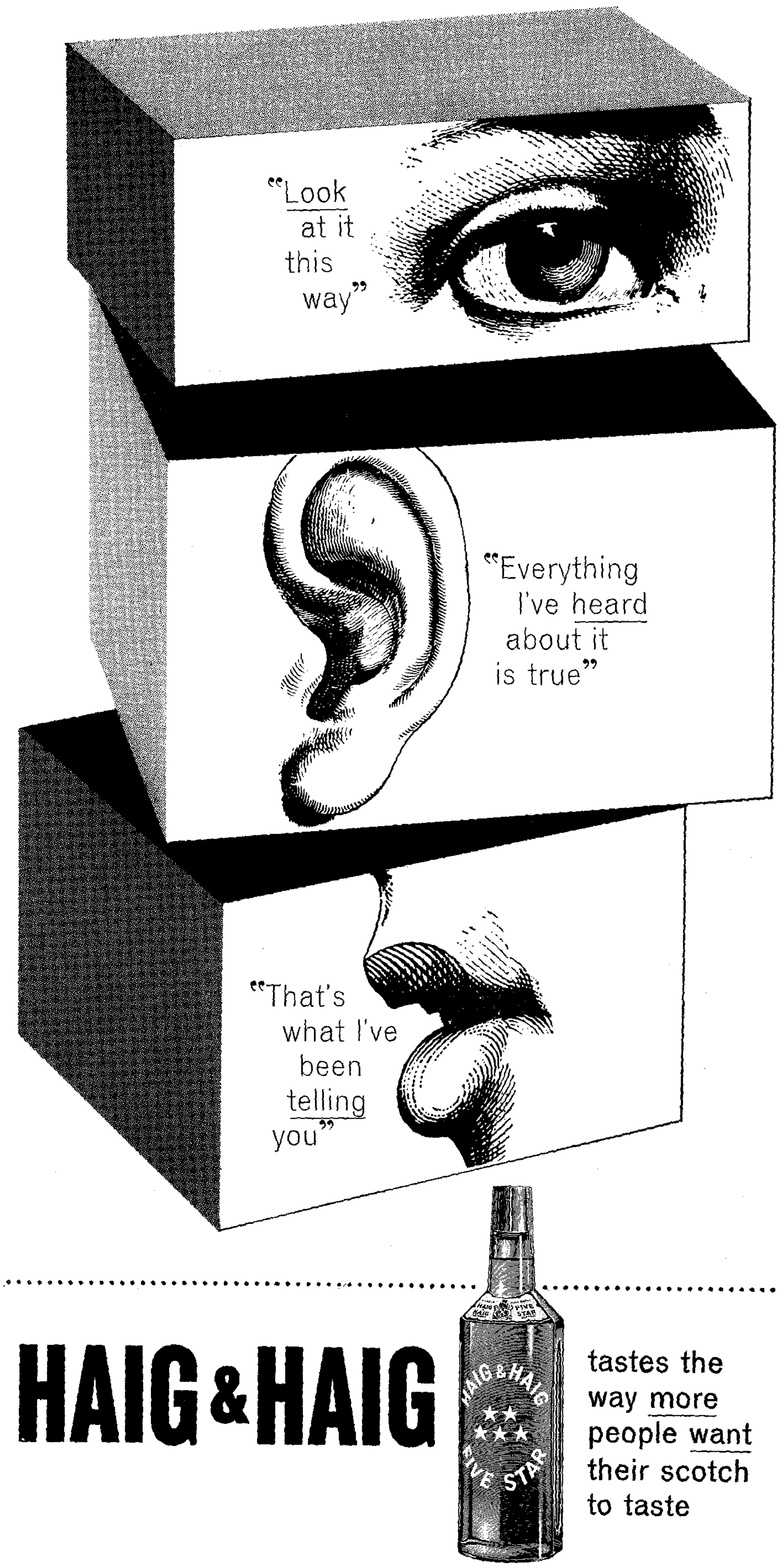
The situation with respect to children is even more deeply disturbing. A quarter of a century ago, cancer in children was considered a medical rarity. Then it became more frequent, and in 1947 the first clinic in the United States devoted exclusively to the treatment of children with cancer was established in Boston. Today, more American schoolchildren die of cancer than of any other cause except accidents. Twelve per cent of all the deaths of children between the ages of one and fourteen are caused by cancer. Large numbers of malignant tumors are discovered clinically in children under the age of five, but an even grimmer fact is that significant numbers of such growths are present at or before birth. Dr. W. C. Hueper, chief of the environmental-cancer section of the National Cancer Institute, who is one of the foremost authorities on his subject, has suggested that congenital cancers and cancers in infants may arise from carcinogens to which the mother has been exposed during pregnancy and which penetrate the placenta to act on the rapidly developing fetal tissues. Experiments show that the younger an animal is when it is subjected to a carcinogen, the more likely cancer is to appear. Dr. Francis E. Ray, of the University of Florida, has warned that "we may be initiating cancer in the children of today by the addition of chemicals," and that "we will not know, perhaps for a generation or two, what the effects will be."

Evidence gained from animal experiments has established that several of the pesticides must definitely be rated as carcinogens. As for their effect on human beings, the evidence is circumstantial, as it must be, since we do not use human beings in laboratory experiments involving cancer, but it is nonetheless impressive. The list of carcinogenic chemicals is greatly lengthened if we add those which are believed by some physicians to cause leukemia. Some pesticides may cause cancer not because the chemicals in themselves are carcinogenic but because the petroleum distillates in which they are dissolved or suspended may be carcinogenic. Still other chemicals will be added to the list if we include those whose action on living tissues or cells may be considered an indirect cause of malignancy. One of the pesticides that have been longest associated with cancer is arsenic, occurring in sodium arsenite, which is used as a weed killer, and in calcium arsenate and lead arsenate, which are used as insecticides. A striking example of the consequences of exposure is related by Dr. Hueper in his "Occupational Tumors and Allied Diseases," a classic monograph on the subject. The town of Reichenstein, in Silesia, was for several hundred years the site of arsenic mines, and arsenic wastes accumulated in the vicinity of the mine shafts and were picked up by streams coming down from the nearby mountains. The underground water became contaminated, and arsenic entered the drinking water. For centuries, many of the inhabitants of the area suffered from what came to be known as "the Reichenstein disease"—chronic arsenicism with accompanying disorders of the liver, the skin, and the gastro-intestinal and nervous systems. Malignant tumors were a common accompaniment of the disease. Reichenstein's disease is now chiefly of historical interest, for a quarter of a century ago new water supplies were provided, from which arsenic was largely eliminated. In Córdoba Province, in Argentina, on the other hand, chronic arsenical poisoning, accompanied by skin cancers, is endemic, because the drinking water is contaminated by rock formations containing arsenic. It would not be difficult to create anywhere in the world conditions similar to those in Reichenstein and Córdoba, simply by the long-continued use of arsenical insecticides.

In the United States, the arsenic-drenched soils of tobacco plantations, of many orchards in the Northwest, and of blueberry lands in the East may easily lead to the pollution of water supplies.

Some of the many new chemicals we are exposed to are also proving to be carcinogenic—by no means only pesticides, to be sure, though pesticides are prominent among them. In laboratory tests on animal subjects, DDT has produced suspicious liver tumors. Scientists of the Food and Drug Administration, who reported the discovery of these tumors, were uncertain how to classify them but felt that there was some "justification for considering them low grade hepatic cell carcinomas." Dr. Hueper now definitely rates DDT as a "chemical carcinogen." The weed killer aminotriazole has been proved to cause thyroid cancer in test animals. In 1959, this chemical was misused by a number of cranberry growers in such a way as to produce residues on some of the marketed berries. The Food and Drug Administration seized the contaminated cranberries, and in the controversy that inevitably followed, the contention that the chemical actually was cancer-producing was challenged, even by many medical men. The scientific facts released by the Food and Drug Administration, however, clearly show aminotriazole to be carcinogenic in laboratory rats. When these animals had been given the chemical at the rate of a hundred parts per million in their drinking water—that is, one teaspoonful of chemical in ten thousand teaspoonfuls of water for sixty-eight weeks, they began to develop thyroid tumors. After two years, such tumors were present in more than half the rats examined. They were diagnosed as benign and malignant growths of various types. The tumors also appeared when the concentration of the chemical was reduced; in fact, a concentration that produced no effect was not found. No one knows, of course, the concentration of which aminotriazole may be carcinogenic for man, but, as a professor of medicine at Harvard, Dr. David Rutstein, has pointed out, this concentration is just as likely to be lower than that for rats as it is to be higher.

Insufficient time has elapsed since the introduction of the chlorinated-hydrocarbon insecticides and the modern herbicides to reveal their full effects. Most malignancies develop slowly. In the early nineteen-twenties, women who painted luminous figures on watch dials swallowed minute amounts of radium as a result of touching the brushes to their lips, and in some of these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women bone cancers developed after a lapse of more than fifteen years. A period of thirty years, or even more, has been demonstrated for some cancers caused by occupational exposures to carcinogens. The first exposures to the new synthetic pesticides date from about 1942 for military personnel and from about 1945 for civilians, and it was not until the early fifties that a wide variety of pesticidal chemicals came into use, so the full maturing of whatever seeds of malignancy these chemicals have sown is yet to come. There is, however, one disease usually considered malignant that need have no long period of latency. This is leukemia in its acute form. Survivors of Hiroshima began to develop leukemia only three years after the atomic bombing, and there is now reason to believe that the latent period may sometimes be considerably shorter. Within the period covered by the rise of modern chemicals, the incidence of leukemia, too, has been steadily rising. Figures available from the Office of Vital Statistics clearly establish this fact. In the year 1960, leukemia alone claimed 12,290 victims, as opposed to 8,845 in 1950. Deaths from all types of malignancies of the blood and lymph totalled 25,400, as opposed to 16,690 in 1950. In terms of deaths per hundred thousand of population, the figure for 1950 was 11.1 and that for 1960 was 14.1. And in all countries the recorded deaths from leukemia, at all ages, are rising at a rate of between four and five per cent a year.

Such world-famous institutions as the Mayo Clinic now admit hundreds of victims of blood and lymph diseases. In case after case, a fateful sequence of events is revealed in the patient's recent history. Certain truths have become inescapably clear to Dr. Malcolm Hargraves, of the Hematology Department of the Mayo Clinic: in many cases, victims of leukemia, of a severe depression of the bone marrow called aplastic anemia, of Hodgkin's disease, and of other disorders of the blood and blood-forming tissues have had a history of exposure to modern chemicals—among them paints, fuel oils, and various sprays containing DDT, chlordane, BHC, the nitrophenols, the common moth crystal paradichlorobenzene, lindane, and, of course, the liquids in which they were dissolved or suspended. According to Dr. Hargraves, environmental diseases related to the use of various toxic substances have been increasing, particularly during the past ten years. "I believe that the vast majority of patients suffering from the blood dyscrasias and lymphoid diseases have a significant his-

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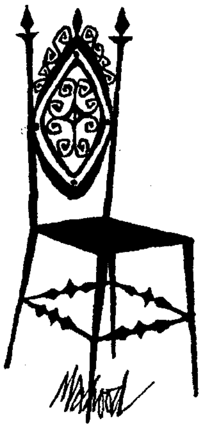
tory of exposure to the various hydrocarbons, which in turn include most of the pesticides of today," he has said. "A careful medical history will almost invariably establish such a relationship."

What sort of exposure do the case histories show? Among those kept by Dr. Hargraves, exposure to a single chemical is the exception, rather than the rule. A commercial pesticide usually contains a combination of several chemicals suspended in a petroleum distillate, plus some dispersing agent. From the practical, rather than the medical, standpoint, however, this distinction is of little importance, because these petroleum distillates are an inseparable part of most common sprays. A typical case history concerns a housewife who abhorred spiders. In mid-August, she went into her basement with an aerosol spray containing DDT and petroleum distillate. She sprayed the entire basement thoroughly—under the stairs, in the fruit cupboards, and around the ceiling and the rafters. As she finished the spraying, she became quite ill, experiencing nausea and extreme anxiety and nervousness. Within the next few days, however, she felt better, and, apparently not suspecting the cause of her difficulty, she repeated the entire procedure twice in September. After the third use of the aerosol, new symptoms developed—fever, general malaise, pains in the joints, and acute phlebitis in one leg. When she was examined by Dr. Hargraves, in October, she was found to be suffering from acute leukemia. She died within a month. Another of Dr. Hargraves' patients sprayed the basement and all the secluded areas of a roach-infested building with a twenty-five-per-cent concentration of DDT in a solvent containing methylated naphthalenes. Within a short time, he began to bruise and bleed. He entered the Clinic with a number of hemorrhages. Studies of his blood revealed aplastic anemia. During the next five and a half months, he received fifty-nine transfusions, in addition to other therapy. There was partial recovery, but about nine years later a fatal leukemia developed.



The medical literature of this country and others contains many cases that support the belief in a cause-and-effect relation between the new chemicals and leukemia and other blood disorders. The cases involve farmers caught in the "fallout" of their own spray rigs or of planes, a college student who sprayed his room for ants and remained in the room to study, a woman who had installed a portable lindane vaporizer in her home, and a worker in a cotton field that had been sprayed with chlordane and toxaphene. And then there was a Swedish farmer whose case is strangely reminiscent of that of the Japanese fisherman Aikichi Kuboyama, of the tuna vessel the Lucky Dragon. Like Kuboyama, the farmer had been a healthy man, gleaning his living from the land as Kuboyama gleaned his from the sea. For each man, a poison drifting in the sky carried a death sentence. For one, it was radioactive ash. For the other, it was chemical dust. One day early in May, the farmer treated about sixty acres of land with a dust containing DDT and BHC. As he worked, puffs of wind brought little clouds of the dust swirling about him. "In the evening he felt unusually tired, and during the subsequent days he had a general feeling of weakness, with backache and aching legs as well as chills, and was obliged to take to his bed," says a report from the medical clinic at Lund. His condition became worse, and a week after the spraying he applied for admission to the local hospital. He had a high fever, and his blood count was abnormal. After two and a half months, he died. A post-mortem examination revealed a complete wasting away of the bone marrow.

THE road to cancer may be an indirect one. A substance that is not a carcinogen in the ordinary sense may disturb the normal functioning of some part of the body in such a way that malignancy results. Important examples are the cancers, especially of the reproductive system, that appear to be linked with disturbances in the balance of the sex hormones, for these disturbances, in turn, may in certain cases be the result of something that affects the ability of the liver to preserve a proper level of the hormones. The chlorinated hydrocarbons are precisely the kind of agent that can do this. Both the male and the female hormones are, of course, normally present in the body, though in different proportions in the two sexes, and they perform a necessary growth-stimulating function in relation to the various organs of reproduction. In addition, we absorb synthetic hormones from external sources—cosmetics, drugs, and foods, among others. It is important that the body be protected

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against an imbalance of male and female hormones and against an excessive accumulation of either, and normally the liver provides this protection. It may not be able to inactivate the female hormones, or estrogens, however (although it continues to control the male hormones), if it has been damaged by disease or by chemicals, or if its supply of the B-complex vitamins is deficient. Under these conditions, the estrogens build up to abnormally high levels.

What are the effects? In animals, at least, there is abundant evidence from experiments. For example, an investigator at the Rockefeller Institute found that female rabbits whose livers had been damaged by disease showed a very high incidence of uterine tumors; these are thought to have developed because the liver was no longer able to inactivate the estrogens in the blood, with the result that they rose to a carcinogenic level. Extensive experiments on mice, rats, guinea pigs, and monkeys show that the prolonged administration of estrogens—not necessarily at high levels—has caused changes in the tissues of the reproductive organs, varying from benign overgrowths to definite malignancy. Tumors of the kidneys have been induced in hamsters by the administration of estrogens. Although medical opinion is divided on the question, much evidence exists to support the view that similar effects may occur in human tissues. Investigators at the Royal Victoria Hospital at McGill University who studied a hundred and fifty cases of uterine cancer found that two-thirds of these occurred in patients whose estrogen levels were abnormally high. Of a later series, of twenty cases, ninety per cent had similarly high estrogen levels.

Liver damage sufficient to interfere with the inactivation of estrogens can be caused by the chlorinated hydrocarbons, which set up changes in liver cells at very low levels of intake. Also, like any other substances that destroy oxidative enzymes, they can cause loss of the B vitamins, which, as certain other chains of evidence have shown, play a protective role against cancer. The late C. P. Rhoads, onetime director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, found that test animals exposed to a very potent chemical carcinogen developed no cancer if they had been fed yeast, a rich source of the natural B vitamins. In experiments carried out in the nineteen-forties, a deficiency of these vitamins was found to accompany mouth cancer and perhaps cancer of other parts of the digestive tract as well. This has been observed both in

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the United States and in the northern parts of Sweden and Finland, where the diet is ordinarily deficient in vitamins. Certain groups of people—the Bantu tribes of Africa, for example—are especially prone to primary liver cancer, and such groups typically suffer from malnutrition. Cancer of the male breast is also prevalent in parts of Africa, and is typically associated with liver disease and malnutrition.

Here, again, in the field of cancer—whether brought about directly or indirectly—we see a familiar pattern. Human exposures to dangerous chemicals, including pesticides, are uncontrolled, and they are multiple. An individual may have many different exposures to the same chemical. It is quite possible that while no one of these exposures would be sufficient to precipitate malignancy, any single supposedly "safe dose" might be enough to tip the scales already loaded with other "safe doses." And, again, the harm may be done by two or more carcinogens acting together. The individual exposed to DDT is almost certain to be exposed to other hydrocarbons—in, for instance, solvents, paint removers, degreasing agents, dry-cleaning fluids, and anesthetics. What, then, can be a "safe dose" of DDT? The situation is made still more complicated by the fact that one chemical may act on another to alter its effect. Cancer may sometimes result from the complementary action of two chemicals, one of which sensitizes the cell or tissue so that later, under the action of a second, so-called promoting agent, it develops malignancy; for example, the herbicides IPC and CIPC, members of the carbamate group, may act as initiators in the production of skin tumors, sowing the seeds of malignancy, which may be brought into actual being by other substances. Such interaction may be complex and far-reaching. Water-pollution experts throughout the United States are concerned over the fact that detergents are now a troublesome and practically universal contaminant of public water supplies, and that there is no practical way to remove them by treatment. Some detergents may promote cancer in an indirect way—acting on the lining of the digestive tract and changing its tissues so that they more easily absorb dangerous chemicals, whose effect is thereby aggravated. Who can foresee and control this action? In the kaleidoscope of shifting conditions, what dose of even an indirect cancer-promoting agent can be "safe" except a zero dose? As it happens, this question has been a center of controversial discussion and some ac-

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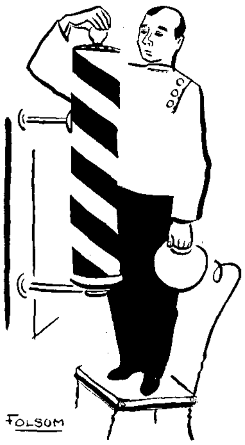
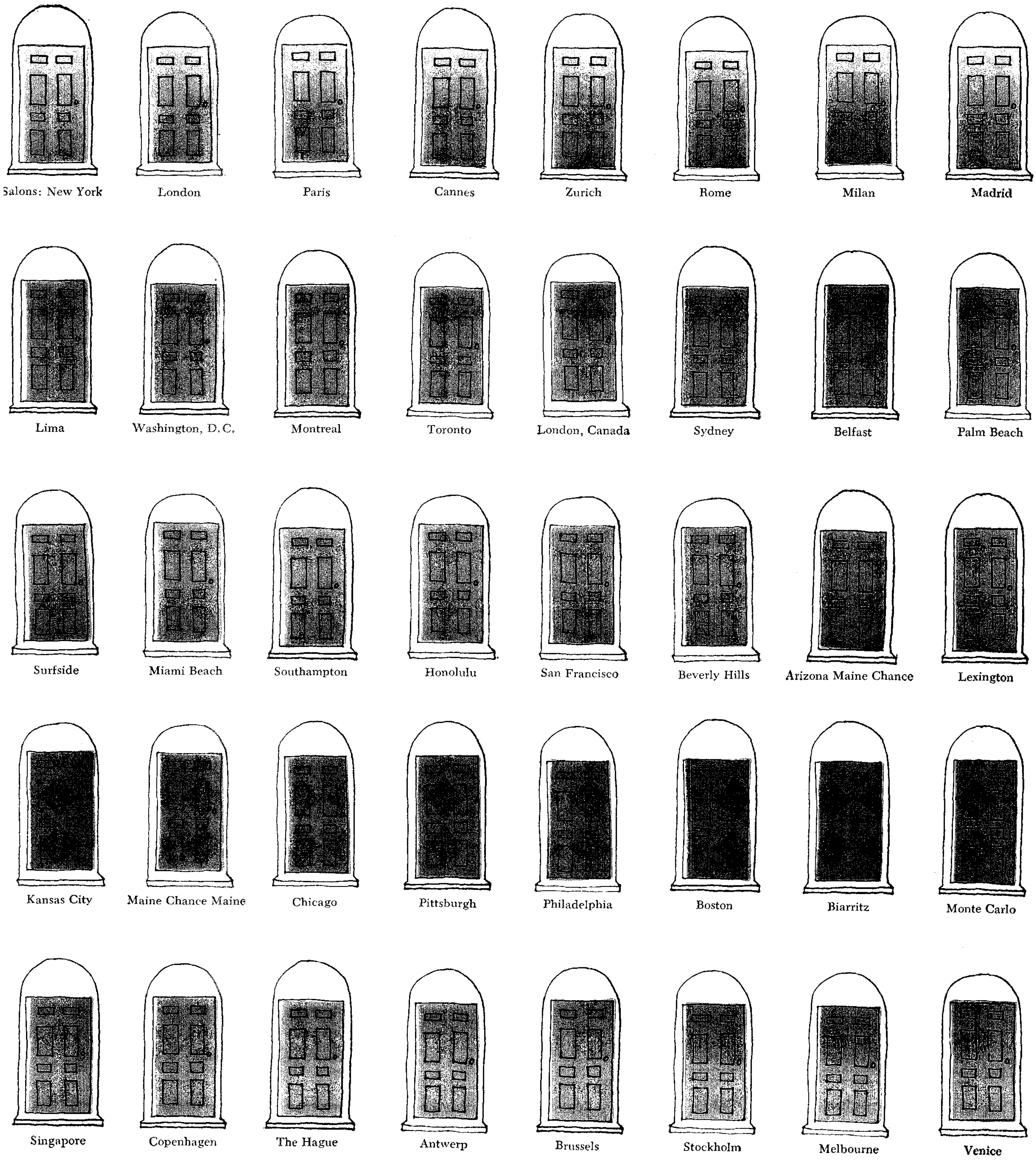
tion. In 1958, the Food Additives Amendment of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, which applies to substances actually incorporated into food, and not to pesticides, placed carcinogens in a different category from other toxic substances. What this meant was that whereas the Food and Drug Administration was granted administrative discretion in establishing safe levels of food additives in general, any substance found to induce cancer in man or animals was automatically branded unsafe and its use as a food additive prohibited. And in a celebrated instance, in 1959, Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, applied "zero tolerance" to a pesticide when he prohibited the sale in interstate commerce of cranberries bearing residues of the carcinogenic weed killer aminotriazole.



We tolerate cancer-causing agents in our environment at our peril, as a recent event clearly illustrates. In the spring of 1961, an epidemic of liver cancer appeared among rainbow trout in many federal, state, and private hatcheries. Trout in both the Eastern and the Western parts of the United States were affected, and in some areas practically a hundred per cent of the trout over three years of age developed cancer. This discovery was made by virtue of a preëxisting arrangement between the Fish and Wildlife Service and the environmental-cancer section of the National Cancer Institute, whereby the former would report the existence of tumors in any fish to the latter, as a precaution against a cancer hazard to man from water contaminants. Studies are still under way to determine the exact cause of this epidemic over so wide an area, but the best evidence is said to point to some substance present in the prepared hatchery feeds, which contain an incredible variety of chemical additives and medicinal agents. The story of the trout is important for many reasons, but chiefly as an example of what can happen when a potent carcinogen is introduced into the environment of any species. Dr. Hueper has interpreted this epidemic as a serious warning that greatly increased attention must be given to controlling the number and variety of environmental carcinogens. "If such preventive measures are not taken," he says, "the stage will be set at a progressive rate for the future occurrence of a similar disaster to the human population."

The discovery that we are living in what another investigator has called "a sea of carcinogens" is, of course, dismaying, and may easily lead to a reaction of despair and defeatism. "Isn't it a hopeless situation?" is the common response. "Isn't it impossible even to attempt to eliminate these cancer-producing agents from our world? Wouldn't it be better not to waste time trying, and to devote all our efforts to research to find a cure for cancer instead?" When this question is put to Dr. Hueper, he replies with the thoughtfulness of one who has pondered it long. He believes that our situation today with regard to cancer is very similar to that which faced mankind with regard to infectious diseases in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Thanks to the brilliant work of Pasteur and Koch, medical men, and even the general public, were becoming aware that the human environment was inhabited by an enormous number of microorganisms capable of causing disease, just as today we are increasingly conscious of the carcinogens that pervade our surroundings. Defeatism was clearly not the answer in the case of infectious diseases, for, as we have seen, most of them have been brought under a reasonable degree of control, and some have been practically eliminated. This brilliant medical achievement came about by an attack that was twofold—one that stressed prevention as well as cure. Despite the prominence given to "magic bullets" and "wonder drugs," most of the really decisive battles in the war against infectious disease consisted of measures to eliminate disease organisms from the environment. An example from history concerns the great outbreak of cholera in London more than a hundred years ago. A London physician, John Snow, mapped the occurrence of cases and found that they originated in one area, all of whose inhabitants drew their water from a pump on Broad Street. In a swift and decisive stroke of preventive medicine, Dr. Snow removed the handle from the pump, and the epidemic was thereby brought under control. Even therapeutic measures have the result not only of curing the patient but of reducing the foci of infection; for example, the present comparative rarity of tuberculosis is to a considerable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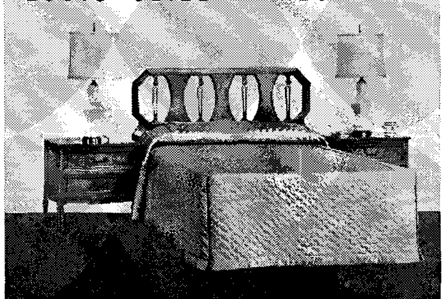

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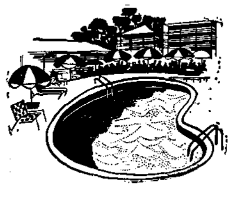

extent a result of the fact that nowadays the average person seldom comes in contact with the tubercle bacillus. Today we are surrounded by a great variety of cancer-producing agents. In Dr. Hueper's opinion, an attack on cancer that is concentrated wholly, or even largely, on therapeutic measures (even assuming that a "cure" can be found) will fail, because it will leave untouched the great reservoirs of carcinogens.

Why have we been slow to adopt this common-sense approach to the cancer problem? Probably because, as Dr. Hueper puts it, "the goal of curing the victims of cancer is more exciting, more tangible, more glamorous, and more rewarding than prevention." Yet the task of preventing cancer is by no means a hopeless one. In one important respect, indeed, the outlook is more encouraging than the situation in regard to infectious disease was at the turn of the century. Man had not put the germs into the environment, and his role in spreading them was involuntary. By contrast, man has put the vast majority of carcinogens into the environment, and he can, if he wishes, eliminate many of them. The chemical agents of cancer have—ironically—become entrenched in our world through man's search for a better and easier way of life. It would be unrealistic to suppose that all of them can or will be eliminated from the modern world, but of the agents responsible for the American Cancer Society's current prediction that one person in every four will develop cancer, a very large proportion are by no means necessities of life. By their elimination, the total load of carcinogens would be enormously lightened. In the interests of those in whom cancer is already a hidden or a visible presence, efforts to find cures must, of course, continue. But for those not yet touched by the disease, and certainly for the generations yet unborn, prevention is the imperative need.

ANYONE who doubts that the age we live in is an age of poisons has only to walk into a grocery store, where he will find that, with no questions asked, he can buy substances of far greater death-dealing power than the medicinal drug for which he may be required to sign a "poison book" in the pharmacy next door. A few minutes' research in any supermarket would be enough to alarm the most stout-hearted customer if only he had ever been given a few basic facts about the chemicals presented for his choice. If a huge skull and crossbones were suspended above the insecticide department, the customer

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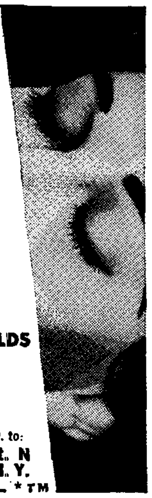

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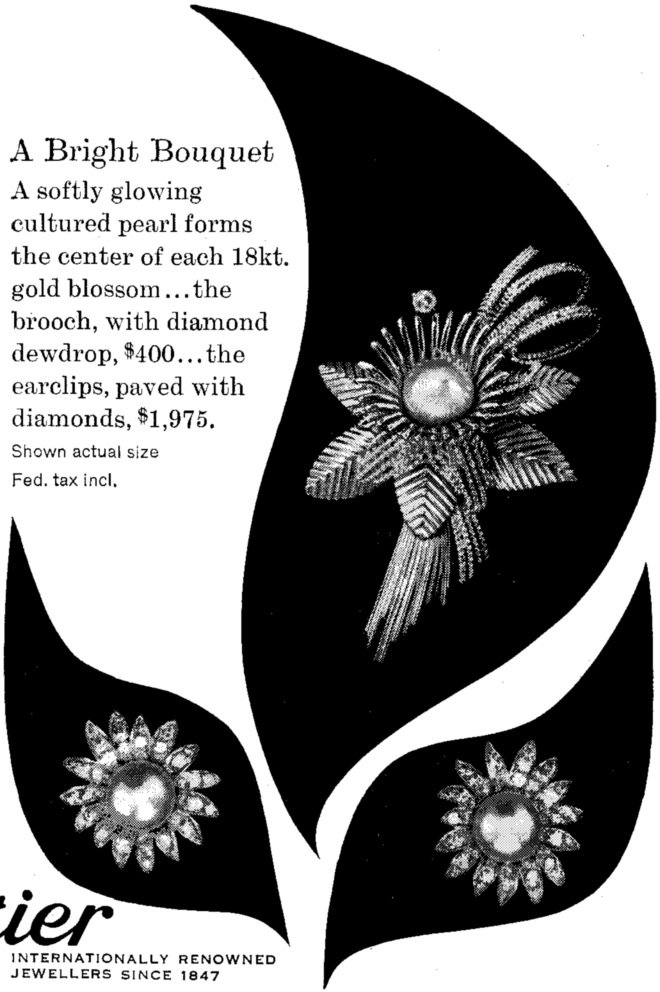
might at least enter it with the respect normally accorded death-dealing materials, but instead the display is homey and cheerful, and, with the pickles and olives across the aisle, and the bath and laundry soaps adjoining, the rows upon rows of insecticides look harmless enough. Within easy reach of a child's exploring hand are chemicals in glass containers; if either a child or a careless adult should drop one of these to the floor, everyone nearby would be splashed with the same sort of chemical that has sent spraymen using it into convulsions. A can of a mothproofing material containing DDD, a relative of DDT, carries in very fine print the warning that its contents are under pressure and that it may burst if it is exposed to heat or open flame. A common insecticide for household use, including assorted uses in the kitchen, contains chlordane, though the Food and Drug Administration's chief pharmacologist has declared the potential hazard of living in a house sprayed with chlordane to be "quite great." Other household preparations contain the even more toxic dieldrin.

Use of the poisons is made attractive and easy. Shelf paper, white or tinted to match our kitchen color scheme, may be impregnated with insecticides, not merely on one side but on both. Manufacturers offer us do-it-yourself booklets on how to kill bugs. With push-button ease, we may send a fog of dieldrin into the most inaccessible nooks and crannies of our closets, cabinets, and baseboards. If we are troubled by mosquitoes, chiggers, or other insect pests on our persons, we have a choice of innumerable lotions, creams, and sprays for application to our skin or our clothing. A celebrated New York store advertises a pocket-sized insecticide dispenser, which can be tucked into the purse or into a beach bag, golf bag, or fishing creel. We can polish our floors with a wax guaranteed to kill insects that walk over it. The Department of Agriculture, in a Home and Garden Bulletin, advises us to spray our winter clothing with an oil solution of DDT, dieldrin, chlordane, or any of several other moth killers. All these matters having been attended to, we may round out our day with insecticides by going to sleep under a mothproof blanket impregnated with dieldrin.

Gardening is firmly linked with the new poisons. Every hardware store, garden-supply shop, and supermarket has rows of insecticides designed to cope with any conceivable horticultural situation. Every newspaper's garden page and the majority of the gardening magazines take the use of these sub-



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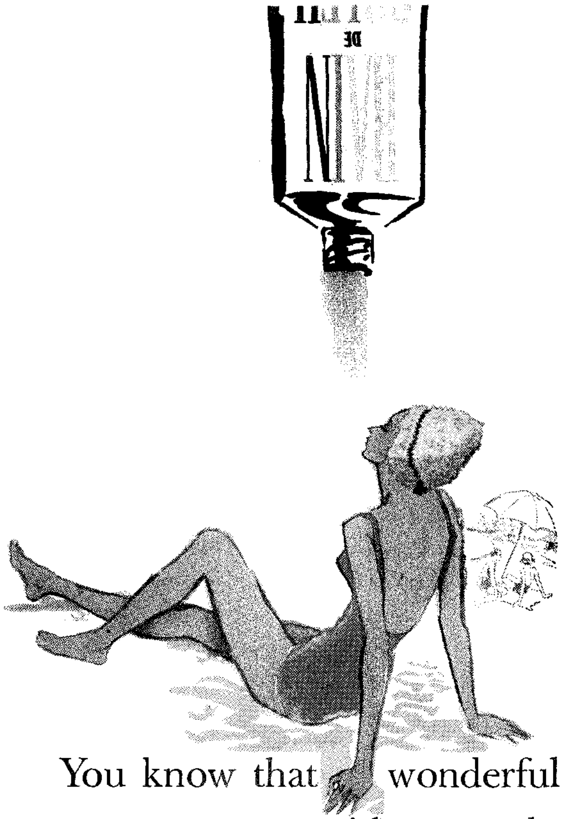
stances for granted. So extensively are even the organic-phosphate insecticides, such as parathion and malathion, applied to lawns and ornamental plantings that in 1960 the Florida State Board of Health found it necessary to restrict the use of pesticides in residential areas; a number of deaths from parathion had occurred in Florida before this regulation was adopted. In general, however, little is done to warn the gardener or homeowner that he is handling extremely dangerous materials. On the contrary, a constant stream of new gadgets continues to make it easier to use poisons on lawn and garden—and to increase the gardener's contact with them. Power mowers have been fitted with devices for the dissemination of pesticides—attachments that will dispense a cloud of vapor as the homeowner mows his lawn. So to the potentially dangerous fumes from gasoline are added the finely divided particles of whatever insecticide the unsuspecting suburbanite has chosen to distribute, raising the level of air pollution above his own grounds to something that few cities could equal. Even the once innocuous garden hose has been fitted out with dangerous devices. One may get a jar-type attachment for the hose, for example, by which such chemicals as chlordane and dieldrin can be applied to the lawn as one waters it. Such an attachment is not only a hazard to the person using the hose; it is also a public menace. In 1960, the New York *Times* issued a warning on its garden page to the effect that unless special protective equipment was installed, poisons might get into the water supply by back siphonage. As an example of what can happen to the gardener himself, we might look at the case of a physician—an enthusiastic spare-time gardener—who took to using DDT and then malathion on his shrubs and lawn, making regular weekly applications. Sometimes he applied the chemicals with a hand spray, sometimes with a hose attachment. Whichever method he used, his skin and clothing often became soaked with spray. After about a year of this, he suddenly collapsed and was hospitalized. Examination of a biopsy specimen of fat showed an accumulation of twenty-three parts per million of DDT. He had suffered extensive nerve damage, which his physicians regarded as permanent. As time went on, he lost weight, was subject to extreme fatigue, and experienced a peculiar muscular weakness.

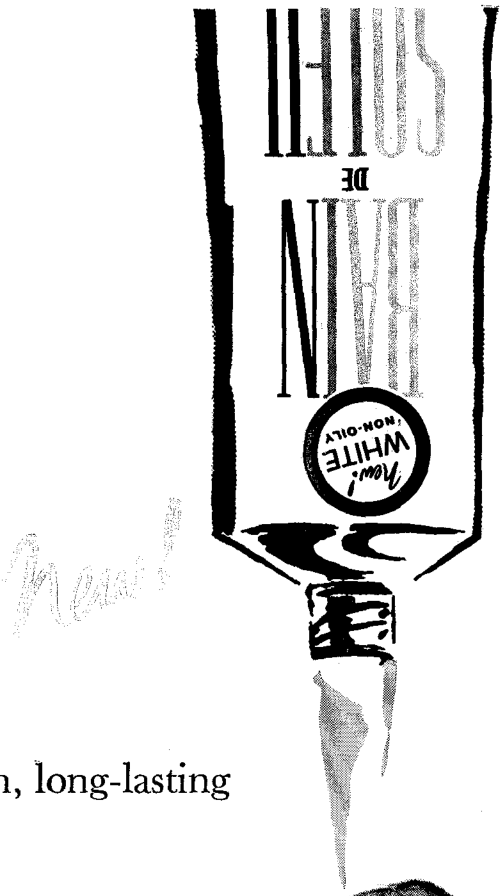
The mores of suburbia now dictate that crab grass must go, at whatever cost, and sacks containing chemicals designed to rid the lawn of such despised vegetation have become almost a status symbol. These weed-killing chemicals are sold under brand names that hold no suggestion of their identity or their nature. The descriptive literature that may be picked up in any hardware or garden-supply store seldom, if ever, reveals the true hazards involved in handling or applying the material it recommends. Instead, the typical illustration portrays a happy family scene—father and son smiling as they prepare to apply the chemical to the lawn, or small children tumbling over the grass with a dog.

Indeed, the public is hardly ever made aware of the true nature of most of the pesticides. Advertisements for lindane, to take one example, contain no suggestion that the chemical is dangerous. Neither do advertisements for vaporizers that dispense lindane fumes; in fact, we are told that they are safe. Yet the truth of the matter is that the American Medical Association considers electronic vaporizers employing lindane so dangerous that it recently conducted an extended campaign against them in its *Journal*. To learn that sacks of weed killers contain chlordane or dieldrin, one must read exceedingly fine type placed on the least conspicuous part of the sacks. On containers of insecticides, warnings are printed so inconspicuously that few people take the trouble to read them. An industrial firm recently undertook to find out just *how* few. Its survey indicated that out of a hundred people using insecticide aerosols and sprays scarcely fifteen are aware that there are any warnings at all on the containers.

THE question of chemical residues on the food we eat is the subject of a hot debate. The existence of such residues either is played down by the manufacturers of chemicals as unimportant or is flatly denied. Simultaneously, there is a strong tendency to brand as fanatics or cultists all who are so perverse as to demand that their food be free of insect poisons. In all this cloud of controversy, what are the facts?

Common sense tells us that the bodies of persons who lived and died before





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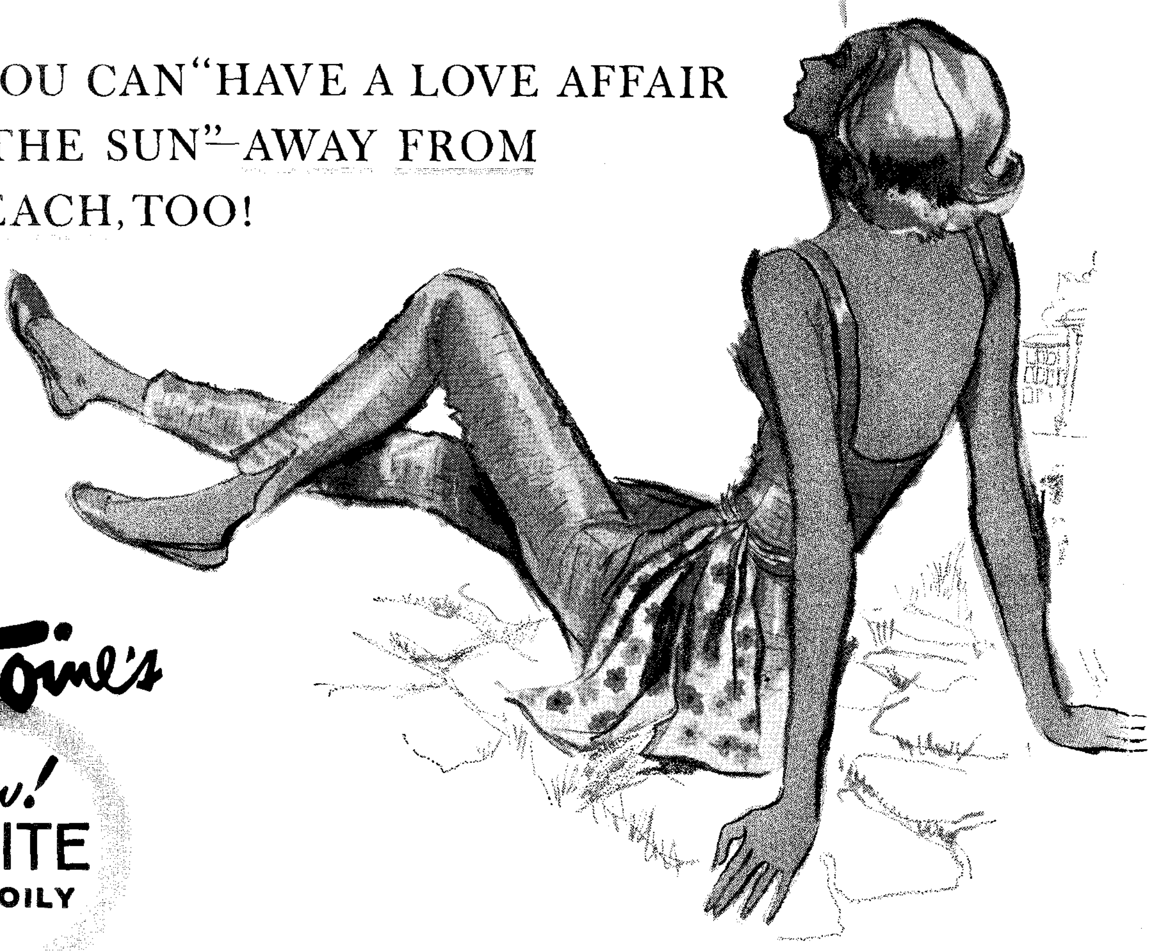

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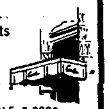

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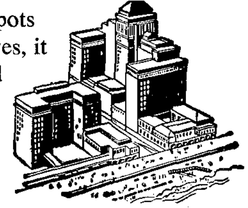
If you are so tuckered out that you see spots before your eyes, it would be good to see this spot at close range.



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the dawn of the DDT era—that is, before about 1942—contained no trace of DDT or any similar material. Samples of body fat collected from the general population between 1954 and 1956 contained an average of from 5.3 to 7.4 parts per million of DDT. There is some evidence that the average level has been steadily rising since, and that individuals who incur occupational or other special exposure to insecticides consistently store even more. It has been assumed that among the general population, with no known gross exposures to insecticides, much of the DDT stored in fat deposits has entered the body in food. In 1954, a scientific team from the Public Health Service that had sampled restaurant and institutional meals in order to test this assumption reported that every meal contained DDT. From this the investigators concluded, reasonably enough, that "few if any foods can be relied upon to be entirely free of DDT." Actually, the quantities of DDT in such meals may be enormous. In a separate Public Health Service study, an analysis of prison meals disclosed such items as stewed dried fruit containing 69.6 parts per million and bread containing 100.9 parts per million. In the diet of the average home, meats and the various products derived from fats contain the heaviest residues of chlorinated hydrocarbons, for the simple reason that these chemicals are soluble in fat. Residues on fruits and vegetables tend to be somewhat less. These are little affected by washing, however; the only remedy is to remove and discard all the outside leaves of such vegetables as lettuce and cabbage, to peel fruit, and to use no skins or other outer coverings whatever. Cooking does not destroy residues.

To find a diet free from DDT and related chemicals, it seems, one must go to a remote and primitive land. Such a land, or stretch of land, appears to exist on the far arctic shores of Alaska, although even there one may see the approaching shadow. A year or two ago, scientists investigated the native diet of the Eskimos of this region, and found it to be free from insecticides. The fresh and dried fish; the fat, oil, or meat from beaver, caribou, moose, polar bear, seal, and walrus; cranberries, salmonberries, and wild rhubarb—all had so far escaped contamination. When some of the Eskimos themselves were checked by analysis of fat samples, however, small residues of DDT were found (up to 1.9 parts per million). The reason for this was clear. The fat samples were taken from people who had left their native villages to enter the United States

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Public Health Service Hospital in Anchorage, for surgery. There the ways of civilization prevailed, and the meals in the hospital were found to contain as much DDT as those in the most populous city. For their brief stay in civilization, the Eskimos were rewarded with a taint of poison.

The fact that every meal we eat carries its load of chlorinated hydrocarbons is the inevitable consequence of the almost universal spraying or dusting of agricultural crops with these poisons. If the farmer scrupulously follows the instructions on the labels, his use of agricultural chemicals will produce no residues larger than those permitted by the Food and Drug Administration. To leave aside for the moment the question of whether these legal residues are as "safe" as they are represented to be, there remains the well-known fact that farmers very frequently exceed the prescribed dosages, use the chemical too close to the time of harvest, use several insecticides where one would do, and in other ways share the common human failing of neglecting to read the fine print. Even the chemical industry recognizes the frequent misuse of insecticides and the need for educating farmers in their application; one of its leading trade journals recently declared that "many users do not seem to understand that they may exceed insecticide tolerances if they use higher dosages than recommended—the haphazard use of insecticides on many crops may be based on farmers' whims." The files of the Food and Drug Administration contain records of a disturbing number of such haphazard uses. A few examples will serve to illustrate the disregard of directions: a lettuce farmer who applied not one but eight different insecticides to his crop within a short time of harvest, a shipper who used parathion on celery in an amount that was five times the recommended maximum, and growers who sprayed spinach with DDT a week before harvest. There are also cases of chance or accidental contamination. Large lots of green coffee in burlap bags have become contaminated while they were being transported in vessels that also carried a cargo of insecticides. Packaged foods in warehouses are subjected to repeated aerosol treatments with DDT, lindane, and other insecticides, which may penetrate the packaging materials and occur in measurable quantities on the foods. The longer the food remains in storage, the greater the danger of contamination.

To the question "But doesn't the government protect us from such things?" the answer is "Only to a

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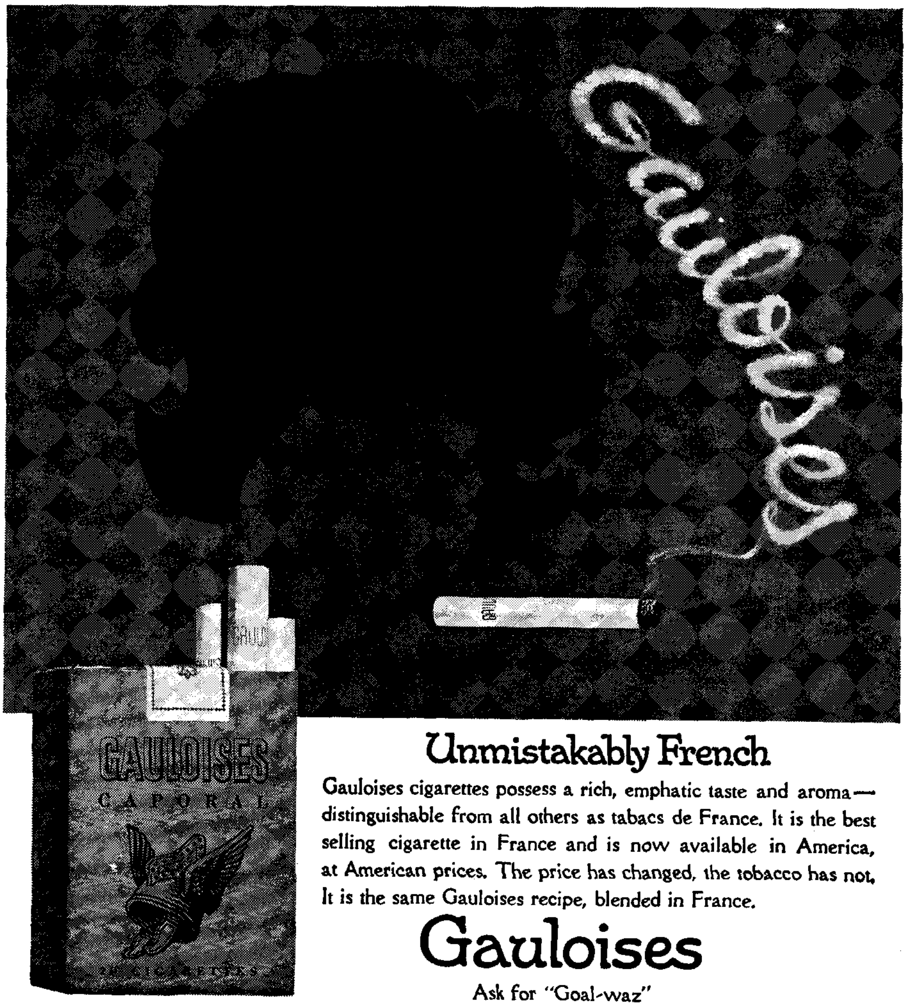

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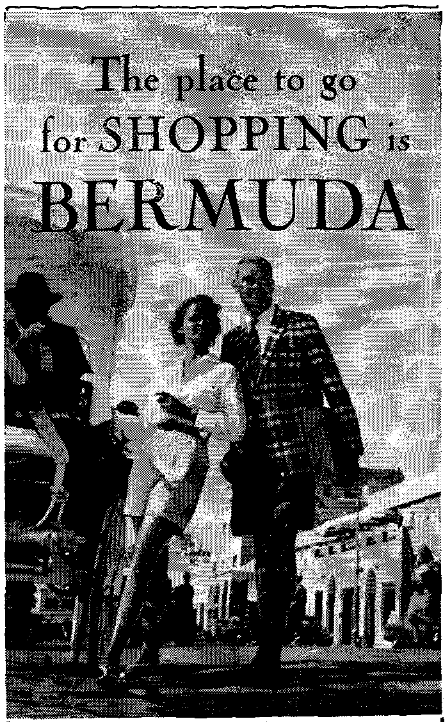

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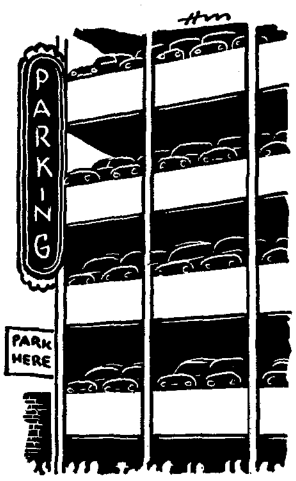
limited extent." The Food and Drug Administration establishes maximum permissible limits of contamination, called "tolerances," which vary from food to food and from pesticide to pesticide. But the activities of the Food and Drug Administration in the field of consumer protection against pesticides are severely limited by two factors. The first is that it has jurisdiction only over foods shipped in interstate commerce; foods marketed within the state where they were grown are entirely outside its sphere of authority, no matter what the violation. Most states, it is important to note, have woefully inadequate laws in this field. The second, and even more critically limiting, factor is the small number of inspectors on the staff of the Food and Drug Administration—fewer than six hundred men for all its varied work. With the existing facilities, according to a Food and Drug official, only an infinitesimal fraction of the crop products moving in interstate commerce can be checked—far less than one per cent, or not enough to have statistical significance. Milk is one of the few foods in which no pesticide residues whatever are permitted by Food and Drug Administration regulations. In actuality, however, residues frequently turn up. They are heaviest in butter and other manufactured dairy products. A check of four hundred and sixty-one samples of such products in 1960 showed that a third contained residues. One can imagine, then, the volume of contaminated and unchecked dairy products that we consume.

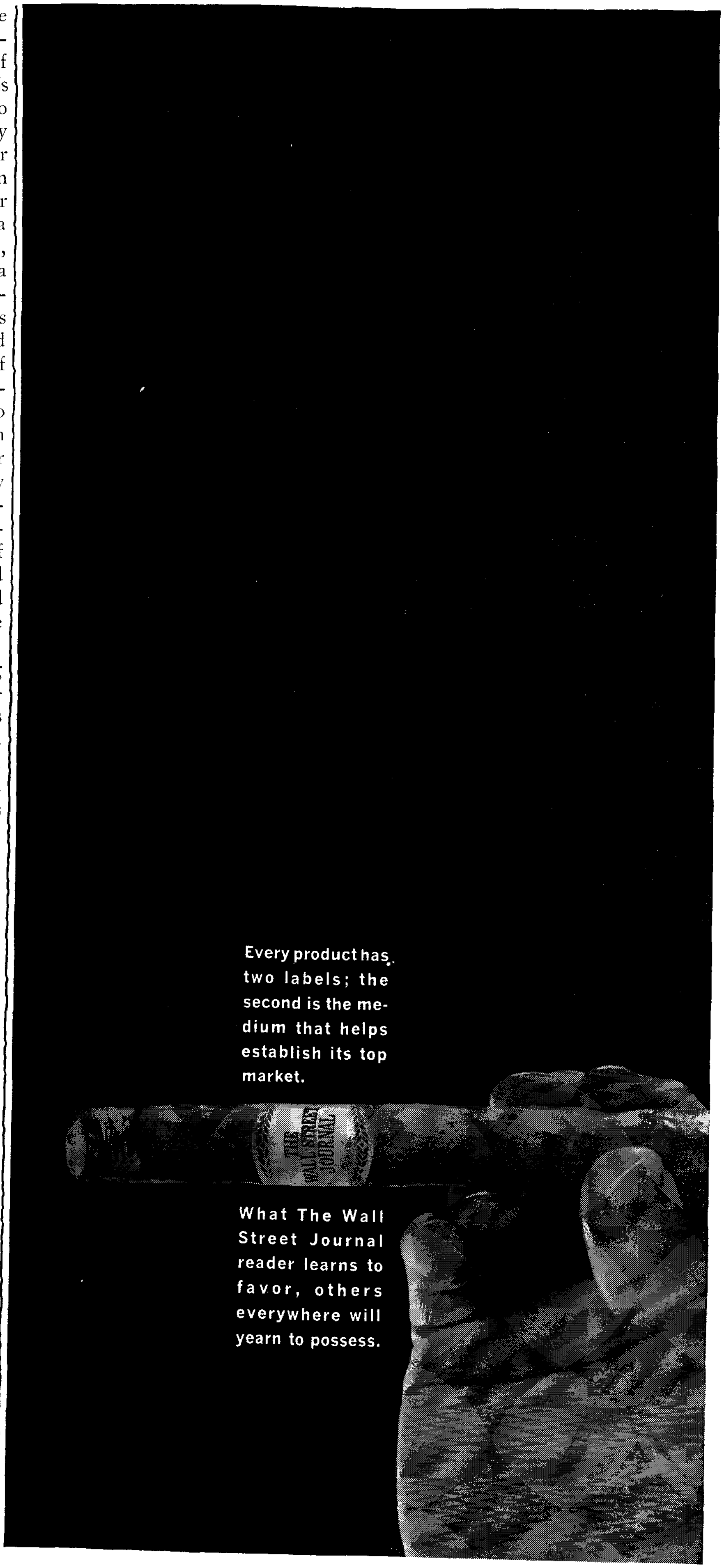


Beyond these limiting factors, the system under which the Food and Drug Administration establishes tolerances has obvious defects. Under the conditions prevailing, it provides mere paper security, and, in addition, it promotes a completely unjustified impression that safe limits have been established and are being adhered to. As for the safety of allowing a sprinkling of poisons on our food—a little on this, a little on that—many people argue that no poison is safe on food. In setting a tolerance level, the Food and Drug Administration reviews tests of the poison on laboratory animals and then establishes as the maximum level of contamination a quantity that is much less than that required to produce symptoms in the test animals. This system, which is supposed to insure safety, ignores a number of important facts. As we have noted, a laboratory animal, living under highly artificial conditions and consuming a given amount of a specific chemical, is very different from a human being, whose exposures to pesticides are not only multiple but for the most part unknown, unmeasurable, and uncontrollable. Even if seven parts per million of DDT on the lettuce in his luncheon salad were "safe," as the Food and Drug Administration declares, the meal includes several other foods with allowable residues of their own, and, of course, the pesticides on his food are only a part, and possibly a small part, of his total exposure. This piling up of chemicals from many different sources creates a total exposure that cannot be measured. It is meaningless, therefore, to talk about the "safety" of any specific amount of residue.

And there are other defects. Sometimes tolerances have been established on the basis of inadequate knowledge of the chemical concerned. In such cases, better information, or a review of existing information, has led to a later reduction or withdrawal of the tolerance, but only after the public has been exposed to admittedly dangerous levels of the chemical for months or years. This happened when heptachlor was given a tolerance, which later had to be revoked. In certain circumstances, a tolerance can be set up against the better judgment of Food and Drug Administration scientists, for the chemical manufacturer has the right to appeal to higher authority—in practice, a committee appointed by the National Academy of Sciences. In one such case, the Food and Drug Administration found that a pesticide was carcinogenic, but, what with various administrative procedures, it was two years before this chemical could effectively be given a zero tolerance. And, to compound the Food and Drug Administration's difficulties, no practical field method of analysis exists for some chemicals before they are registered for use, and inspectors are frustrated in their efforts to detect residues.

What is the solution to the problem of contaminated food? The first necessity is to eliminate tolerances for the chlorinated hydrocarbons, the organic-phosphate group, and the rest of the highly toxic chemicals. It may be objected that this will place too much of a burden on the farmer. But if, as is now presumed to be true, it is possible to use chemicals in such a way that they leave a residue of only one part per million (the tolerance for DDT on potatoes), or even of only 0.1 part per million (the tolerance for dieldrin on a great variety of fruits and vegetables), then why is it not possible, with only a little more care, to prevent the occurrence of any residues at all? The fact is that a zero tolerance is already required for certain chemicals on certain crops. If it is considered practical in these instances, why not in all? Yet even a zero tolerance is not a complete solution, with more than ninety-nine per cent of our interstate food shipments slipping by without inspection. A vigilant and aggressive Food and Drug Administration, with a greatly increased force of inspectors, is another urgent need. And still another need is strict inspection and control of foods that never leave the state where they are produced.

This system, however—poisoning our food and then policing the result—is too reminiscent of Lewis Carroll's White Knight, who thought of "a plan to dye one's whiskers green, and always use so large a fan that they could not be seen." The ultimate answer is to use chemicals that are less toxic, so that the public hazard from any misuse will be much reduced. Such chemicals already exist: the pyrethrins, which are made from the dried flowers of chrysanthemums; rotenone, which occurs in the roots of an East Indian plant; ryania, which is found in the stem wood of a shrub native to South America; and others, also derived from plant substances. (For some time, a critical shortage of the pyrethrins appeared imminent, but these substances have recently been duplicated synthetically, so they should now be readily available.) In addition to making this change in the nature of chemical pesticides, we should diligently explore the possibilities of non-chemical methods of pest control. The use of insect diseases—caused by bacteria and viruses that attack certain types of destructive insects—has already been successful in some areas, and more extended tests of this method are planned. A great many other possibilities also exist for effective insect control by methods that will leave no residues on foods. But until a large-scale conversion to these methods has occurred, we shall have little relief from a situation that, by any common-sense standards, is intoler-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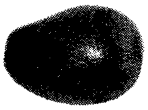

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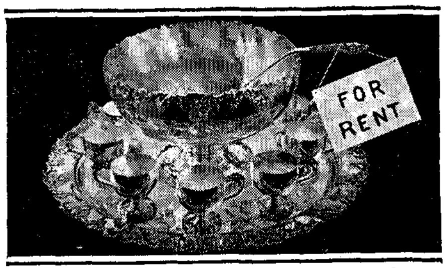

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able. As things are now, we are little better off than guests of the Borgias.

THE problem that this series of articles has attempted to make clear is that our world has been widely contaminated with the substances used in the control of insects—chemicals that have already invaded the water on which all living things depend, have entered into the soil, and have spread a toxic film over vegetation. The new chemicals do not single out the one species of which we desire to be rid. Each of them is used for the simple reason that it is a deadly poison. It therefore poisons all life with which it comes in contact—the cat beloved of a family, the farmer's cattle, the rabbit in the field, and the horned lark in the sky. These creatures are innocent of any harm to man. Indeed, by their very existence they make his life more pleasant. Yet he rewards them with a death that is sudden and horrible. The bird life of whole regions has already been almost wiped out, the fish of rivers and lakes have been destroyed, and lingering poisons have become lodged in the bodies of creatures ranging from the earthworms of the soil to the wild game of the forest. As for man himself, there is no reason to believe he is immune to the poisons that have already brought death to so many of these creatures with which he shares the earth. Where the effects on man are already known, they are found to be destructive. Beyond these known effects is the even more frightening prospect of damage that cannot be detected for years and of possible genetic effects that cannot be known for generations, by which time the havoc we have wrought cannot be undone. And it is ironic that in inflicting so much damage and incurring such risks we have destroyed many of the defenses in nature that are our true protection against the excessive multiplication of any species of insect, while even as we have done so, the insects that most seriously threaten our welfare have developed resistance to the chemicals used against them, raising the threat that we may lose control over insect-borne disease.

My contention is not that moderate chemical controls should never be used under any circumstances but, rather, that we must reduce their use to a minimum and must as rapidly as possible develop and strengthen biological controls. I contend that we have put poisonous and biologically potent chemicals indiscriminately into the hands of persons who are largely or wholly ignorant of the harm they can do. There is still a

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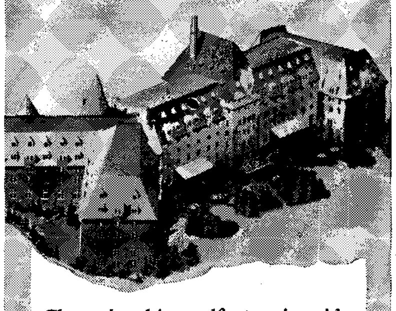

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very limited awareness of the nature of the threat. This is an era of specialists, each of whom sees his own problem and is unaware of or indifferent to the larger frame into which it fits. It is also an era dominated by industry, in which the right to make money, at whatever cost to others, is seldom challenged. We shall have no relief from this poisoning of the environment until our officials have the courage and integrity to declare that the public welfare is more important than dollars, and to enforce this point of view in the face of all pressures and all protests, even from the public itself. On those occasions when the public, confronted with some obvious evidence of the damaging results of pesticide applications, has ventured to question the use of poisonous chemicals, it has been fed little tranquillizing pills of half truth. We urgently need to put an end to these false assurances. It is the public that is being asked to assume the risks that the insect controllers calculate. The public must decide whether it wishes to continue on the present road, and it can do so only when it is in full possession of the facts. In the words of the French biologist Jean Rostand, "The obligation to endure gives us the right to know." —RACHEL CARSON

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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The young people of the First Baptist Church of Fellows went for an outing to Lebec last Saturday. They all had a good time, including Jimmie Tims. Miss Betty Brown and Miss Barbara Tims became so excited when they walked into the Lebec Cafe, filled with soldier's that they mistook the grey hound bus driver's for marine captains. The lady selling tickets at the plunge asked Jim Tims to wash his chin before he went into the pool. Miss Lynn Wilson in three feet of water, seeing a handsome tall blond cryed out, save me, I am drowning. Chuck was so bashful he stood in one corner of the pool. Ha!; have a good time young people. The Lord willing we will have baptismal service at close of the evening service July 3.—*Taft (Calif.) Daily Midway Driller.*

You'll have to get Chuck into deep water.

•

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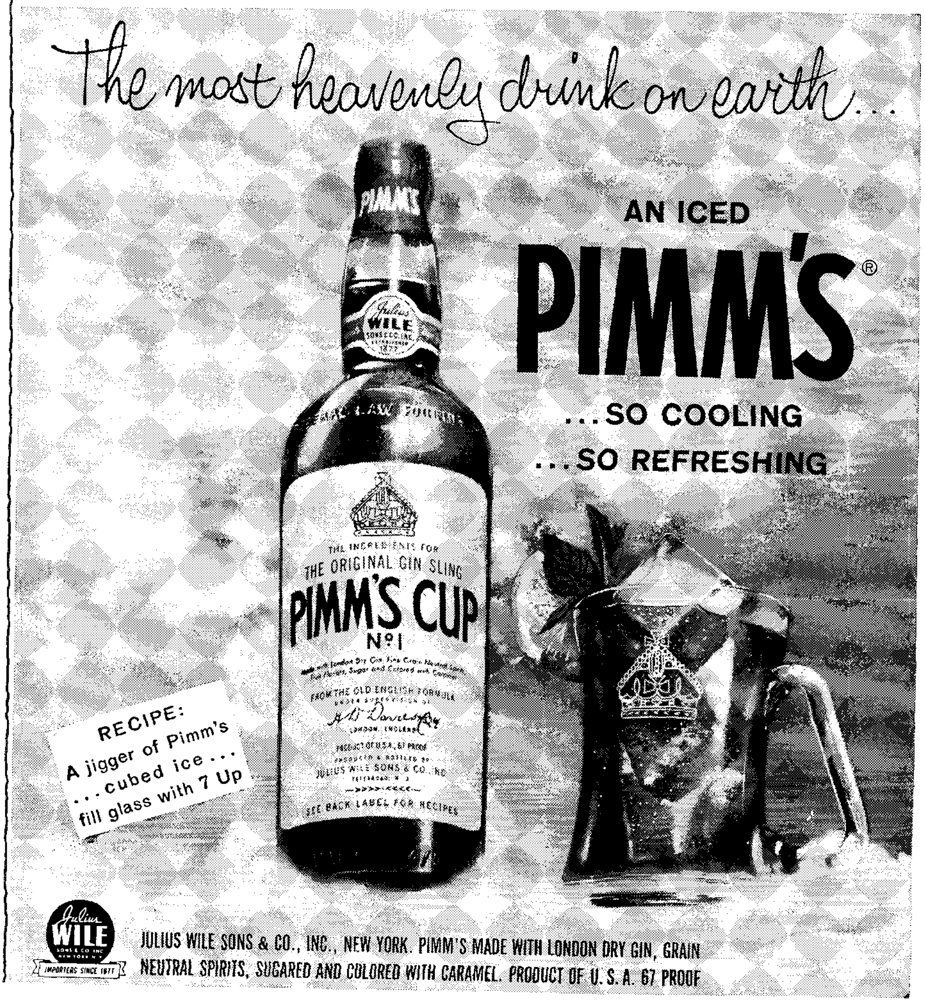

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Suburban Savages

AT a generous estimate, 2.7 per cent of "Boys' Night Out" is the amusing farce its writers, producer, director, and actors intended it to be; the rest is a tasteless run-through of old, soiled gags, wretchedly tumbled together and hung up to drip-dry in a climax of unparalleled ineptitude—three or four drunken Greenwich matrons are shown chasing their middle-aged husbands round and round an East Side apartment that the matrons believe to be a jointly held love nest, while the supposed seductress-in-residence (really, of course, a virginal sociology major, hard at work on a thesis) picks a fight of her own with a doltish admirer. The screamingly funny master gag on which the picture is based is that suburban husbands unanimously long to set up a blond cutie in a pad in town but, when the opportunity arrives, haven't the guts to go through with their boyish daydreams and soon return, presumably with renewed affection, to their tiresome mates and repellent Little League children. Not a very sound basis for comedy under the best of circumstances, and when the writing is crude and the acting elementary . . . Perhaps it would be fairer to my readers to reduce the estimate I gave above to 1.6 per cent. Of this, 1.5 per cent may be credited to Tony Randall, who, to survive misadventures of this sort, must have nerves of steel, and .1 per cent to Miss Kim Novak, the star of the picture, for her pretty mouth and nacreous skin.

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"THE SKY ABOVE—THE MUD BELOW" is a French documentary of an expedition that crossed Dutch New Guinea a few years ago, trudging through what the narration describes as the largest still unexplored area left on earth and suffering extraordinary hardships along the way. The expedition consisted of seven Europeans and sixty Papuan porters. It covered approximately a thousand miles in the course of seven months, fording swift rivers, climbing high mountain ranges, and observing at close hand the tribal practices of cannibals and head-hunters who, again according to the narration, live as their forebears did in the Stone Age, seven thousand years ago. The picture purports to be purely scientific and therefore unrehearsed, though I have my doubts (in a few scenes one speculates on how the camera happened to be in precisely the right place at precisely the right moment to record an unexpected event); it is certainly a chance to study curiosities of custom and dress that outdo one's fondest recollections of those treasures of unself-conscious nakedness which, in a primmer time, gave the *National Geographic* so vital a place in the coming of age of American boys. The narration was written by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, the brave man who organized and led the expedition. M. Gaisseau is a terrible writer, and his nougaty prose is all too thoroughly Fletcherized for us, in English, by William Peacock.

"STOWAWAY IN THE SKY" is a fine picture for children. Written and directed by Albert Lamorisse, who wrote and directed "The Red Balloon" and "White Mane," it tells a fairy story about an eccentric old Parisian aeronaut who takes his grandson on a thrilling, zigzag balloon ride across France. For a while, even adults may enjoy the sense of floating just above the delectable French countryside and among the turrets of castles, the spires of churches, the horns of wild stags, and the slowly beating wings of innumerable flamingos, but wonders repeated become less and less wonderful, and M. Lamorisse has not troubled to provide us with anything else. A certain amount of English dialogue has been clumsily dubbed in, and an English narration, written by S. N. Behrman, is recited by Jack Lemmon. Mr. Lemmon's voice isn't exactly Old World.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Explanatory note on a picture postcard from Japan*]

SUMOH: TRADITIONAL SPORT IN JAPAN

SUMOH is a match of strength in Japan. Two naked athletes empty-handed with only MAWASHI on game in a circle of 15 ft. diameter called DOHYO-BA and the fight finishes by throwing down a rival on the place or by putting out from. The other nations had a same kind of games, but SUMOH in JAPAN has developed like now from the keynote of the sitting life of Japanese, and the athletes with peculiar strong legs and the lions of sitting race have brought forth several techniques and refined them. Consequently the sport called SUMOH, had been loved with public like now, is accomplished.

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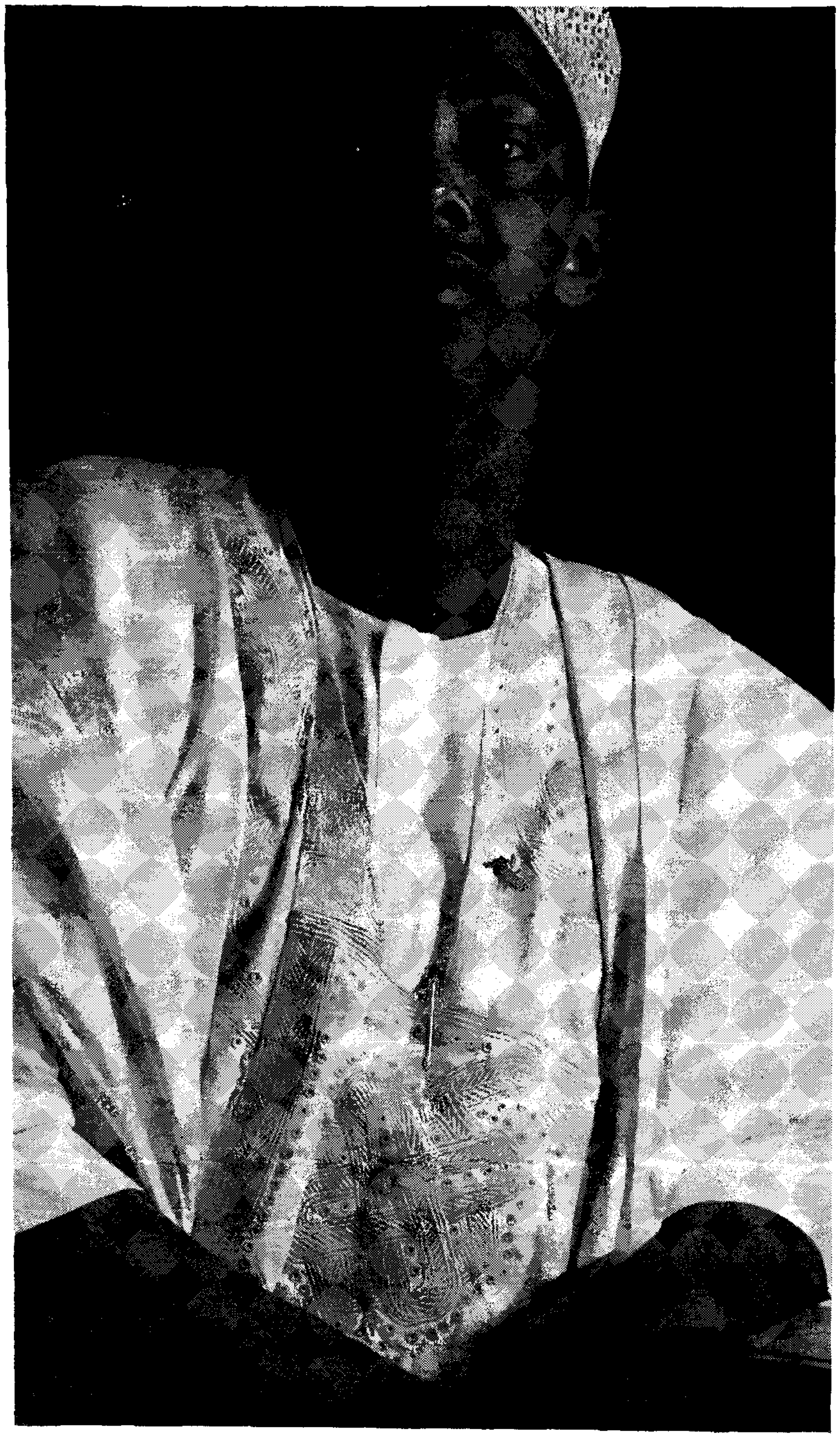

Parker

We were surprised and delighted to learn that a group of students at Hussey College in Nigeria (without any encouragement from us) have formed a club called The Society of Parker Pen Owners. Its slogan is "*Aut calamus optimus aut nihil.*" (Either the best pen or none.)

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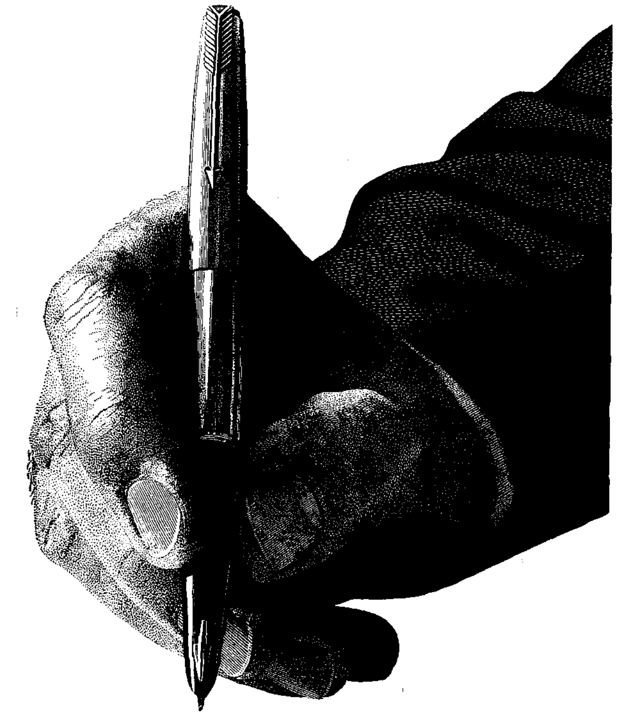
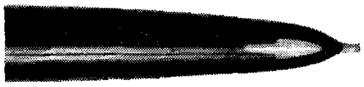


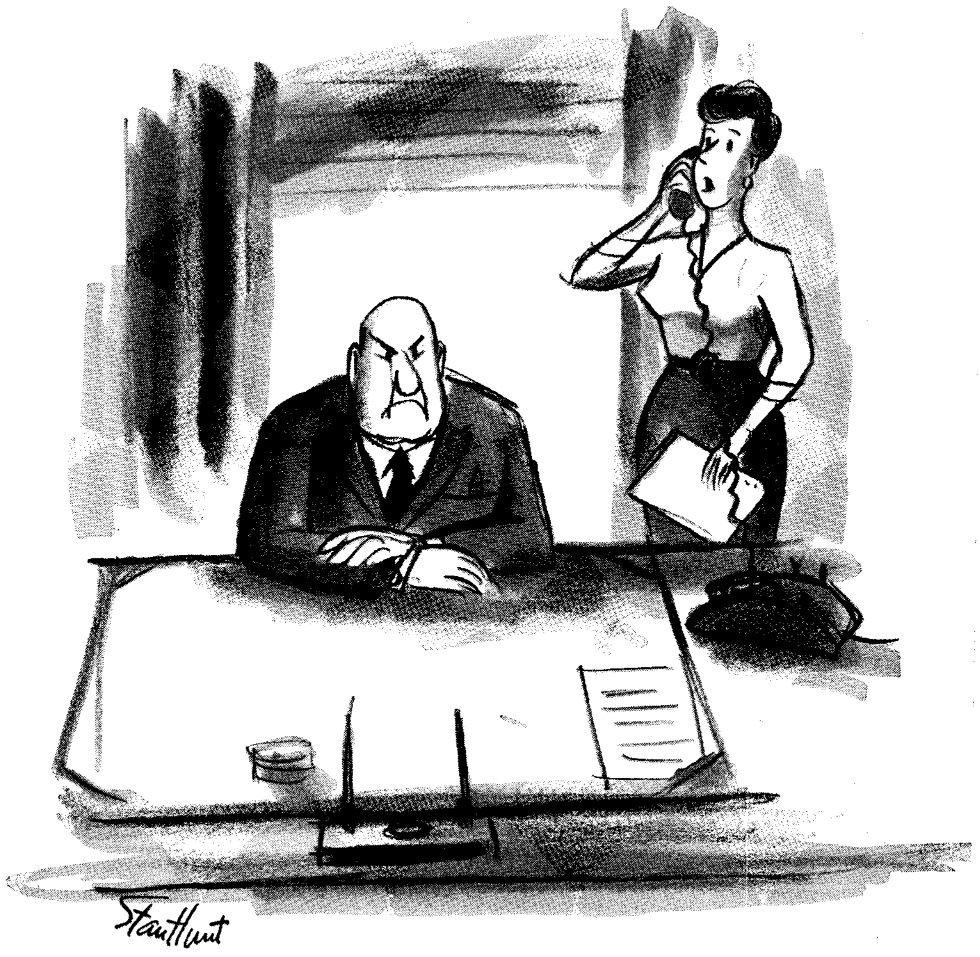


The remarkable Parker 61

LETTER FROM COVENTRY

COVENTRY, a city where people's material prosperity can be felt cheerfully in the streets as they pour home in their cars of an evening from the factories to the garden plots of the housing estates, or pour out to the pubs and the shops and the dance halls to spend the money, has just acquired a splendid contemporary building dedicated to the spirit, and it is one that even citizens who were aesthetically hostile to the project or are in every way indifferent to it now can recognize as a good thing for the community. Like medieval pilgrims travelling to see a great new ecclesiastical structure, visitors are swarming into town in their thousands—a good deal less picturesquely, no doubt, than their Middle Ages counterparts—to inspect the new Cathedral Church of St. Michael and to attend the various events of the festival that is celebrating its consecration. The cash registers jingle merrily. "Forty parties to get in at six-thirty tonight before the theatre!" moans (not too unhappily) the pleasant headwaiter in the grillroom of the Hotel Leofric, the also new hotel named gratefully for the Earl of Mercia, who founded, in 1043, the Benedictine monastery that began Coventry's importance by attracting craftsmen of many kinds, merchants, and pilgrims certainly more pious than today's wearily tramping tourists. Thanks to this astute and devout gesture, three hundred years later Coventry ranked with York and Bristol as one of the three most thriving cities outside London, and had fortified itself and its cash stoutly with three miles of wall, thirty-two towers, and twelve gates. Outside the Leofric, his Countess Godiva now rides in bronze and nudity among municipal azaleas, with high-flown Tennyson couplets on the plinth. When the hour strikes, a door pops open on the clock tower in Broadgate to reveal to the passersby yet another Godiva, pink as a strawberry ice, on a little shiny white horse that ambles jerkily out of sight while, overhead, Peeping Tom peers goggle-eyed from behind a shutter. A Coventrian showing me the way to something stubbed a pencil into a map of the city, saying, "Now then, here's Lady G."—so comfortably does the past lie down with the present in Coventry. The ruins of Leofric's monastery, destroyed not by fire bombs, as the old cathedral was, but by the anticlerical order of Henry VIII, can be seen in Priory Row, not a stone's throw from the controversial new cathedral, designed by Sir Basil Spence, and not more than a really good stone's throw from the refreshment corner, in the shade of both the new and the ruined cathedrals, where, under gay, positively Gallic blue-and-yellow umbrellas invitingly circled with advertisements for Dubonnet, the wilted visitors sit and revive themselves recklessly with coffees or milk shakes. There is also a cozy little pub crowding right in under the broad wing of the church. Most English cathedrals keep the city at a distance with stretches of lawn and charming, sedate houses, beside whose walls magnolias hold up their wax cups, and through whose doors ecclesiastical figures flit. But in Coventry the great warm-pink sandstone bulk of the cathedral is wedged tight into the daily life of pub and town—symbolically, if nothing else. On the west, it is hidden by the shopping center, and to the east it is exposed to the huge blank stare of industrial Coventry.

When I asked an acquaintance who lives here what people felt about their new possession, which is arousing extraordinary national interest, he answered, "Well, to be honest, as far as the average workingman is concerned, he couldn't care less. Only the people who go to church and what you might call the intellectuals are excited about it." But it seems to me that many citizens are now proud of it, whatever they thought of it while it was being built, and that they take much civic pride and interest in the new Coventry, which is expanding all the time out of its resurrected affluence. Before the war, it was a city of two hundred thousand people. Now over three hundred thousand live here, filling the pubs and the cafés with the accents of strangers from other cities and countries who have come in to work in the thriving motorcar, aircraft, textile, electrical, and other factories. Another Coventrian lamented to me that in the old days it used to be a nice, friendly sort of place, where, though you could not, of course, know two hundred thousand people, you knew hundreds by sight who would say "Nice day" as they passed you on the street. "Now," he said, "they change too fast for you to know anybody." The housing estates creep ever farther into the green Warwickshire countryside, and most of the neat little houses have cars standing outside them. Saturday afternoons in the Precinct, the famous pedes-



"I'm sorry, but Mr. Burny isn't speaking to anyone today. He's mad."

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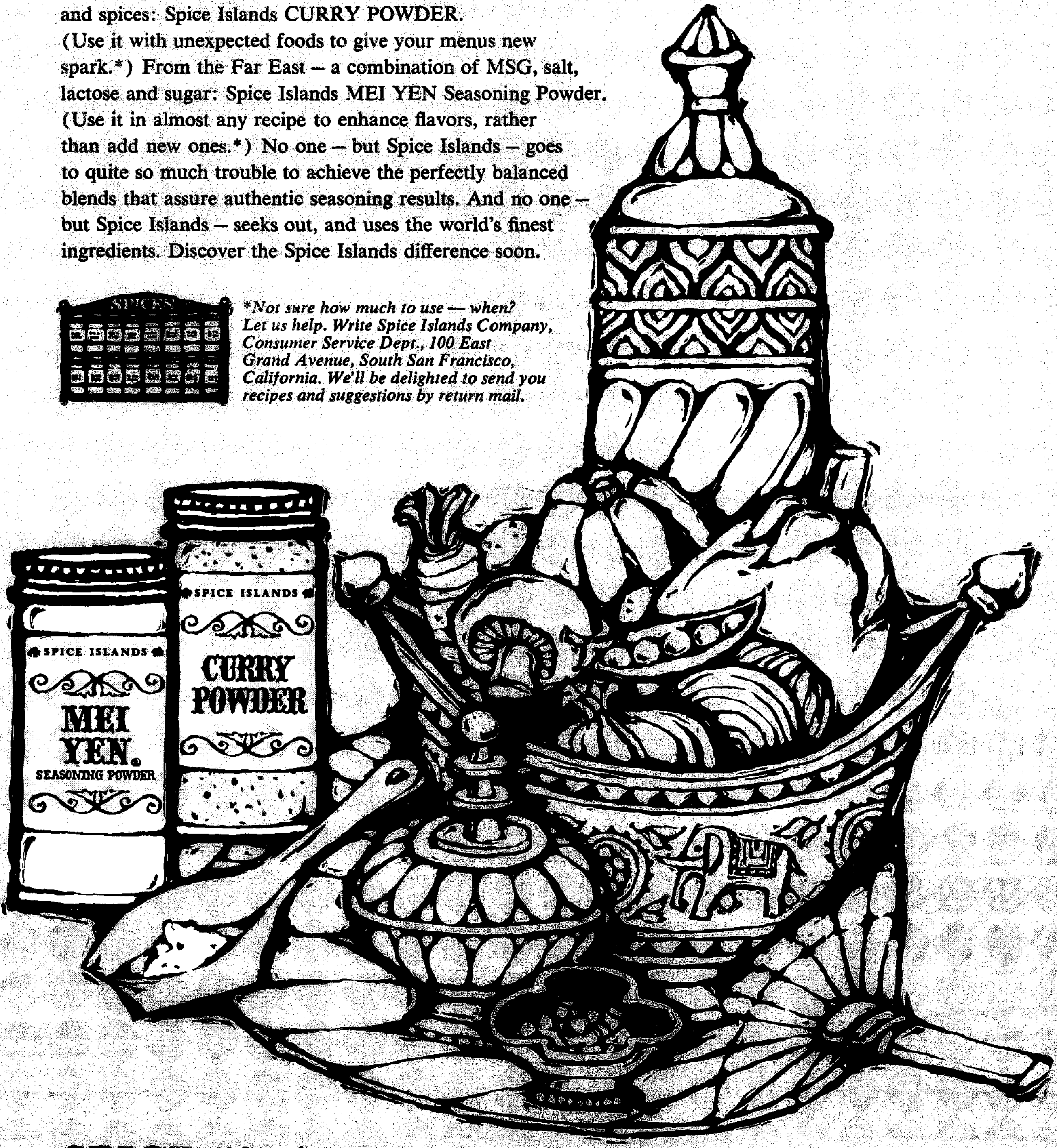

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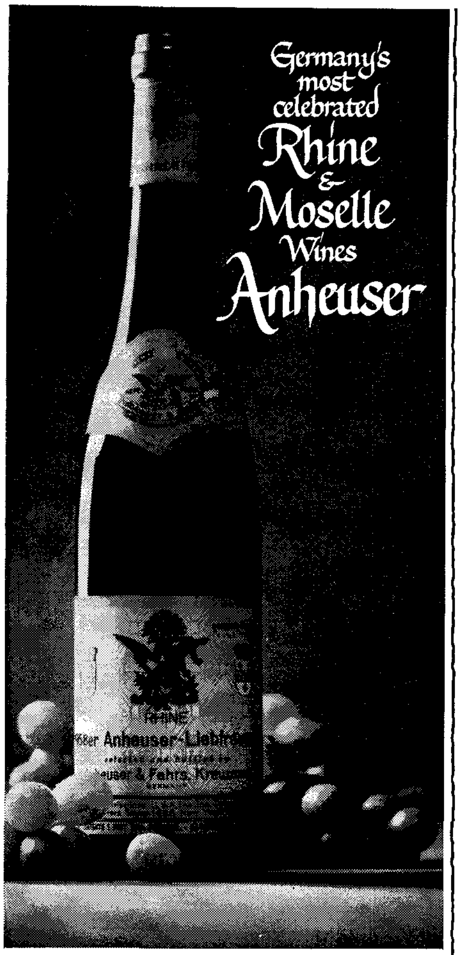

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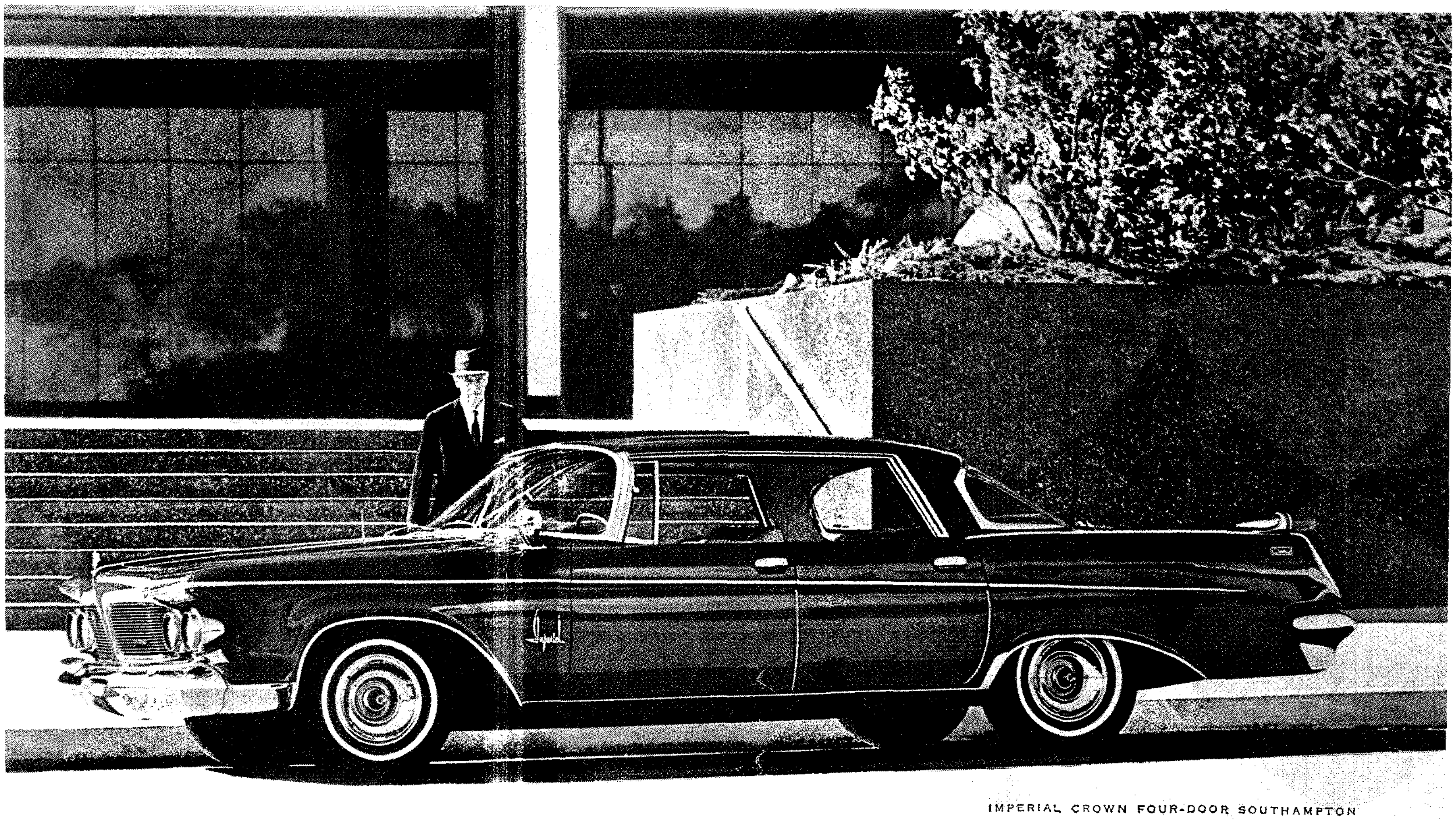
trian shopping center that also rose from the ruins of the blitz, are as lively as a bowl of popping cereal. The crowds mill along the double-decked shopping walks, free of the tyranny of the car, and sit down to rest their feet in piazzas planted with flowering trees. In a little kiosk in the Precinct the city planners have a permanent show of enlarged photographs of bomb-damaged neighborhoods and a model of the reconstruction that has been carried out so far and is still to come, and I have noticed that its windows are always surrounded by little knots of interested, arguing citizens. Coventry has a predominantly Labour council, which originally objected strongly to the idea of the new cathedral and has still made no financial contribution toward it; unlike its rival, Birmingham, Coventry is largely a city of the skilled technician and the artisan, not of the white-collar worker. But today it has put one over on all rivals. Banners stream along the main street, royalty has come and gone, the celebrities and the nonentities are flocking into the town, and the cash registers are singing a festival anthem.

In the pub near the cathedral, I listened the other evening to a lady who appeared to be in sympathy with Henry VIII saying to her companion over a gin that she could not understand why they had not knocked down the old cathedral entirely while they were at it. "It would have been nice to start fresh, without those messy old ruins," she said. "They're a symbol, dear," said her friend. The lady clucked her tongue, like one who wishes to be busy with a dustpan. The pub that evening was, I suppose, a fairly good sampling of the new, international Coventry. North Country and Welsh voices tangled argumentatively with Irish ones at the bar. Three Pakistanis came in and ordered beers; the unseen wing of the church under which the pub sits is not, after all, the mantle of the Prophet, so they bent cheerfully over their tankards. I had already noticed about the town a large number of Pakistani women, graceful in their thin, fluttering trousers and scarves. A West Indian couple sat next to the lady who would have dealt tidily with the historic dirt. I got into conversation with a thin Irishman whose friendly black mongrel bitch (in herself a fine cross-section of many races, all amiably entwined) was being stood bags of potato chips by acquaintances among the drinkers. Her technique was to receive the packet graciously in her mouth and stand beaming at the donor for a while, then to lie down, rip it open neatly, and crunch it to the dregs. The Irishman said that he had not yet looked in on the cathedral, though he worked just around the corner. A middle-aged Scot who said that he had driven a party of schoolteachers down from Edinburgh in his motorbus observed tolerantly, "They're in there now," waving his pipe in the direction of Sir Basil Spence's structure. For himself, he indicated, he would sit here waiting patiently, like a good shepherd, while his flock browsed in the cultural pastures. One way and another, he said, he had seen an awful lot of cathedrals.

I HAVE a good deal of sympathy with the Coventrians who have not yet felt enough curiosity to look inside their remarkable new landmark. Besides curiosity, one must have time. All day and every day, the great queues stand waiting to get in, and the cathedral authorities, alarmed by the thousands converging on them now that the holiday season is here, have just requested the public to think twice about paying a visit for at least a month. From the porch of the cathedral, the queues wind back up an alley, at times reaching as far as the neighboring parish church of Holy Trinity, built, like the bombed cathedral, in the fourteenth century. Holy Trinity escaped on that awful, brilliantly (alas) moonlit cold and clear night of November 14, 1940, when the city burned. The two great fortresses of religion, which were built so close together that someone standing in the porch of one must have been able to hear Mass being chanted in the other, were like chess pieces—one topped with a head in a helmet and the other with a head in a mitre, looking at each other from their towers. The town was shared between Earl and Prior. The Earl's men worshipped in St. Michael's, which in 1918 became Coventry's cathedral, and the Prior's men in Holy Trinity. Honors in competitive piety and architectural precedence were thus handsomely even.

Today's visitors inch their way toward the twentieth century. All day and every day, they stand with their



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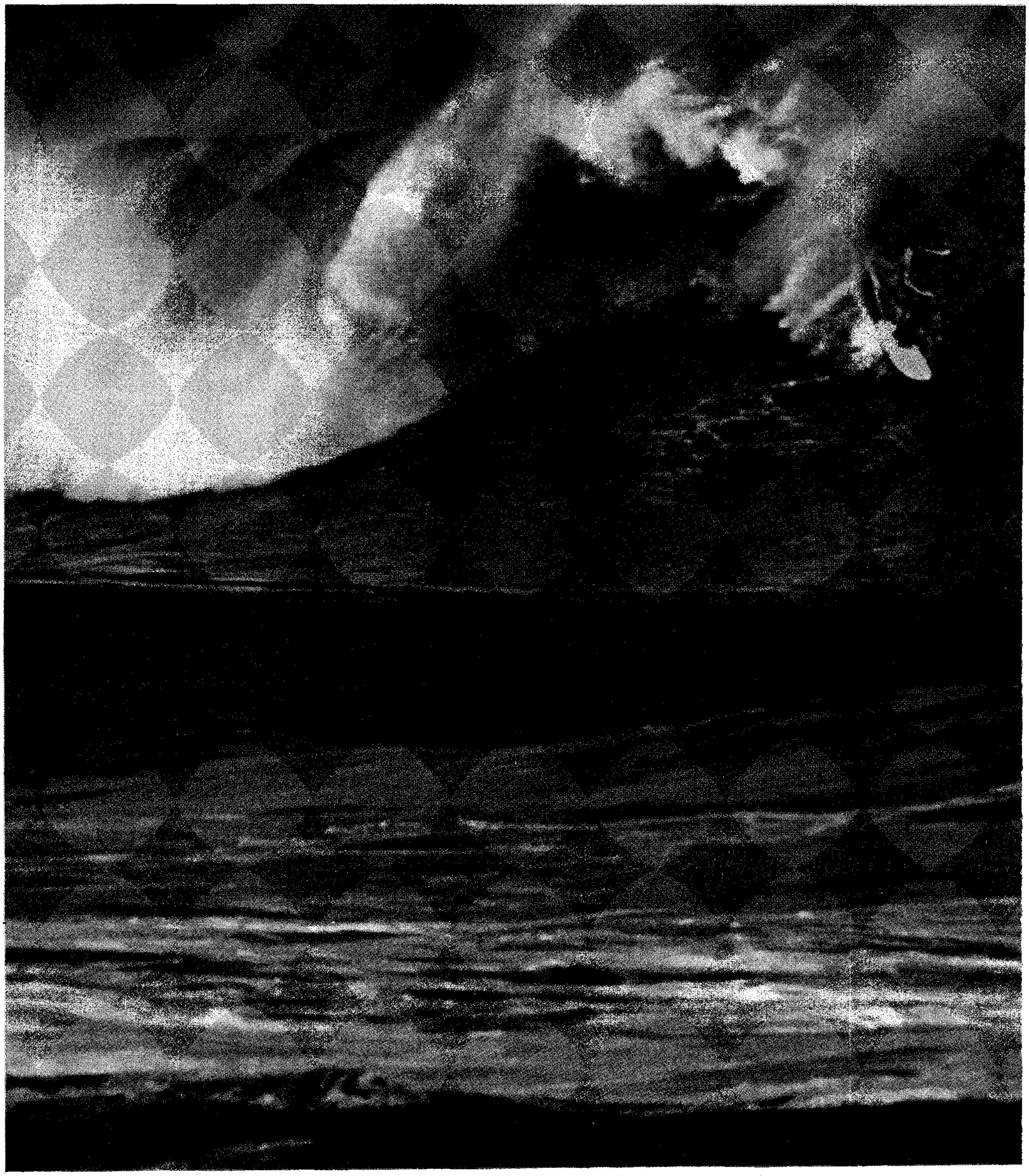

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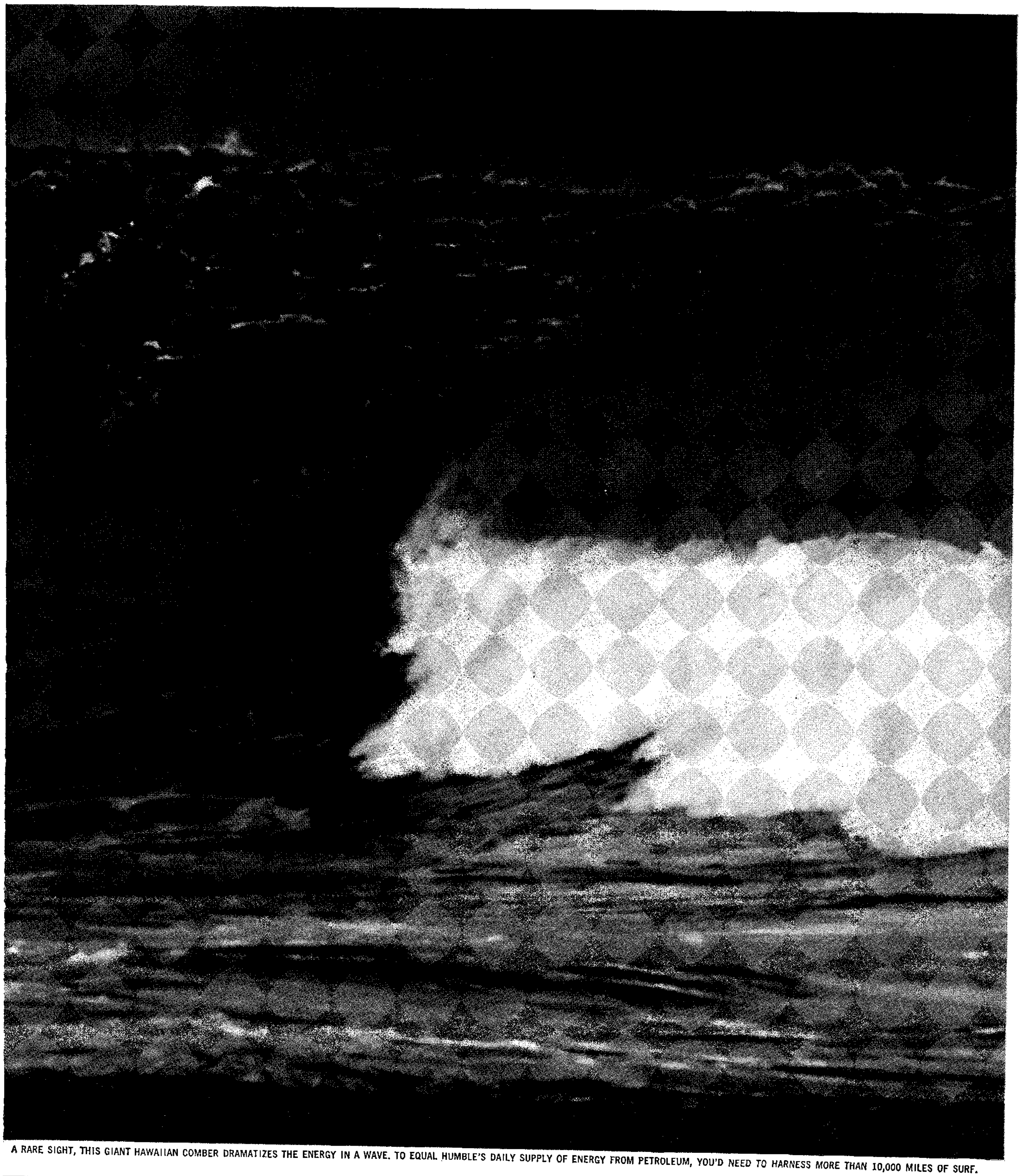

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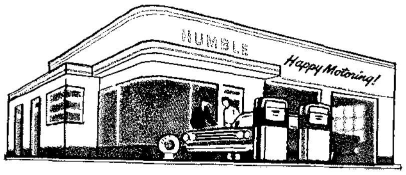

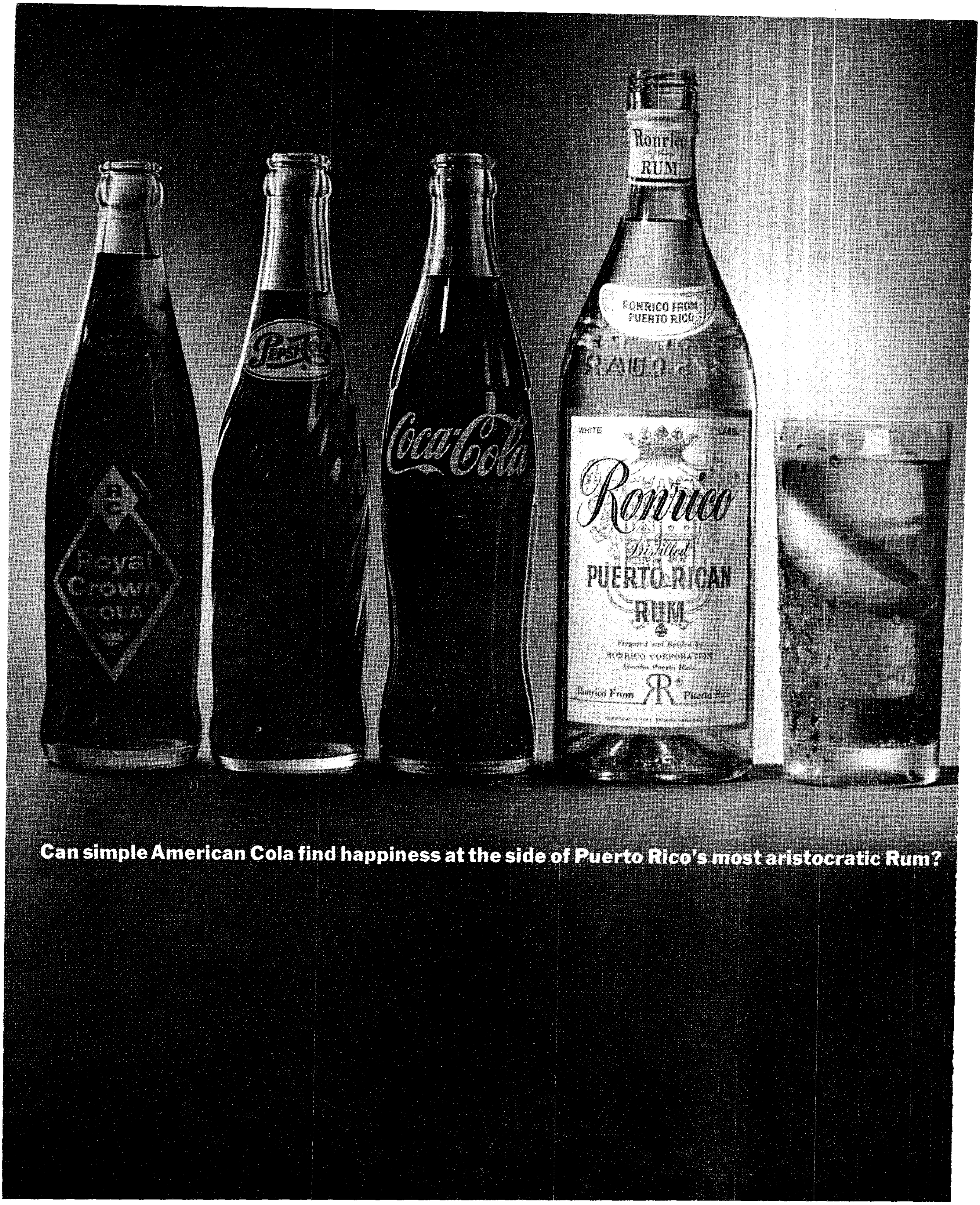
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faces turned hopefully up at the rectangular pink building, topped by its frail gilded flèche, or hollow spire. The flèche was neatly dropped into place by an R.A.F. helicopter when the cathedral was nearing completion. Later, the helicopter called again and, deft as a seamstress, threaded the securing bolt of Geoffrey Clarke's winged abstract weathervane through the eye of the spire, in "Operation Camel." From time to time, the waiting crowds are disappointed and the doors of the cathedral are closed. The courteous and long-suffering stewards who stand about to direct the public inside and out explain that it must rest for an hour or two—like a famous personage, still gracious but somewhat dishevelled from welcoming a throng of strangers—while it is prepared for one of the Festival recitals of music or for its real business of being a workshop of God. The shuffling queues of visitors calling upon it from morning to night in order to appraise it and the treasures with which it has been adorned are unable to stop and bend their knees even if they wish to, since the chairs in the vast nave are corded off. The intention of the authorities is to get people in and out again as quickly as possible. But there are services every day, all packed to the doors, and while they are being held, still more people mill around outside, staring at the backs of the faithful through the soaring glass end wall of the cathedral. This is called the West Front, in deference to traditional ecclesiastic orientation; actually, the building runs north and south, to line it up at right angles with the tower and ruined arches of the old cathedral—the past to which, in spite of the house-proud ladies who would have preferred to sweep away the scorched Gothic debris with little "Shoo!"s, the architect has brilliantly linked his design with a tall, open pillared portico.

One thousand communicants, I am told, came to the services on the Sunday I arrived here. Another morning, I saw sixteen hundred children from various parishes of the diocese come clattering in, herded by their young teachers, to attend one of a succession of schoolchildren's services being held during these first weeks of the still younger cathedral's life. As brushed and ribboned and shined up as puppies prepared by proud owners for a big day, they stumped over the glossy black marble floor, turning their bright, inquisitive glances calmly around them. The teachers occasionally directed them in whispers—"Look, there's the stone from Bethlehem I told you about," or "See

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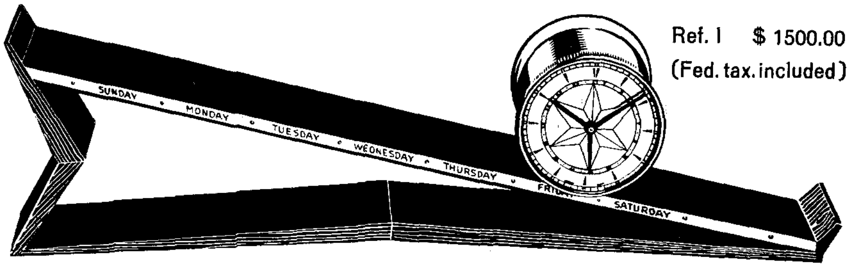

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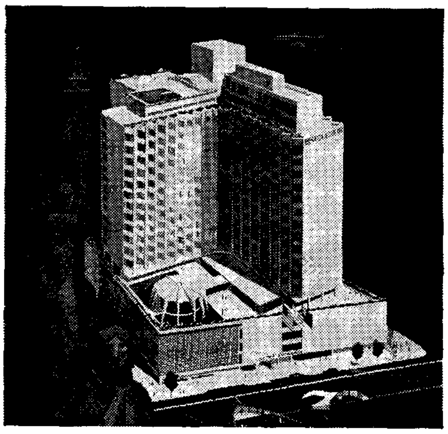

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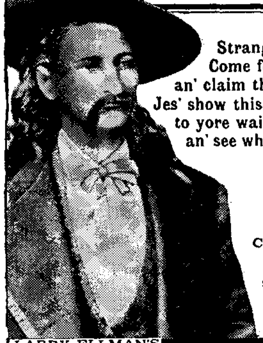

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the lovely window, Maurice?" Maurice took it in his stride, and so did all the fifteen hundred and ninety-nine others. It was contemporary and so were they, and they recognized each other.

This was more than could be said for some of the older visitors, as I discovered during the time that I spent standing and staring and shuffling on, and standing and staring again in their company. They were surprised by much that we saw, and not totally at ease with it. None of us had any difficulty, it seemed, in admiring the late Sir Jacob Epstein's enormous bronze figures of St. Michael and Satan, who hang from a completely blank exterior wall guarding the steps of the portico on the true east side. We understand this, and so would the fourteenth-century Earl's men. The Archangel, the special patron of the cathedral, is a fine figure as, pinions and legs spread wide, he triumphantly straddles the conquered Lucifer, whom Epstein has made to resemble a noble savage, a trussed-up Sioux warrior. At the moment, we feel, he is down, and he looks dejected. But he is also thinking things out, and before the Saint's count is finished he will be up and laying about him again. An ancient city right of way passes through the portico that connects the new with the perpetually nudging old, so hundreds of Coventry people going about their business will hurry by this mighty conflict every day, noticing or not noticing. Most of us shufflers seemed to admire, too, John Hutton's immense glass West screen, through which you enter the cathedral. On its hundred panels, reaching from roof to floor, he has engraved with frosty delicacy the figures of airy-winged seraphic musicians and attenuated saints, swaddled in bonds as though resurrected in their earthly cerements, who appear, as you look out, to float against the daylight like skeleton leaves. The effect is particularly beautiful in the twilight, when they dissolve in the crepuscular blue. But, as you look in, the effect changes. I do not know whether the intention was for people outside to be able to see through the glass and straight down the nave to the Graham Sutherland tapestry of Christ in Glory above the altar. What happens is that visitors standing before the cathedral entrance see the reflection of themselves. In this glassy cliff appear, faithfully doubled, the young men raising their Leicas and grumbling about these very reflections; the parties of tired Women's Institute members; and community outings from all over, the mothers grabbing at children who keep dodging off to see the splashes of tarry lead that dripped from the melting roof

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twenty-two years ago onto the stones above the famous charred-wood Cross and the words "Father, forgive" since cut in the wall of the destroyed cathedral. All are mixed up with the arch of reflected sky and with the Heavenly Host on the screen, who seem to wing up and down among the Women's Institute hats as though on some bewildering Jacob's ladder. Maybe, after all, the effect was intentional in a structure so imaginatively planned to mix, to bridge, to take what it wants from the traditional and to equate it with the world of the Leica and the world that shows up on no negatives.

WHEN I finally managed to see the inside of the cathedral for the first time, approaching it in a great procession of pilgrims after a wait that I would have been only too happy to enliven with a bit of chanting, I found that my eyes were constantly being delighted by some sort of invention or surprise. Sir Basil Spence's cathedral does not immediately declare itself to its visitors. "Behold, I show you a mystery," it says, and it proceeds to do so. The great, plain nave, gray and severe, soars up to a ceiling of diamond-shaped lozenges, which in a Gothic cathedral would be ribbed with stone and supported stoutly by pillars decorated with cherubim and acanthus leaves. But here the diamonds are of warmly colored slatted spruce, crisp and elegant, held up lightly by slender, tapered concrete columns, as the poles hold up the canopy over the head of a bishop in a medieval painting. This is, I think, the only cathedral I have ever seen where the organ is a satisfying part of the design, and not a distraction. The huge, glittering pipes are placed in four tiers on either side of the chancel arch and form lovely patterns of their own. To the right, as you enter, is the explosion—the sunburst of the enormous curved baptistery window, designed by John Piper, for which Patrick Reyntiens made the glass. This takes the breath away from us shufflers, carpers and enthusiasts alike. From floor to ceiling, its stone honeycomb holds rectangles of glowing light—ruby, cornflower, emerald—converging in the center into a burst of radiant yellows, representing the Holy Spirit descending. Mr. Piper designed the copes for the cathedral clergy in the same stinging yellow. His window gives you the sort of satisfaction that you feel when looking at the windows in King's College, Cambridge, and in years to come it may well be ranked with them. The rest of the splendid glass secretes itself as you come in. The ten tall, narrow windows in the

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nave, designed (also in the abstract idiom) by Lawrence Lee, Geoffrey Clarke, and Keith New, are hidden away in the oblique angles of the gray walls, so that their glow and the bright daylight from the glass entrance screen are focussed on the dramatic terminal of the Sutherland Christ. They symbolize the journey of man from his beginning, represented by the first pair of windows, in sap greens and earth browns, on through passionate reds and thoughtful purples, to the pale, silvery no-colors representing death and resurrection. No stage in the journey can be experienced until you draw level with it; it is only when you have reached the end and stand under the Sutherland that you can survey the whole scheme. The great tapestry, loomed in the famous Pinton Frères workshops, near Aubusson, provides the final surprise, which I found disconcerting, by deliberately refusing to look like woven wool and brilliantly imitating paint. If I had not known, from having so often been dutifully staggered by reading it in print, that the tapestry is the largest in the world, weighing nearly a ton and requiring to be carried in, on its crated arrival from France, by forty strong men, like Lilliputians bearing the coffin of a dead Gulliver, I would have thought that this was a fresco painting, in flat, cool colors. Christ sits enthroned in stiff Byzantine majesty, framed in an oval icon against a background of apple green, with touches of red and mauve in the four symbolic beasts of the Evangelists that surround the medallion. The glowing eyes are extraordinary. This is the most controversial of all of Coventry's works of art, and on the whole my section of shufflers seemed to find it puzzling. They were disturbed by the femininity of the figure's garment and, above all, by the curious egg-shaped balloon of the skirt, which repeats the shape of the ovoid frame. After prolonged study, the man in front of me snapped to his wife, "I call it pretentious and un-English," thus claiming Christ for the Anglo-Saxons. But there is no doubt that it dominates in awe-inspiring fashion, and the sombre, spiky little Crucifixion scene that is part of the bottom section of the tapestry and forms the reredos of the small Lady Chapel altar, immediately behind the plain concrete slab of the high altar, is extremely beautiful.

I WAS able to study the cathedral more quietly when I went to hear some of the Festival musical events that took place in it. The program of festivities in its honor stretched over three weeks and was so full of good things

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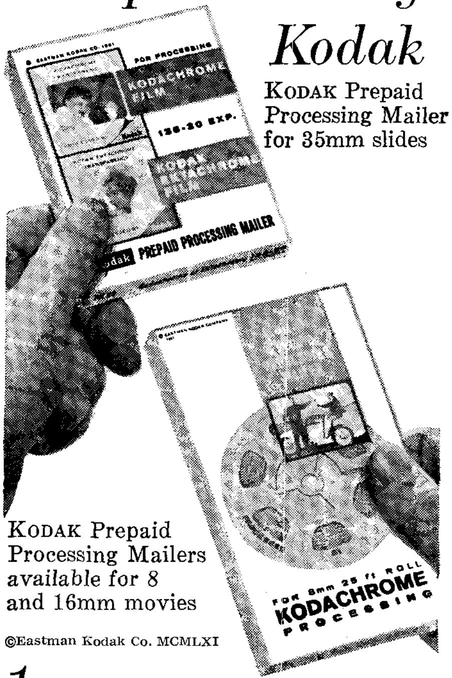
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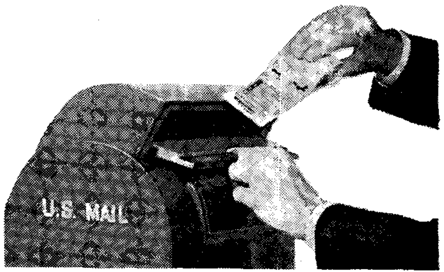

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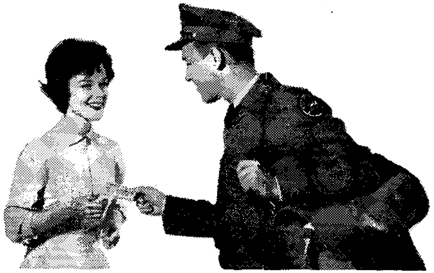

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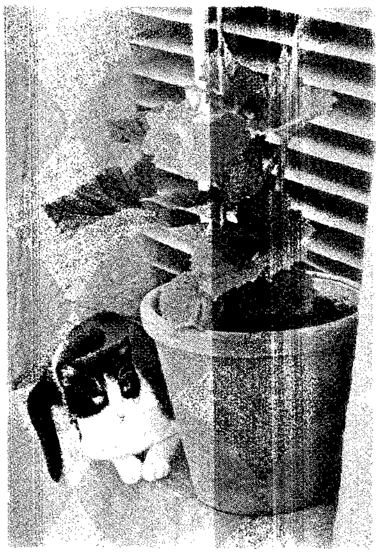

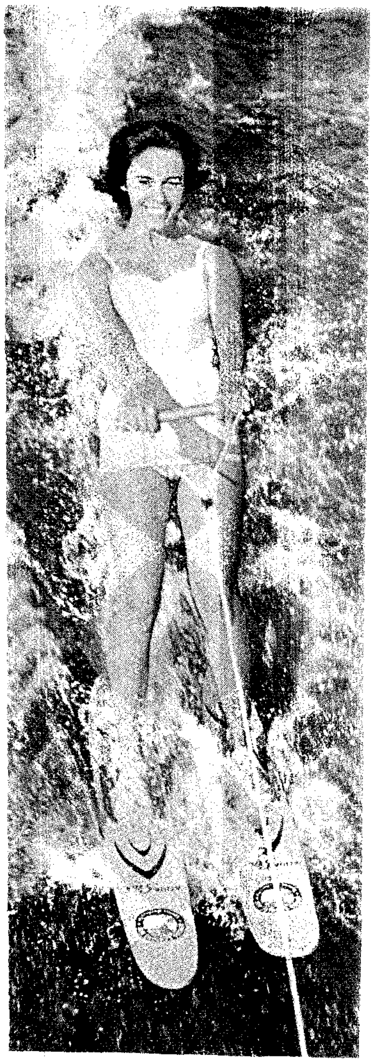

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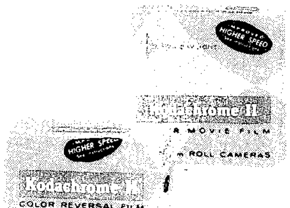
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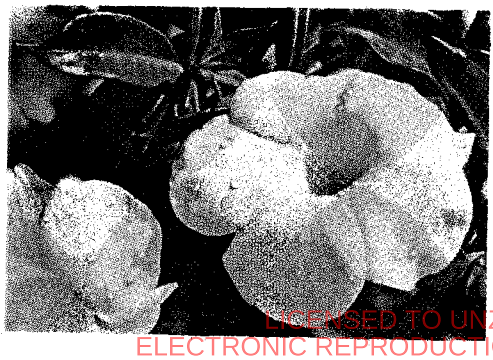

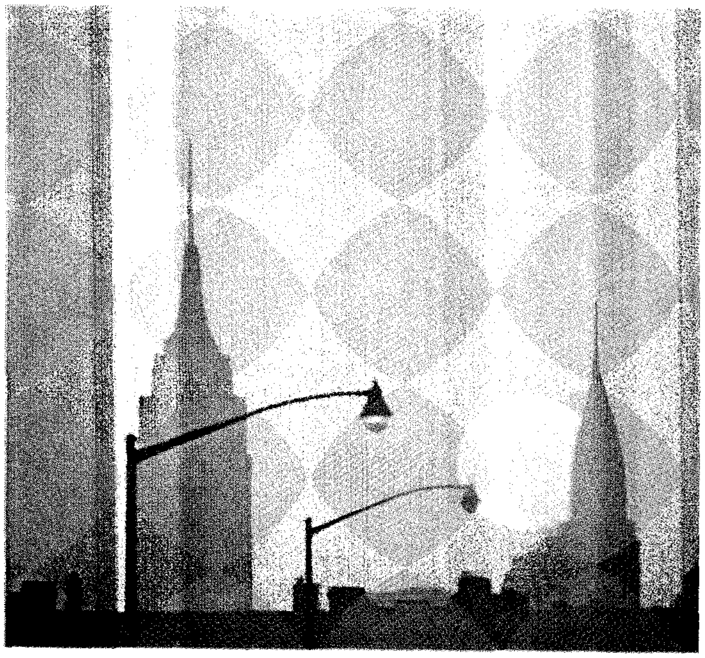

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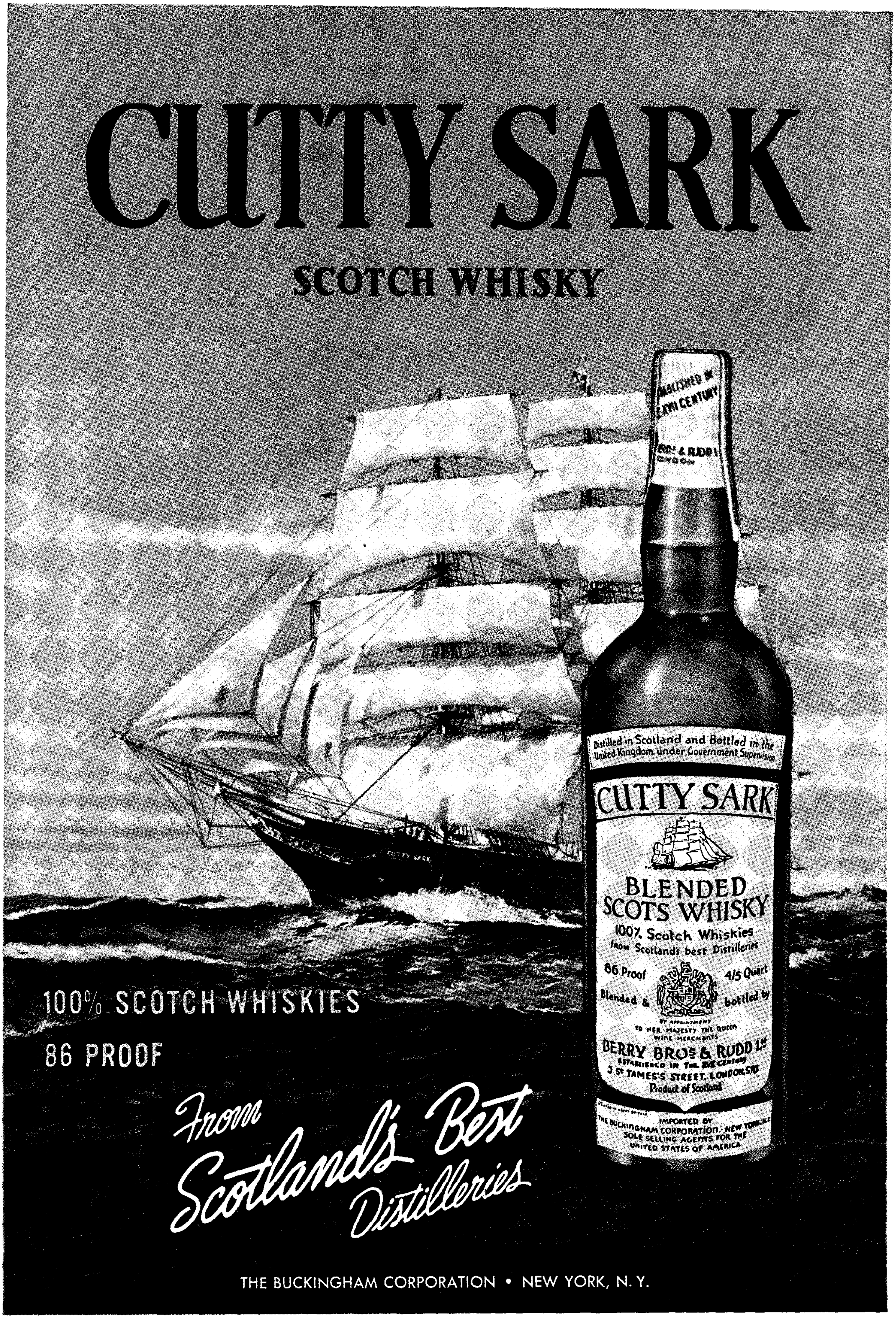
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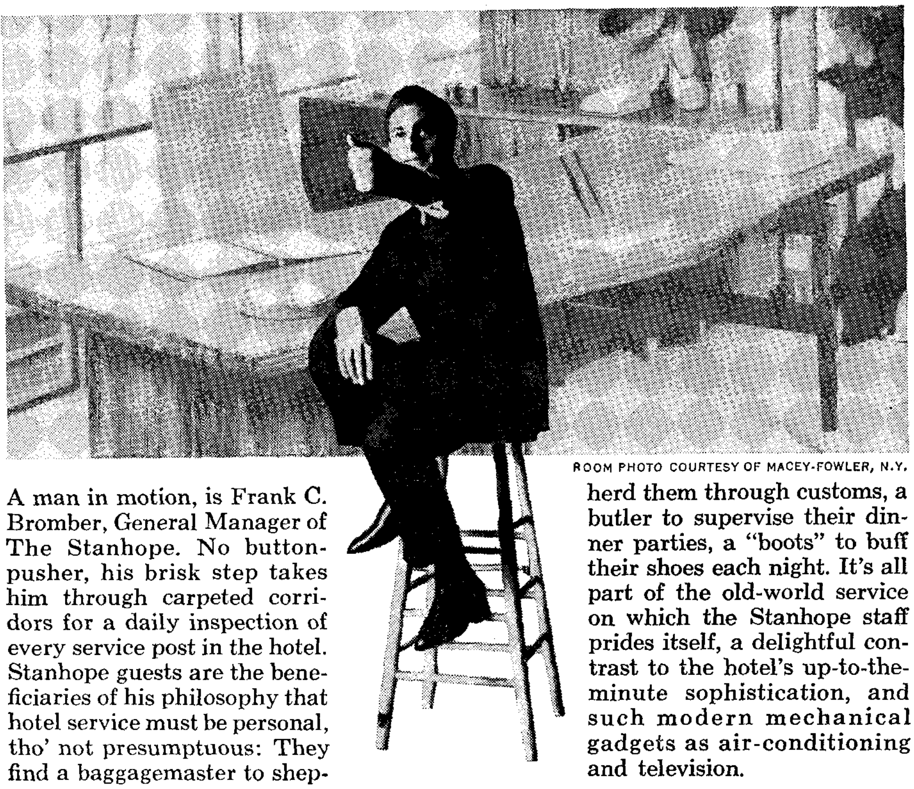
that one wished to be there for all. The Royal Ballet leaped at the Coventry Theatre. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company gave two programs of poetry and prose readings—"The Hollow Crown" and "The Vagaries of Love"—at the handsome Belgrade Theatre, which was finished in 1958 and was named in gratitude to Yugoslavia for having given a gift of timber to assist Coventry to rise again from the rubble. It is a warm, friendly city, and likes to make a note of helping hands, whether Leofric's or Tito's. The Covent Garden Opera Company presented the world première of Michael Tippet's new opera, "King Priam," early in the Festival. The ancient Coventry mystery plays could be seen most days in the cathedral ruins, if only one could solve the mystery of how to squeeze in among the cameras to snap them with one's old-fashioned naked eyes. As for the comely daughter towns clustered around the cathedral city, they gave birth to baby festivals of their own in sympathy with the great year. Lovely Leamington (with its Regency terraces), Warwick, and Pershore all had cultural happy events to celebrate the big christening in Coventry, and Kenilworth Castle went French every night and let *son* as well as *lumière* mount dizzily to its old head. Meanwhile, in suddenly benign June weather, the huge trees, the bluebells, and the broad streams and lush fields of Warwickshire got along quietly with their own festival, well attended on Sunday by family parties leaving Coventry with flapping-eared dogs, children, fishing rods, and baskets stowed in the backs of their cars.

The cathedral provided the most thrilling setting for concerts, naturally, though what the eye gained the ear lost, owing to the acoustics, which were said to have been subdued by the latest modern methods but went on being sturdily intractable. Yehudi Menuhin gave a superb Bach recital there; the choir of King's College, Cambridge, came and sang amidst the alien stained glass; and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, to emphasize the reconciliation theme of the new cathedral, gave two concerts. The towering musical landmark of the Festival, however (though the Tippet opera, which I was not able to see, was also greatly acclaimed), was the performance of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," specially written for the place and the occasion. To make its message even more crystal-clear, Britten planned its solo parts for an English tenor, a German baritone, and a Russian soprano—Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Galina



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Vishnevskaya. At the last moment, Mme. Vishnevskaya cancelled with regrets, an event attributed here to the Soviet government's objections to its artiste's appearing in a performance with a West German and a young English singer. Heather Harper took her place. In this tremendous work, Britten has found an imaginative device to make a bridge, as Spence's cathedral does, between the consolation and certainty of tradition and the personal emotional statement. The text for the soprano soloist, the large mixed choir and very large orchestra (conducted by Meredith Davies), and an unseen chorus of boys is the Latin Mass for the Dead. But between the great mournful words of the liturgy Britten has inserted, with a stroke of genius, nine lacerating poems by a poet of the First World War—Wilfred Owen. These are sung by the tenor and baritone to the accompaniment of a chamber orchestra, which the composer conducted. Owen was killed in 1918, when he was only twenty-five. He may have expected to be, but he went raging, not gentle. "My subject is war and the pity of war," he wrote in a preface to his poems, adding, "All a poet can do today is warn." The angry grief of the work is almost unbearable. The solemn tolling of the opening "Requiem aeternam" is suddenly punctuated by the tenor's bitter question and answer "What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? Only the monstrous anger of the guns." After the chorus "Quam olim Abrahae promisisti," there follows, with shocking, terrible relevance, Owen's searing revision of the Old Testament story, "So Abram rose," which becomes a parable of the awful readiness of the old, as ever, to send the young to the shambles. The old man, refusing to listen to God's angel telling him to offer the ram of pride instead of Isaac, "would not do so, but slew his son—and half the seed of Europe one by one." In the final canticle, the voices of the choir rise in the anguished chorus "Libera me, Domine." "Free me, free me!" they cry, and the German baritone, singing with enormous passion and power, rises beside the English tenor to hold the quiet conversation of a meeting between a dead soldier and the man he killed the day before in battle. "I am the enemy you killed, my friend. I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed." They are bitter, not with each other but at the thought of "the undone years." To a gentle, rocking melody, they tell each other, "Let us sleep now," and the soprano, with the choir

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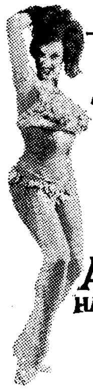

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and the invisible boys, begins the ineffable consolation of "In paradisum." The performance being in a cathedral, there was no applause, and it is highly doubtful whether we were in any shape to have supplied it. In the ringing silence, the orchestra picked up its instruments and filed out with the choir. As a hint to us to return to our homes or hotels, since God must shut his door like any householder, the cathedral authorities began snapping out the lights that illumine the figure of Christ, who suddenly became black-and-white and curiously more powerful.

All a poet can do today is warn. Britten's warning is infinitely more shattering than any marches to Aldermaston or canoeboarding parties at Holy Loch. It seemed fitting that Coventry should be the first to hear such a passionate denunciation of what killed its cathedral and many of its citizens and remains the adversary that no splendid, straddling archangel, even St. Michael, has yet properly finished off for us. But we will try, says the new cathedral, and it is this spirit, perhaps, that is making the world beat a path to its door.—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*]

Raymond Burr pulled a good one on Barbara Hale the other day at the Perry Mason show set. She was eating an ice cream cone and Ray reminded her that it isn't something on her diet. In fact, her meals are limited to eggs and grapefruit. She told him to mind his own business.

The next day, Barbara found her dressing room and floor carpeted with 12 dozen grapefruit and one egg. It was Burr's idea of a practical joke. He threw in a live chicken to complete the carpeting job.

Barbara tried to retaliate by dotting her face with lipstick spots and hurrying over to Ray's dressing room to show him her bad case of "chickenpox." But Burr ducked out (chicken out?) a back door, leaving his victim spotty, speechless and holding a squawking fowl under her arm.

•

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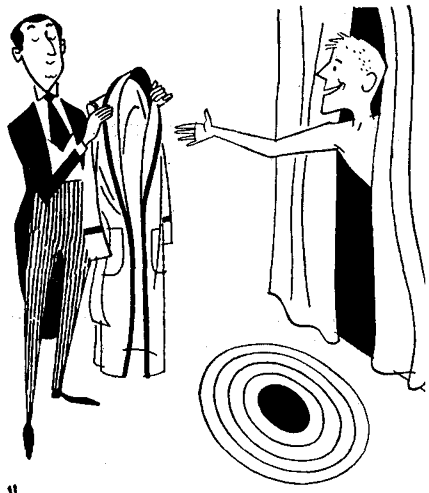

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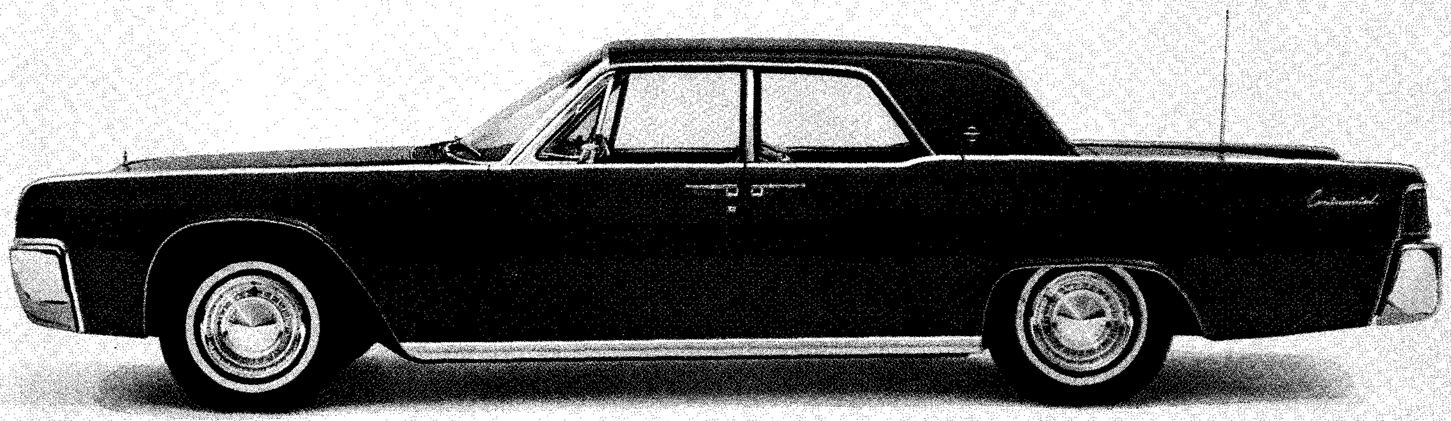
MUSICAL EVENTS

Bravissimo!

TO those who, like me, are inured to a more or less patient acceptance of all the ramifications of contemporary music, Pablo Casals' religious oratorio "El Pesebre" ("The Manger"), which, under the baton of its aging composer, was given its New York première by the Festival Casals Orchestra of Puerto Rico, augmented by the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, in Carnegie Hall one night last week, seemed like a cool, refreshing drink of pure spring water in the midst of a desert. There was not a moment of coyness, mannerism, self-conscious artifice, or technical display for its own sake in the entire work. Doubtless, people who are obsessed with the latest thing in musical fashion will point to the derivative nature of Mr. Casals' writing, which owes a little to Bach and Wagner, perhaps a little to Dvořák, and something to the clear and ingenuous tradition of the zarzuela, that joyous and lyric style of theatre music which has always been popular in his native Spain. A composer who writes in such a universally understood idiom assumes certain risks, the main one being that his personality (in more creative and less sophisticated times "soul" or "heart" would have been the word to use) is laid bare for all to hear, so if his personality is in any way cheap, dishonest, or vulgar, the result is bound to be banal. Mr. Casals has assumed this risk, and the nobility of his nature—which needs no advertisement here—shines in every measure of the music. "El Pesebre" has the innocence and sincerity of true greatness. It is a deeply felt artistic tribute to one of the most touching episodes of Biblical history, conceived with tenderness toward its theme, its audience, and the voices and instruments by which it is to be sung and played. It overflows with beautiful melody, and shows, everywhere, an unabashed desire to communicate grand things in a simple and forthright manner. If, like me, you are inclined to value a piece of music by what it expresses rather than by the elaborateness or novelty of its structure, you will have found this performance of "El Pesebre" one of the great occasions of recent years. The old cellist—bald, short, and rather cello-shaped himself—conducted the work with complete mastery and surprising *élan;* the chorus and orchestra and the soloists (Margaret Hauptman, Maureen Forrester, Raymond Murcell, William Warfield, and two excellent Latin-American singers unfamiliar to me, Olga Iglesias and Paulino Saharrea) performed with a special sort of devotion; and the response of the audience was practically immeasurable.

The special sort of devotion I have just mentioned seems to have added an extra aura of artistry both to this occasion and to a concert on the previous evening during which, with Mr. Casals present but not participating, other maestros led the same orchestra and chorus in performances of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, a charming little Casals motet, Schubert's Mass in G Major, and Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto, with Eugene Istomin as soloist. Like everybody else, I had heard that the Festival Casals Orchestra, which was making its first appearance outside Puerto Rico, was a unique ensemble, consisting of soloists and picked first-desk men from our outstanding symphonic organizations. It *is* unique in this respect, and its uniqueness shows up in a number of unexpected ways. Its intonation is the most remarkably accurate I have ever heard; each member of it is clearly a highly intelligent musician who knows, among other things, the difference between an F sharp and a G flat. On the other hand, it lacks entirely the standard chromium-plate finish of the typical first-rate American symphony orchestra. It obviously hasn't been beaten to death by a conductor, and its players are obviously not anxiously sawing and tooting away to earn a living. These peculiar circumstances, for which, apparently, pure artistic idealism and devotion to Casals are primarily responsible, give its playing a sort of coöperative enthusiasm that I have never before encountered. Mere slickness is no object. For example, Brahms' Fourth, as conducted by Concertmaster Alexander Schneider, did not get—in tempo, balance, and ensemble—the most precise of readings, but that didn't matter. There was a glow about it that, to me, was a new experience. And as for the work of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus—the creation of the greatly gifted Robert Shaw—it was sensitive and immaculate beyond anything ordinarily heard from such a large choral group. I hope that the Festival Casals visits us again soon. For the moment, I can only say "*Bravissimo!*"

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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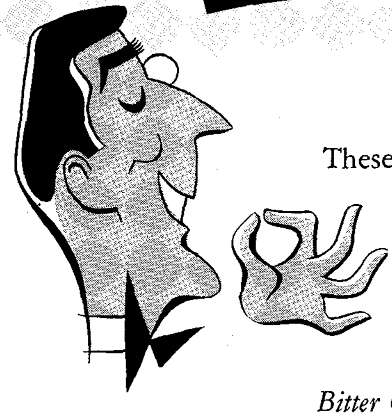

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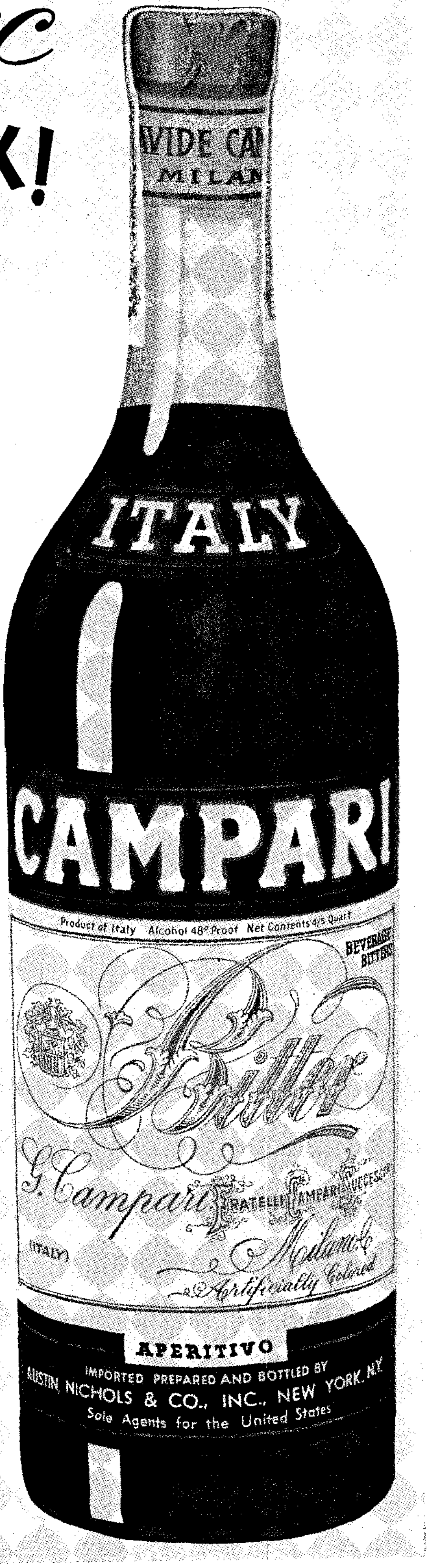
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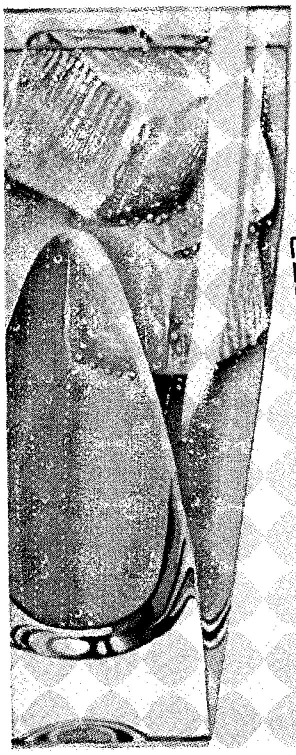

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BOOKS

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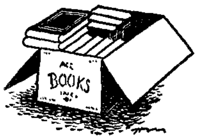
FICTION

The Bible Salesman, by Alma Stone (Doubleday). Miss Stone's novel has a fine setting, in the dingy, cozy neighborhood around Columbia, and wonderful characters—native Americans, black and white and Gentile and Jew, and immigrant Puerto Ricans, who are all creations of an original, hilarious, and tender imagination. What it hasn't got is much of a plot. This is a pity. For want of guidance, Miss Stone's characters never have a chance to become real; they are only players in a fey charade that noticeably falls short of its possibilities.



The Furnished Room, by Laura Del-Rivo (Doubleday). About an empty young Londoner who cares very little for money, very little for his girl, and nothing at all for himself. This is the story of the final phase in his gradual descent from semi-respectability, where he has paused awhile, into the outlaw's world. The young man, who is likable and very sad, is named Joe Beckett, and it seems too bad that Miss Del-Rivo does not explain to us exactly why he slipped so willingly into lethargy. The writing is youthful and intense.

GENERAL

Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, with Related Documents, 1783-1854, edited by Donald Jackson (University of Illinois Press). The title, size (a blocky 728 pages), and price (ten dollars) of this work are unjustly intimidating, for the book is marvellous. Although the editor offers the letters as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, the "Journals of Lewis and Clark," they are far more than ancillary reading. The book tells its own story, and more. In these papers, you can almost hear the voices of foxy, patriotic, ambitious, intellectual Jefferson, who determined to collect the West for his little republic; of Lewis, an eighteenth-century hero born a generation too late; of Clark, self-assured on the frontier, more muted in the East; and of interested scientists, skeptical diplomats, stalwart soldiers, demanding pensioners, shifty interpreters, suspicious Indians, insolvent publishers, harassed editors, vexed government auditors, muddled estate executors—of everybody, in short, who had anything to do with this great exploration. The narrative moves along like a fascinating novel-in-letters, and is history of a kind that no longer happens—history where the facts are romance.

Thinking About the Unthinkable, by Herman Kahn, with an introduction by Raymond Aron (Horizon). A compendium of speculations about the likelihood and nature of a war with the Soviet Union, and a continuation of Mr. Kahn's bold effort to look the future straight in the eye without flinching, begun in his earlier book, "On Thermonuclear War." Mr. Kahn tries to separate the possibilities from the probabilities as cool-headedly as he can; his method leads to long, engrossing lists of the various things that might happen. Other people have written about many of the subjects that Mr. Kahn examines—civil defense, deterrence, games analogies, escalation, the conduct of foreign affairs, and the like—but on each one Mr. Kahn has some new point to make. He writes simply, for the layman, but this is an advanced course and not a primer—a brilliant exercise by a patient intellectual who hopes that international politics, despite all obstacles, may be reformed. Raymond Aron's introduction is an enthusiastic critique.

Tales My Father Taught Me, by Sir Osbert Sitwell (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This book belongs to a genre—funny stories about an eccentric parent—that isn't rare but is rarely so well done. Sir Osbert's father had money to indulge his eccentricity; he was odd on a grand scale and in totally unpredictable fashions. He lacked self-consciousness; when a joke was on him, he as often as not didn't know it, and so went on and topped it. His son, a talented raconteur, piles jape on jape without apparent effort.

Sir Walter Ralegh: His Family and Private Life, by A. L. Rowse (Harper). Arthur Throckmorton was a rather dull Elizabethan surrounded by relatives with strongly marked characters and notable careers—his brother-in-law Sir Walter Ralegh, for instance. Throckmorton kept a fairly detailed diary, which has recently been rediscovered, and

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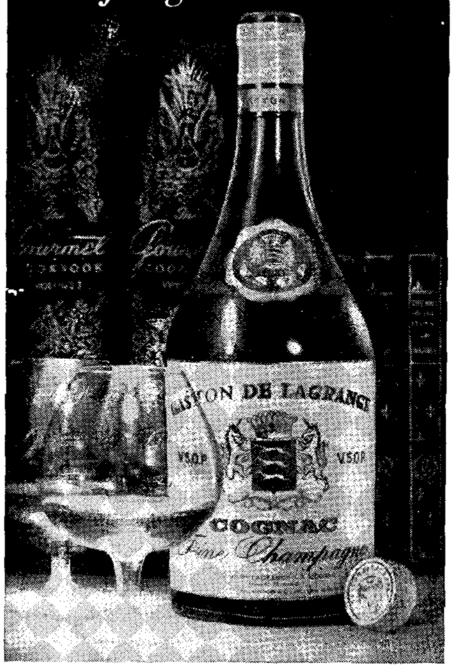

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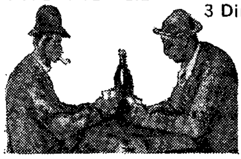

Mr. Rowse has used this document to set Ralegh against the background of everyday preoccupations, which absorbed most men then, as they do now. Brilliant, ambitious, moody Ralegh appears as a figure even more striking than one could have imagined. Since Mr. Rowse thinks that Ralegh is too complex to be made completely understandable, he doesn't try; instead of explaining, he portrays. He writes with irritating slanginess, but he does what he intends—he lets the reader feel the impact of an astonishing personality. As Mr. Rowse might put it, "Wow!"

BOSTON AND RETURN, by Gladys Brooks (Atheneum). A companion volume to Mrs. Brooks' autobiographical "Gramercy Park." It covers her cosseted youth in the years before the First World War, her fifteen years of marriage to John Saltonstall, of Boston, and her divorce and her return to New York. The author, who is now the wife of Van Wyck Brooks, writes of her lifelong interests (landscape gardening, music, travel), her friends (Henry Adams, John Singer Sargent, Léger, Louis Bromfield), her several homes (New York, East Hampton, Boston, Paris, Washington), and of her attempt to follow her mother's rule—"You can be sure only of yourself, your own courage, your own strength, your own goodness"—and she writes with a poignancy, a sensibility, and a serenity that are at once enthralling and inspiriting.

THE HERETICS, by Walter Nigg, edited and translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). In a short foreword and a brief afterpiece, the author, a Swiss minister and scholar, states his conviction that all heretics have had at least a fragment of religious truth, and that the intensity with which they held to their beliefs ought to be recalled in this era of religious indifference. Dr. Nigg, of course, does not agree with all heresies, but he does think that heterodoxy is relevant—even necessary—to the survival of orthodoxy. The book itself is a useful, kind-hearted encyclopedia of Christian heretics and their heresies.

EX-COMMUNIST WITNESSES: FOUR STUDIES IN FACT FINDING, by Herbert L. Packer (Stanford). The author, a professor of law at Stanford University, thinks that we haven't had nearly enough reliable, precise information about Communist subversion in the United States, because our

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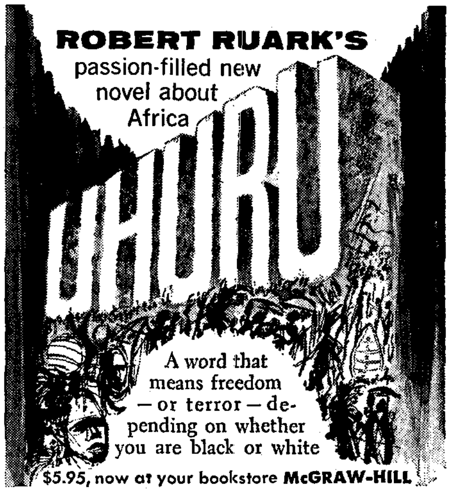

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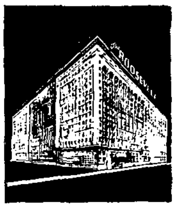

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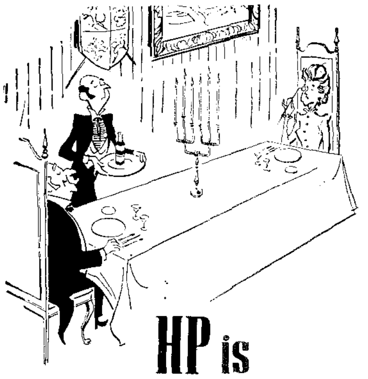

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government's fact-finding methods are not entirely adequate. Congressional investigations tend to become political weapons, and their loose procedure lets witnesses ramble, whereas the jury trial, an admirable technique for doing justice, does not ramble enough to root out all the facts. To put flesh on an abstract complaint, the author examines the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and Louis Budenz before Congressional committees and at trials, and of John Lautner, who has done most of his testifying before the Subversive Activities Control Board. Packer is struck by the lacunae—the questions nobody (congressmen, judges, or lawyers) asked, the leads nobody followed up, and, particularly in cases involving Miss Bentley and Mr. Budenz, the clarifications no one demanded. He then describes some British institutions—the Tribunal of Inquiry, the Royal Commission, and the departmental committee—which find facts but have no penal powers, and he urges us to invent some American variants soon, before valuable information dies with its possessors because nobody asked for it. Packer keeps this dramatic subject under good control with studied legal dryness (even his wit is dry), leaving unspoken one important point, which is that the problem of coherent, comprehensive elucidation applies to many subjects besides Communist subversion. A good book, and, in the bargain, a fine suggestion.

NEPAL, by Giuseppe Tucci, translated from the Italian by Lovett Edwards (Dutton). The author of this small but very beautiful book is one of the great Orientalists of our time. Since 1926, he has made six journeys through the valleys and mountains of Nepal—a country, he says, that is drowned in a sea of mountains. This volume describes an expedition undertaken in 1954, in the course of which he and an Italian doctor and an accomplished photographer named Francesca Bonardi traversed the least-known parts of a little-known land, studying the many ethnic groups that it contains, investigating their various religions, and delving into the tangled story of their opaque past. The serious scientific data uncovered by Signor Tucci on this expedition have been described in another volume, published for the learned. This is an informal memoir of the trip, and it is a lapidary one. Sig-

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norina Bonardi's photographs, some of them in color, are superb.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SHAPES OF SLEEP, by J. B. Priestley (Doubleday). A sheet of flimsy green paper disappears from a swanky London office. Immediately afterward, an inoffensive little stamp dealer meets with an accident—a bad accident. Was it an accident? The stamp dealer had been in the swanky office and could have pinched the green paper, which is valuable, mysterious, and perhaps dangerous to own. Serious, hardboiled journalist Ben Sterndale, forty-two years old and jobless, is called in to make a very confidential investigation of the theft. He is given a handsome expense account and sent to Germany, where he lives in style, eating like a king and snapping his fingers at danger. This is a lovely, cheerful, sophisticated story. Mr. Priestley is a great man.

A BODY TO SPARE, by Maurice Proctor (Harper). Another splendid crime wave in Granchester, the mythical English city in which Detective Chief Inspector Martineau is ceaselessly pitted against such incorrigibles as Gerry Gee, Dixie Costello, and the Dog. The trouble this time involves a bloody payroll robbery, a missing steel-company executive, a young undertaker with a taste for low life, and any number of bludgeoned, knifed, and bullet-ridden bodies, and it could hardly be more handsomely or more breathlessly contrived.

HAND IN GLOVE, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). This English murder mystery is elegantly set up, with a posh country setting and a nice assortment of characters, some of them true-blue, some bizarre, and some shady, but once Miss Marsh has her intricate plot in hand and working, she seems to lose interest in the story. The writing is lackadaisical, and even the arrival of Superintendent Alleyn causes no quickening in the lethargy that hangs over the proceedings.

•

The rough draft of a Civil Defense plan for the greater Las Vegas area makes no mention of formation of a militia to repel Californians in case of a nuclear attack.—*Nevada State Journal.*

Let's get on to the finished draft.

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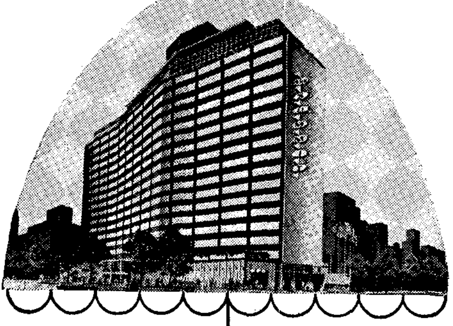
IATA reports a new regulation added to its list: "No person shall enter or attempt to enter any aircraft in flight."—*Washington Star.*

Splendid rule. Long overdue.



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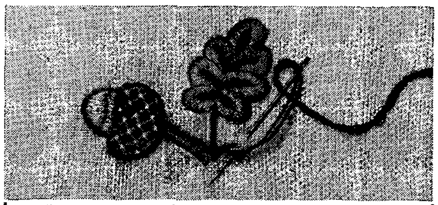

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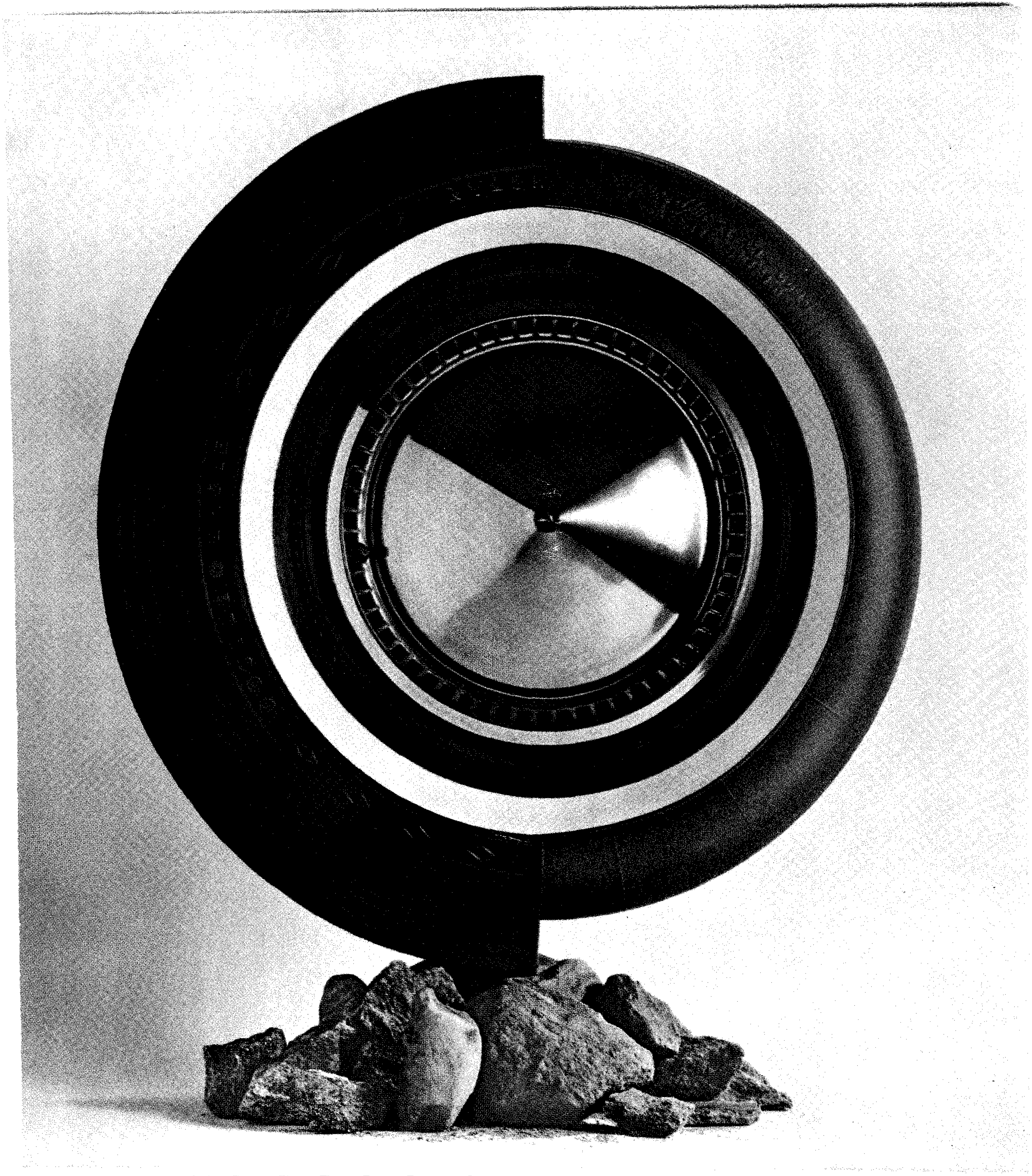

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